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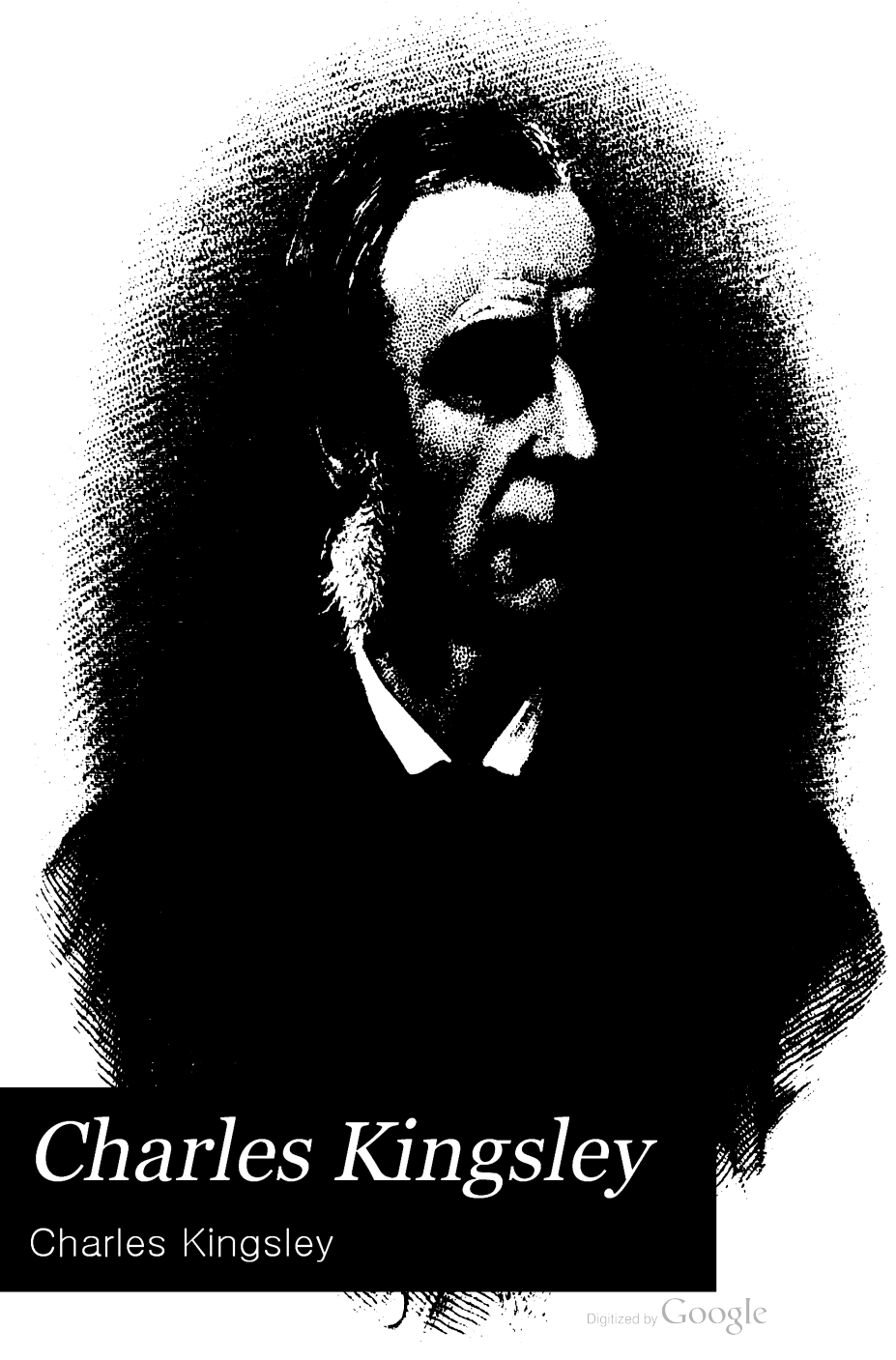

Charles Kingsley

Charles Kingsley

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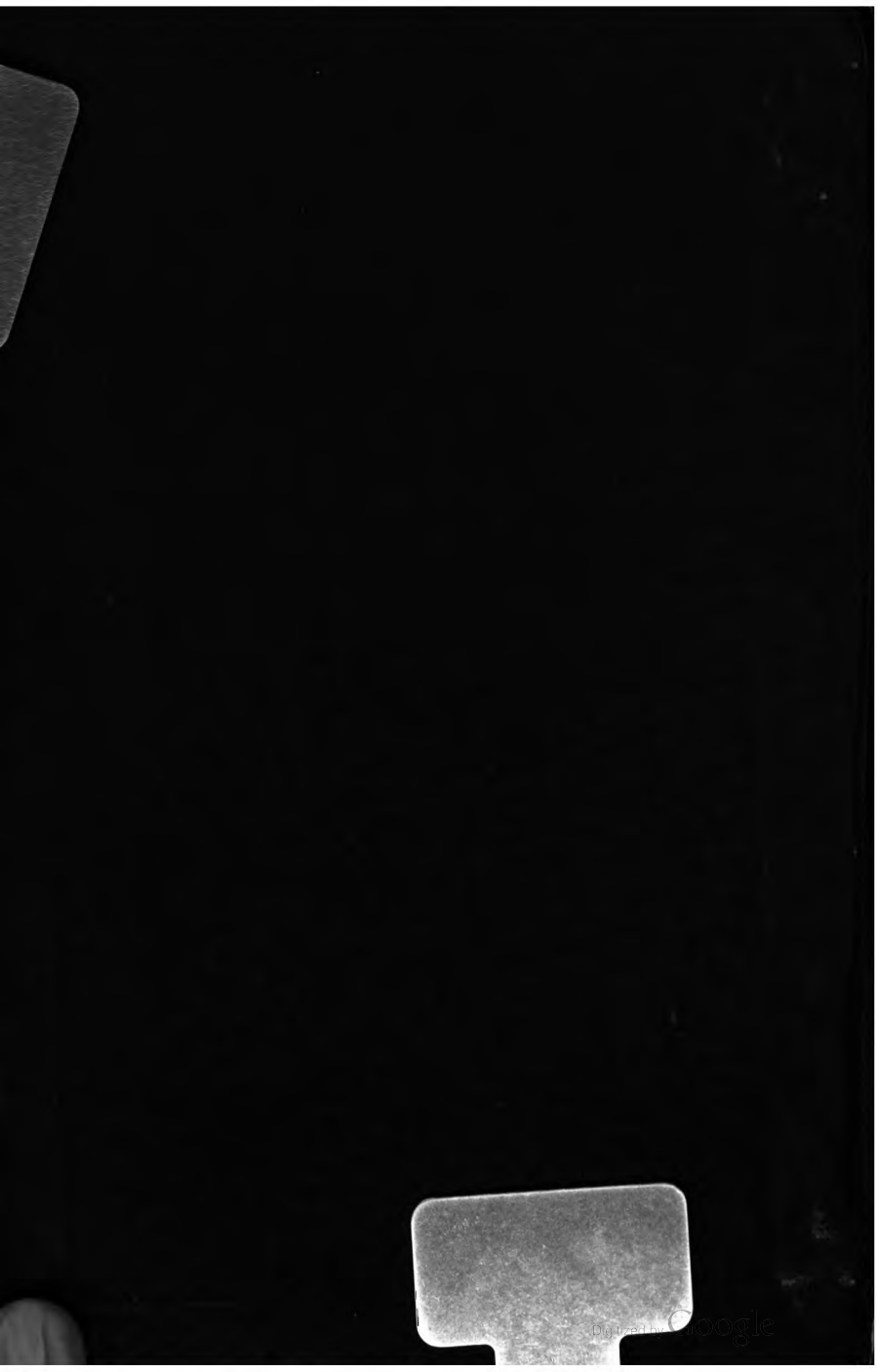
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CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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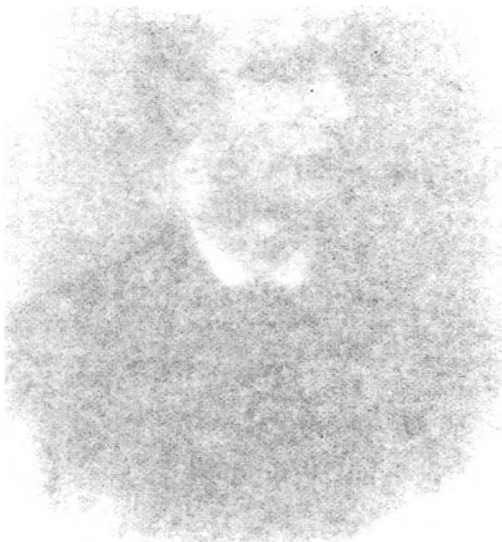

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CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS

AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."
SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEEN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EIGHTH ABRIDGED EDITION.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.
1880.

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Dedicated

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

A RIGHTEOUS MAN

WHO LOVED GOD AND TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS.
A MAN OF UNTARNISHED HONOUR—
LOYAL AND CHIVALROUS—GENTLE AND STRONG—
MODEST AND HUMBLE—TENDER AND TRUE—
PITIFUL TO THE WEAK—YEARNING AFTER THE ERRING—
STERN TO ALL FORMS OF WRONG AND OPPRESSION,
YET MOST STERN TOWARDS HIMSELF—
WHO BEING ANGRY, YET SINNED NOT.
WHOSE HIGHEST VIRTUES WERE KNOWN ONLY
TO HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDREN, HIS SERVANTS, AND THE POOR.
WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HERE,
AND PASSING THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH
NOW LIVETH UNTO GOD FOR EVERMORE.

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PREFACE.

In bringing out these Volumes, thanks are due and gratefully offered to all who have generously given their help to the work;—to the many known and unknown Correspondents who have treasured and lent the letters now first made public;—to the publishers who have allowed quotations to be made from Mr. Kingsley's published works;—but above all to the friends who have so eloquently borne witness to his character and genius. These written testimonies to their father's worth are a rich inheritance to his children, and God only knows the countless unwritten ones, of souls rescued from doubt, darkness, error, and sin, of work done, the worth of which can never be calculated upon earth, of seed sown which has borne, and will still bear fruit for years, perhaps for generations to come, when the name of Charles Kingsley is forgotten, while

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his unconscious influence will endure treasured up in the eternal world, where nothing really good or great can be lost or pass away, to be revealed at that Day when God's Book shall be opened and the thoughts of all hearts be made known.

F. E. K.

BYFLEET, *October*, 1876.

NOTE.

IN bringing out a popular edition of the Letters and Memories of Charles Kingsley, to meet the expressed wishes of numbers in England and her Colonies who treasure his words and thus testify to his undying influence, much has been necessarily left out, and much abridged, which is still preserved in the original work, now in its fourteenth edition. There will be found, however, in these condensed volumes, some new matter, which was not forthcoming when the larger book was published. Among other passages—his views on preaching to a Village congregation, vol. i. 287—289; on the meaning of Popery, vol. i. 45—47; on the Artist state of mind and its temptations, vol. i. 352; on the importance of Geology to the Bible student, vol. ii. 141; on the God of the Bible and the God of Calvin, vol. ii. 82; on Secular Education, vol. ii. 244; letters to his children, vol. i. 143, ii. 109; the eloquent testimony to his influence at Cambridge, by a pupil in the Modern History Class, now carrying out his Master's teaching at Cape Town University, vol. ii. 118—134; recollections of lectures at Bideford, Winchester, and Chester, vol. ii. 277, 281, 286,—of a sermon to young men at King's College, vol. ii. 308; and two MS. poems.

F. E. K.

1879.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—INHERITED TALENTS—REMOVAL FROM DEVONSHIRE—CLIFTON—BARNACK AND ITS GHOST-CHAMBER—FIRST SERMON AND POEMS—CHILDISH CHARACTER—EFFECT OF FEN SCENERY ON HIS MIND—LIFE AT CLOVELLY—SCHOOL LIFE AT CLIFTON AND HELSTON—CHELSEA—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

AND Nature, the old Nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee.

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the Manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more wonderful tale.
* * * *

LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, son of Charles Kingsley, of Battramsley in the New Forest, was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dart-

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moor, Devonshire. His family claimed descent from the Kingsleys of Kingsley or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, and from Rannulph de Kingsley, whose name in an old family pedigree stands as "Grantee of the Forest of Mara and Mondrem from Randall Meschines, ante 1128." Charles's father was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was a man of cultivation and refinement, a good linguist, an artist, a keen sportsman and natural historian. He had been brought up with fair expectations as a country gentleman, but having been left an orphan early in life, and his fortune squandered for him during his minority, he soon spent what was left, and at the age of thirty was obliged, for the first time, to think of a profession. Being too old for the army, he decided on the Church, sold his hunters and land, and with a young wife, went for a second time to college, and read for Holy Orders at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was curate of Holne when his son was born.

Charles's mother, born in the West Indies, but brought up in England, was a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm. Keenly alive to the charms of scenery, and highly imaginative, she believed that all impressions made on her own mind before the birth of her child, by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home, would be transmitted to him; and in this faith gave herself up to the enjoyment of the exquisite scenery of Holne and Dartmoor, the Chase, the hills, the lovely river Dart which flowed below the grounds of the little parsonage, and of every sight and sound which she hoped would be dear to her child in after life. These hopes were realized, and though her little son left Holne when he was six weeks old, and never saw his birthplace till he was a man of thirty, yet Devonshire

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scenes and associations had always a mysterious charm for him.

"I firmly believe," he said in after life, "in the magnetic effect of the place where one has been bred; and have continually the true 'heimweh' home-sickness of the Swiss and Highlanders. The thought of the West Country will make me burst into tears at any moment. Wherever I am it always hangs before my imagination as *home*, and I feel myself a stranger and a sojourner in a foreign land the moment I get east of Taunton Dean, on the Mendips. It may be fancy, but it is most real, and practical, as many fancies are."

Charles Kingsley was an instance of the truth of Mr. Darwin's theory, "That genius which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties tends to be inherited;" for, from his father's side, he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from the mother's side came, not only his love of travel, science and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour, and a force and originality which characterised the women of her family of a still older generation. His maternal grandfather, Nathan Lucas, of Farley Hall, who had estates in the West Indies and Demerara, and was for many years a judge in Barbadoes, was a man of science and letters; a great traveller, and the intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks and the distinguished John Hunter. His stories of tropical scenes, and reminiscences of the old war times, during which he had been on board his friend Lord Rodney's ship, the "Formidable," in the great naval engagement off St. Lucia, were the delight of Charles's boyhood, and woke up in him

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that longing to see the West Indies, which was at last accomplished.

"We are," he says himself, when writing to Mr. Galton, in 1865, on his book on Hereditary Talent, where the Kingsleys as a family are referred to, "but the disjecta membra of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." . . . .

But to return. His father, after leaving Holne, went to Clifton in Nottinghamshire; and, while curate there, the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Herbert Marsh, made him his Examining Chaplain and gave him the living of Barnack to hold for six years. Barnack Rectory was a fine old house, built in the fourteenth century, and contained a celebrated haunted room called Button Cap, which is still looked upon with mysterious dread by the parishioners. On one occasion, when ill of brain fever, little Charles was moved into this room, and for years afterwards his imagination was haunted by the weird sights and sounds associated with that time in his memory. To this he attributed his strong disbelief in the existence of ghosts in later years, telling his own children, he had heard too many ghosts in old Button Cap's room at Barnack, to have much respect for them. He thus describes the room to Mrs. Francis Pelham:

EVERSLEY, 1864.—"Of Button Cap—he lived in the Great North Room at Barnack. I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the

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leaves of books to find the missing deed, whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old Rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it. I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating. Sometimes he turned cross and played Polter-geist, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning. I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated National Schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff—or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst. He was rats!"

Charles was a precocious child, and his poems and sermons date from four years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery, from which, after arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation, and putting on his pinafore as a surplice, he would deliver addresses of a rather severe tone of theology. His mother, unknown to him, took them down at the time, and the Bishop of Peterborough, to whom she showed them, thought them so remarkable for such a young child, that he predicted that the boy would grow up to be no common man. These are among the specimens his mother kept. The sermon was written at four years old, the poem at four years and eight months.

FIRST SERMON.

"It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the Devil, for if we follow the Devil we

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shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God, we shall go to Heaven. When the tempter came to Christ in the Wilderness, and told him to make the stones into bread, he said, Get thee behind me, Satan. He has given us a sign and an example how we should overcome the Devil. It is written in the Bible that we should love our neighbour, and not covet his house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife, nor anything that is his. It is to a certainty that we cannot describe how thousands and ten thousands have been wicked; and nobody can tell how the Devil can be chained in Hell. Nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to Heaven we shall find them all singing to God in the highest. And if we go to hell, we shall find all the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth, as God describes in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back, by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother Fool and Raca. And if we rebel against God, He will to a certainty cast us into hell. And one day, when a great generation of people came to Christ in the Wilderness, he said, Yea ye generation of vipers!"

SONG UPON LIFE.

"Life is, and soon will pass;
As life is gone, death will come.
We—we rise again—
In Heaven we must abide.
Time passes quickly;
He flies on wings as light as silk.
We must die.
It is not false that we must rise again;
Death has its fatal sting,
It brings us to the grave.
Time and Death is and must be."

Charles was a delicate, nervous, and painfully sensitive child—he twice had brain fever, and was subject to dangerous attacks of croup. He was always remarkable

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for his thirst for knowledge and love of physical science. A friend remembers him now, as a little boy in the study at Barnack, repeating his Latin lesson to his father, with his eyes fixed all the time on the fire in the grate. At last he could stand it no longer; there was a pause in the Latin, and Charles cried out, "I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal."

At Barnack the boy's earliest sporting tastes and love of natural history were developed; for his father was one of the old-fashioned type of English clergymen, "where," it has been said, "the country gentleman forms the basis of the character which the minister of the Gospel completes," and while an excellent parish priest was a keen sportsman; so as soon as Charles was old enough, he was mounted on his father's horse in front of the keeper on shooting-days to bring back the game-bag—a rich one in days when wild duck and coot, bittern and bustard, ruffs and reeves were plentiful in the Fen. Butterflies, of species now extinct, were not uncommon then, and used to delight the eyes of the young naturalist. The sunsets of the Great Fen, all the more striking from the wide sweep of horizon, were never forgotten, and low flat scenery had always a charm for him in after life from the memory of those days. "They have a beauty of their own, those great Fens; a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom. Overhead the arch of Heaven spreads more ample than elsewhere, and that vastness gives such cloudlands, such sunrises, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles."—(Preface to "Hereward.") Again, in a lecture given to a Mechanics' Institute at Cambridge on the Fens, in 1867, he says:

"The fancy may linger without blame, over the shining

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meres, the golden reed-beds, the countless water-fowl, the strange and gaudy insects, the wild nature, the mystery, the majesty—for mystery and majesty there were—which haunted the deep fens for many hundred years. Little thinks the Scotsman, whirled down by the Great Northern Railway from Peterborough to Huntingdon, what a grand place, even twenty years ago, was that Holme and Whittlesea, which is now but a black unsightly steaming flat, from which the meres and reed-beds of the old world are gone, while the corn and roots of the new world have not as yet taken their place. But grand enough it was, that black ugly place, when backed by Caistor Hanglands and Holme Wood and the patches of the primeval forest; while dark green alders, and pale green reeds, stretched for miles round the broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. Far off, upon the silver mere, would rise a puff of smoke from a punt, invisible from its flatness and white paint. Then down the wind came the boom of the great stanchion gun; and after that sound, another sound, louder as it neared; a cry as of all the bells of Cambridge and all the hounds of Cottesmore; and overhead rushed and whirled the skein of terrified wild-fowl, screaming, piping, clacking, croaking,—filling the air with the hoarse rattle of their wings, while clear above all sounded the wild whistle of the curlew and the trumpet note of the great wild swan. They are all gone now. No longer do the ruffs trample the sedge into a hard floor in their fighting rings, while the sober reeves stand round, admiring the tournament of their lovers, gay with ruffs and tippets, no two of them alike. Gone are ruffs and reeves, spoonbills, bitterns, avosets; the very snipe, one hears, disdains to breed. Gone, too, not only from the Fens, but from the whole world, is that most exquisite of butterflies—*Lycæna dispar*—the great copper; and many a curious insect more." ["Prose Idylls," pp. 95, 96.]

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This picture, stamped on the boy's young mind, inspired him in after years in writing the story of Hereward the Wake.

In 1830 Mr. Kingsley gave up the living of Barnack, which he had held for Bishop Marsh's son, and went into Devonshire, where Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, presented him to the rectory of Clovelly.

Here a fresh life opened for Charles; a new education began for him; a new world was revealed to him. The contrast between the sturdy Fen men and the sailors and fishermen of Clovelly—between the flat Eastern Counties, and the rocky Devonshire coast with its rich vegetation, its new fauna and flora, and blue sea with the long Atlantic swell, filled him with delight and wonder. At Clovelly he and his brothers had their boat and their ponies, and Charles at once plunged into the study of conchology. His parents, both people of excitable natures and poetic feeling, shared in the boy's enthusiasm. The new elements of their life at Clovelly, the unique scenery, the impressionable character of the people and their singular beauty, the courage of the men and boys, and the passionate sympathy of the women in the wild life of their husbands and sons, threw a charm of romance over the parish work. The people sprang to touch the more readily under the influence of their new Rector—a man, who, physically their equal, feared no danger, and could steer a boat, hoist and lower a sail, 'shoot' a herring net, and haul a seine as one of themselves. Mr. Kingsley's ministrations in church and in the cottages were acceptable to dissenters as well as church people. And when the herring fleet put to sea, whatever the weather might be, he would start off "down street," for the Quay, with his wife and boys, to give a short parting service, at which "men who

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worked," and "women who wept," would join in singing the 121st Psalm out of the old Prayer Book, as those only can who have death and danger staring them in the face; and who, "though storms be sudden, and waters deep," can boldly say,

> "To Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,
> From thence expecting aid,
> From Sion's Hill and Sion's God
> Who heaven and earth has made."

Such memories made this Psalm, in Tate and Brady's rough versification, more dear and speaking to Charles in after life, than any hymn "ancient or modern" of more artistic form. Such memories still make the name of Kingsley a household word in Clovelly.

A life so full of romantic and often tragic incidents must needs leave its mark on Charles's mind. One day especially would rise up often before him in contrast to the still summer brightness of Clovelly,

"when the old bay lay darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child, till in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage. Hardly an old playmate of mine but is drowned and gone.* . ."

Such were the scenes which coloured his boyhood, were reflected in his after life, and produced the song

* "North Devon." ("Prose Idylls," pp. 291—293.)

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of "Three Fishers," which was not a mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen again and again in Devonshire. "Now that you have seen the dear old Paradise," he said to his wife, after her first visit to Clovelly in 1854, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

In 1831, Charles went to Clifton, to Mr. Knight's preparatory school, who describes him as an "affectionate boy, gentle and fond of quiet," glad to leave the boys' school-room and take refuge with his tutor's daughters and their governess; capable of making remarkable translations of Latin verse into English; a passionate lover of natural history; and only excited to vehement anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of the treasures collected in his walks on the Downs. The Bristol Riots, which took place in the autumn of 1831, were the marked event in his life at Clifton. He had been a timid boy previous to this time, but the horror of the scenes which he witnessed seemed to wake up a new courage in him.

"It was in this very City of Bristol, twenty-seven years ago," he says, when giving a lecture there in 1858, "that I received my first lesson in what is now called 'social science,' and yet, alas, ten years elapsed ere I could even spell out that lesson, though it had been written for me (as well as for all England) in letters of flame, from one end of the country to the other. I was a school-boy in Clifton up above. I had been hearing of political disturbances, even of riots, of which I understood nothing, and for which I cared nothing. But on one memorable Sunday afternoon I saw an object which was distinctly not political. It was an afternoon of sullen autumn rain. The fog hung thick over the docks and lowlands. Glaring through that fog I saw a bright mass of flame—almost like a half-risen sun. That, I was told, was the gate of the new gaol on fire—that the

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prisoners had been set free;—that——. But why speak of what too many here recollect but too well? The fog rolled slowly upward. Dark figures, even at that great distance, were flitting to and fro across what seemed the mouth of the pit. The flame increased—multiplied—at one point after another; till, by ten o'clock that night, one seemed to be looking down upon Dante's Inferno, and to hear the multitudinous moan and wail of the lost spirits surging to and fro amid that sea of fire. Right behind Brandon Hill—how can I ever forget it?—rose the central mass of fire, till the little mound seemed converted into a volcano, from the peak of which the flame streamed up, not red alone, but delicately green and blue, pale rose and pearly white, while crimson sparks leapt and fell again in the midst of that rainbow, not of hope, but of despair; and dull explosions down below mingled with the roar of the mob, and the infernal hiss and crackle of the flame. Higher and higher the fog was scorched and shrivelled upward by the fierce heat below, glowing through and through with red reflected glare, till it arched itself into one vast dome of red-hot iron, fit roof for all the madness down below—and beneath it, miles away, I could see the lonely tower of Dundry shining red—the symbol of the old faith, looking down in stately wonder and sorrow upon the fearful birth-throes of a new age. . . . . It was on the Tuesday or Wednesday after that I saw another, and a still more awful sight. Along the north side of Queen Square, in front of ruins which had been three days before noble buildings, lay a ghastly row, not of corpses, but of corpse-fragments, and there was one charred fragment—with a scrap of old red petticoat adhering to it, which I never forgot—which, I trust in God, I never shall forget. It is good for a man to be brought once at least in his life, face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be; and have to confess to himself, shuddering, what things are possible upon God's earth, when man has forgotten that his only welfare is in living after the likeness of God."—(Miscellanies: Great Cities and their Influence for Good and Evil.)

From Clifton Charles went to Helston School. His

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parents had thought of both Rugby and Eton for him. Dr. Hawtrey, head-master of Eton, who had heard of the boy's talent, was anxious to have him there, and Dr. Arnold was at that time at Rugby. But the strong Tory principles and evangelical views of his parents (in the former, Charles at that time sympathised) decided them against Rugby—a decision which their son deeply regretted for many reasons, when he grew up. It was his own conviction that nothing but a public school education would have overcome his constitutional shyness, a shyness which he never lost, and which was naturally increased by the hesitation in his speech—"That fearful curse of stammering," as he calls it, "which has been my misery since my childhood." This was a sore trial to him through life; and he often wished, he said, as he entered a room, or spoke in public or private, that the earth would open and swallow him up there and then.

Helston School was then under the head-mastership of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Rev. Charles A. Johns, who was then second master, and a first-rate botanist, soon made himself Charles's companion, encouraging his young pupil in all his tastes, and going long rambles with him on the neighbouring moors and on the sea coast, in search of wild flowers and minerals. Here Charles formed the dearest and most lasting friendship of his life, with Richard Cowley Powles, afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford.

"It was at Helston, in January, 1833," says Mr. Powles, "when we were each in our fourteenth year, that Charles and I first became acquainted. I remember the long, low room, dimly lighted by a candle on a table at the further end, where

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the brothers were sitting, engaged at the moment of my entrance in a course of (not uncharacteristic) experiments with gunpowder. Almost from the time of our first introduction Charles and I became friends, and subsequently we shared a study. Looking back on those schoolboy days, one can trace without difficulty the elements of character that made his maturer life remarkable. 'Of him more than of most men who have become famous it may be said 'the boy was father of the man.' The vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the quick and tender sympathy, that distinguished the man's entrance on public life, were all in the boy, as any of those who knew him then and are still living will remember; and there was, besides, the same eagerness in the pursuit of physical knowledge, the same keen observation of the world around him, and the same thoughtful temper of tracing facts to principles.

"For all his good qualities, Charles was not popular as a school-boy. He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours. Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made 'a score' at cricket. In mere feats of agility and adventure he was among the foremost; and on one of the very last times I ever saw him he was recalling an old exploit in which he had only two competitors. Our play-ground was separated by a lane, not very narrow, and very deep, from a field on the opposite side. To jump from the play-ground wall to the wall opposite, and to jump back, was a considerable trial of nerve and muscle. The walls, which were not quite on a level, were rounded at the top, and a fall into the deep lane must have involved broken bones. This jump was one of Charles's favourite performances. Again, I remember his climbing a tall tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. For three or four days he had done this with impunity. There came an afternoon, however, when the hawk was on her nest, and on the intruder's putting in his hand as usual the results were disastrous. To most boys the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would have been fatal. They would have

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loosed their hold of the tree, and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood. It was wonderful how well he bore pain. On one occasion, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red-hot in the school-room fire, and calmly applied it two or three times till he was satisfied that his object was attained. His own endurance of pain did not, however, make him careless of suffering in others. He was very tender-hearted—often more so than his school-fellows could understand; and what they did not understand they were apt to ridicule. The moral quality that pre-eminently distinguished him as a boy, was the generosity with which he forgave offence. He was keenly sensitive to ridicule; nothing irritated him more; and he had often excessive provocation from those who could not enter into his feelings, or appreciate the workings of his mind. But with the moment of offence the memory of it passed away. He had no place for vindictiveness in his heart. Again and again I have seen him chafed to intensest exasperation by boys with whom half an hour afterwards he has mixed with the frankest good humour. How keen his feelings were none of his surviving school-fellows will forget, who were with us at the time his brother Herbert died. Herbert had had an attack of rheumatic fever, but was supposed to be recovering, when one afternoon he suddenly passed away. Charles was summoned from the room where we were all sitting in ignorance of what had just taken place. All at once a cry of anguish burst upon us, such as, after more than forty years, I remember as if it were yesterday. There was no need to tell the awe-struck listeners what had happened.

"Charles's chief taste was for physical science; for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm. Whatever time he could spare he gave to these. He liked nothing better than to sally out, hammer in hand and his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of new plants, and to investigate the cliffs within a few miles of Helston, dear to every geologist. For the study of language he had no great

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liking. Later on, Greek and Latin interested him because of their subject-matter; but for classics, in the school-boy sense of the term, he had no turn. He would work hard at them by fits and starts—on the eve of an examination, for instance; but his industry was intermittent and against the grain. His passion was for natural science, and for art. With regard to the former I think his zeal was led by a strong religious feeling—a sense of the nearness of God in His works. Thus he writes at sixteen years of age to one of two friends, in whose intercourse with each other he was much interested: 'Teach her a love of nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. Point out to her the sublime and terrible, the lovely and joyous, and let her look on them both with the same over-ruling feeling, with a reference to their Maker. Teach her to love God, teach her to love Nature. God is love; and the more we love Him, the more we love all around us.' In the same letter occurs a passage bearing on art. It shows that, so far as he had then gone, the writer had definite views and conceptions of his own on subjects of which boys of his age—I am speaking of forty years ago—had hardly begun to think at all. 'I love paintings. They and poetry are identical—the one is the figures, the other the names of beauty and feeling of every kind. Of all the painters Vandyke and Murillo are to my mind the most exquisitely poetical. Rubens is magnificent, but dreadful. His "Day of Judgment" is the most *awful* picture I ever saw. It rapt me in awe and horror, and I stood rivetted for many minutes in astonishment. What must the original at Dusseldorf be in which the figures are as large as life!' . . . ."

In recalling the school days of his pupil, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge writes:

". . . . Charles was a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic, giving full promise of the intellectual powers, and moral qualities, by which he was afterwards distinguished. Though not a

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close student, he was an eager reader and enquirer, sometimes in very out of the way quarters. I once found him busily engaged with an old copy of 'Porphyry and Iamblichus,' which he had ferreted out of my library. Truly a remarkable boy, original to the verge of eccentricity, and yet a thorough boy, fond of sport, and up to any enterprise—a genuine out-of-doors English boy. His account of a walk or run would often display considerable eloquence; the impediment in his speech, rather adding to the effect. In manner he was strikingly courteous, and thus, with his wide and ready sympathies, and bright intelligence, was popular alike with all."

From Helston Charles writes to his mother:

"I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am more happy now than I have been for a long time; but I do not like to talk about it, but to prove it by my conduct. I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me. . . . ."

May 16, 1835.—"I have just received your letter about the plants, and I wish to tell you that you must not send the new plant away without either finding me some more, or keeping one piece. I entreat you, get me a bit. It can hardly be an arum, and they ought to be able to find out whether it is an orchis or not. Dry me as much spurge as you can—as much bird's-nest orchis, and plenty of tway-blade, of which there are quantities in the long walk—all the Arabis to be found, woodruff, Marsh marigold, and cockle. Give my love to Emily, and ask her to dry me some Adoxa. The plant in the moors is in flower now. Menyanthes trifoliata is its name, and we have found it here long ago. I question whether that is really 'Arabis stricta;' 'Hirsuta,' it is very likely to be. If it is 'stricta,' it is a most noble prize. If you go to Bragela you will find a very large red-stalked spurge, 'Euphorbia amygdaloides' growing by the path, before you enter the wood, as you come up from the beach—pray dry me some of this. I

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have found Spergula subulata, Vicea angustifolia, Asplenium lanceolatum!!! Scilla verna, Arenaria verna, Teesdalia nudicaulis, Ornithopus perpusillus, Carex strigosa, Carex Æden, and several others. I believe there are only two other habitats for Asplenium lanceolatum known. I am only sorry we are not going to Ireland, but I shall make the most of my time at Plymouth, and on the South Downs, where I shall be certain to get excellent plants. The orchids are unequalled on the South Downs. . . . ."

February 24, 1836.—"I write to tell you that I am quite well and very happy. I have finished Psyche (a Prose Poem) as you asked me. There is no botany yet, but have been studying a little mineralogy and geology. Tell Papa I have a very good specimen of hornblende rock from the Lizard, and that I have found in great quantities a very beautiful mineral, but whether it is schorl or aximite, I cannot determine. Tell him the gradations of mica, slate, and Grauwackè slate are very beautiful and perfect here. . . . ."

His early poems, which were many, show the same minute observation and intense love of Nature. They show too, Mr. Powles says, "the pains he took to describe exactly what he saw, instead of running off into the vague generalities and common-places with which young versifiers often think to take poetry by storm." But while seemingly absorbed in external objects, the boy lived in a world of his own. He refers to this when at Cambridge.

"Once the love of nature constituted my whole happiness; in the 'shadowy recollections' and vague emotions which were called up by the inanimate creation, I found a mine of mysterious wealth, in which I revelled while I knew not its value. The vast and the sublime, or the excitement of violent motion, affected me almost to madness; I have shed strange tears, I know not why, at the sight of the most luscious and sunny

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prospects. But 'there has passed away a glory from the earth.' Though I feel the beauty more exquisitely than ever, I do not feel the emotions it produced. I do not shun society as when a boy, because man and his coarseness and his folly seemed only to disarrange my world of woods and hills, and stream and sea, peopled not with actual existences, but with abstract emotions which were neither seen nor heard, while their presence was felt. . . . ."

In 1836, Lord Cadogan gave his father the living of Chelsea, and the free happy country life was exchanged for a London home. It was a bitter grief to Charles to leave the West Country, with its rich legendary lore, its botany and geology—to lose the intellectual atmosphere of Mr. Coleridge's house and his valuable library, and, above all, the beautiful natural surroundings of both Helston and Clovelly. The change to a London Rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the middle-class society of Chelsea, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

"I find a doleful difference," he writes to Mr. Powles, "in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear. . . . . We have nothing but clergymen (very good and sensible men, but), talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c., &c., &c. And as for women, there is not a woman in all Chelsea, leaving out my own mother, to be compared to Mrs. C., or ——; and the girls here have got their heads crammed full of schools, and district visiting, and baby-linen, and penny clubs. Confound!!! and going about among the most abominable scenes of filth, wretchedness, and indecency, to visit the poor and read the Bible to them. My own mother says the places they go into are fit for no girl to see, and that they should not know such

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things exist. . . . I have got here two or three good male acquaintances who kill the time; one is Sub-Secretary to the Geological Society. . . . As you may suppose all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had a slight effect in settling my opinions on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies-preachers like the devil, for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about with every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I could say volumes on this subject that should raise both your contempt and indignation. I am sickened with its day-by-day occurrence.*

Charles now became a day student at King's College, London, where for two years he had what he called hard grinding work, walking up there every day from Chelsea, reading all the way, and walking home late, to study all the evening. One of his tutors there speaks of him as "gentle and diffident to timidity."

"I have never," writes another, Archdeacon Brown, "forgotten the happy intercourse which I had in former days with him, when he attended my lectures at King's College. I well remember his zeal, taste, and industry in his classical studies, and that he always took a high place in the examinations . . . . and some time after he was known to fame, his expressing to me his gratitude for having introduced him to the study of the works of Plato, which he said had a great influence on his mind and habits of thought."

Charles's life at Chelsea was not a bright one. His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and their

* These early experiences made him most careful in after life, when in a parish of his own, to confine all talk of parish business to its own hours, and never, as he called it, to "*talk shop*" before his children, or lower the tone of conversation, by letting it degenerate into mere parochial and clerical gossip.

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religious views precluded all public amusements for their children. So in his spare hours, which were few and far between, he comforted himself for the lack of all variety by devouring every book he could lay hands on; old plays, old ballads, and many a strange volume picked up at old book-stalls in his walks between Chelsea and King's College. Percy's "Reliques," Southey, Shelley and Coleridge's poetry he knew by heart. His love for Wordsworth developed later; but from first to last Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," and Spenser's "Faerie Queen," were among his most beloved books. Spenser was more dear to him than even Shakespeare, and in later life, when his brain needed rest and refreshment, especially on Sunday evenings, he would turn instinctively to Spenser. He was always a good French scholar, and at sixteen he knew enough German to make a translation of Krummacher's "John the Baptist" for the Religious Tract Society. Of his first return to Clovelly, in 1838, he writes to his mother:

"Though I have not written to you, I have not forgotten you. . . . And to prove my remembrance of you, I am reading my Bible and my Paley, and my mathematics steadily, and am learning poetry by heart. And, moreover, I am keeping a journal, full of thoughts and meditations and *prose poetry*, for I am not alone enough to indite verses—as I have not had any walks by myself. However, I hope that the fine weather (which now appears to be returning) will draw out my poetical thoughts again. I am exceedingly well here—quite a different being since I came. . . . The dear old place looks quite natural, and yet somehow it is like a dream when I think of the total revulsion that two days' journey has made in me, and how I seem like some spirit in the metempsychosis which has suddenly passed back, out of a new life, into one which it bore

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long ago, and has recovered, in one moment, all its old ties, its old feelings, its old friends, and pleasures! O that you were but here to see, and to share the delight of your affectionate son,

"C. KINGSLEY."

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CHAPTER II.

1838—42.

AGED 19–23.

CAMBRIDGE—VISIT TO OXFORDSHIRE—A TURNING POINT IN LIFE — UNDERGRADUATE DAYS — DECIDES TO TAKE ORDERS — CORRESPONDENCE—TAKES HIS DEGREE.

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And ebb into a former life, or seem
To lapse far back in some confused dream
To states of mystical similitude;
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,
So that we say, "All this has been before,
All this hath been, I know not when or where."
So, friend, when first I look'd upon your face,
Our thought gave answer each to each, so true—
Opposed mirrors each reflecting each—
That tho' I knew not in what time or place,
Methought that I had often met with you,
And either lived in either's heart and speech.

TENNYSON (Early Sonnets).

IN the autumn of 1838 Charles Kingsley left King's College, London, and went up to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship, being first in his year in the May Examinations, and thence in the joy of his heart he writes home:—

May 31, 1839.—"You will be delighted to hear that I am *first* in classics and mathematics also, at the examinations,

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which has not happened in the College for several years. I shall bring home prizes, and a very decent portion of honour —the King's College men are all delighted. I am going to stay up here a few days longer if you will let me. Mr. Wand has offered to help me with my second year's subjects, so I shall read conic sections and the spherical trigonometry very hard while I am here. I know you and mama will be glad to hear of my success, so you must pardon the wildness of my letter, for I am so happy, I hardly know what to say. You know I am not accustomed to be successful. I am going to-day to a great fishing party at Sir Charles Wale's, at Shelford."

The prize-book he chose was a fine edition of Plato.

He made many friends in the University who took delight in his society, some for his wit and humour, others for his sympathy on subjects of Art, and deeper matters. "He was very popular," writes an intimate friend, "amongst all classes of his companions, he mixed freely with all, the studious, the idle, the clever, and the reverse, a most agreeable companion, full of information of all kinds, and abounding in conversation. Whatever he engaged in, he threw his whole energy into; he read hard at times, but enjoyed sports of all kinds, fishing, shooting, riding, and cards." He was soon in the Magdalene Boat, which was in that year high on the river. A letter from the Rev. E. Pitcairn Campbell, recalls their undergraduate life.

"We happened to be sitting together one night on the top of one of those coaches which in our time were subscribed for by a number of men, 10*s.* or £1 each, for various expeditions into the Fens—for instance, when Whittlesea lay broadly under water—Sir Colman Rashleigh, the Dykes of Cornwall, or other driving men taking the management, wearing wonderful coats and hats, and providing the horses. I re-

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member the drive very well. The moon was high, and the air was frosty, and we talked about sport and natural history. At last we got upon fishing, and I invited him to come to my rooms to view some very superior tackle. He came at once, inviting me to join him in some of his haunts up the Granta and the Cam, where he had friends dwelling, and hospitable houses open to him. I never shall forget our first expedition. I was to call him, and for this purpose I had to climb over the wall of Magdalene College. This I did at 2 A.M., and about 3 we were both climbing back into the stonemason's yard, and off through Trumpington, in pouring rain all the way, nine miles to Duxford. We reached about 6.30. The water was clouded by rain, and I in courtesy to him yielded my heavier rod in order that he might try the lower water with the minnow. He was, however, scarcely out of sight, before I spied, under the alders, some glorious trout rising to caterpillars dropping from the bushes. In ten minutes I had three of these fine fellows on the bank. . . . . This performance set me up in his opinion, and he took me with him to Shelford, where I executed the feat to which he refers in his Chalk Stream Studies ("Prose Idylls," p. 83). Oh! what pleasant talk was his, so full of poetry and beauty! and, what I admired most, such boundless information. Besides these expeditions we made others on horseback, and at times we followed the great Professor Sedgwick in his adventurous rides, which the livery stable-keepers called jolly-gizing! * The old professor was generally mounted on a bony giant, whose trot kept most of us at a hand-gallop. Gaunt and grim, the brave old Northern man seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did —his was not a hunting seat—neither his hands nor his feet ever seemed exactly in the right place. But when we surrounded him at the trysting-place, even the silliest among us acknowledged that his lectures were glorious. It is too true that our method of reaching those trysting-places was not legi-

* Professor Sedgwick gave Geological Field Lectures on horseback to a class in the neighbourhood of Cambridge.

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timate, the greater number preferring the field to the road, so that the unhappy owners of the horses found it necessary to charge more for a day's jolly-gizing than they did for a day's hunting. To crown our sports, we have now only to add the all-absorbing boating. . . ."

In the summer of 1839 his father took country duty for two months at Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, and settled with his family in the little parsonage house. On the 6th of July, Charles (then an undergraduate) and his future wife met for the first time. "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.

He was then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungering, and at times defiant look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad longing expression too, which seemed to say that he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never yet found — a rest which he never would attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood at home, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, never to sleep again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy; and gradually as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful tenderness, and a "humility more irresistible even than his eloquence," which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day.

The Oxford Tracts had lately appeared, and, while

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discussing them from the merely human and not the religious standpoint, he fiercely denounced the ascetic view of the most sacred ties which he foresaw would result from them; his keen eye detecting in them principles which, as he expressed years afterwards in his preface to "Hypatia," must, if once adopted, "sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life."

He was just like his own Lancelot in "Yeast," in that summer of 1839—a bold thinker, a hard rider, a most "chivalrous gentleman"—sad, shy, and serious habitually; in conversation at one moment brilliant and impassioned—the next reserved and unapproachable—by turns attracting and repelling: but pouring forth to the one friend whom he could trust, stores of thought and feeling and information, which seemed boundless, on every sort of unexpected subject. It was a feast for any imagination and intellect to hold communion with Charles Kingsley even at the age of twenty. The originality with which he treated every subject was startling, and his genius lit up each object it approached, whether he spoke of "the delicious shiver of those aspen leaves," on the nearest tree, or of the deepest laws of humanity and the controversies of the day. Of that intercourse truly might these friends each say with Goethe—"For the first time, I may well say, I carried on a conversation; for the first time, was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive from another's mouth. What I had been groping for, was rendered clear to me; what I had been thinking, I was taught to see. . . . ."

Two months of such communion passed away only too quickly, and though from this time for the next four

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years and a half, the two friends met but seldom, and corresponded at rare intervals, a new life had dawned for both, which neither absence nor sorrow, nor adverse circumstances, their own difference of religious opinions, or the opposition of their relations, could extinguish. Before he left Oxfordshire, he was so far shaken in his doubts, that he promised to read his Bible once more—to pray—to open his heart to the Light, if the Light would but come. All, however, was dark for a time, and the conflict between faith and unbelief, and between hopes and fears was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge, he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind—boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the Fens,—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future. But through all, God kept him in those dark days for a work he little dreamed of. More than once he had nearly resolved, if his earthly hopes were crushed, to leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West to live as a wild prairie hunter; to this he refers when for the first time he found himself on the prairies of America on May 11, 1874.

"We are at Omaha!" he wrote home, "and opposite to us is Council Bluffs!! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone), and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go as soon as I took my degree, if, ... and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or swim, escaping from a civilization which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man! Oh! how good God has been to me. Oh! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you, for everything, and stared at them till I cried. . . ."

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Many years later, when Rector of Eversley, he says, in speaking of this period to a stranger who made full confession to him about his own doubts and difficulties, "Your experiences interested me deeply, and confirm my own. An atheist I never was; but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one which one had learnt at one's mother's knee. *Complete* nothing can be on this side of the grave, of which St. Paul himself said, that he only saw through a glass darkly; but complete enough to give comfort to the weary hearts of my poor labouring folk, and to mine also, which is weary enough at times. . . . ."

As time went on his theological difficulties about the Trinity, and other Christian doctrines increased. He revolted from what seemed to him then, to use his own words, the "bigotry, cruelty, and quibbling," of the Athanasian Creed, that very Creed which in after years was his stronghold; and he had little faith in the clergy with whom he came in contact.

"From very insufficient and ambiguous grounds in the Bible, they seem unjustifiably to have built up a huge superstructure, whose details they have filled in according to their own fancies, or alas! too often according to their own interest. . . . . Do not be angry. I know I cannot shake you, and I think you will find nothing flippant or bitter—no vein of noisy and shallow blasphemy in my doubts. I feel solemn and sad on the subject. If the philosophers of old were right, and if I am right in my religion, alas! for Christendom! and if I am wrong, alas! for myself! It is a subject on which I cannot jest. . . . I will write soon and tell you some of my temptations. . . ."

December, 1840.—"You cannot conceive the moments of

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self-abasement and self-shame I have. . . . . My own philosophy and the wisdom of the heathens of old, hold out no other mode of retracing my steps than the thorny road of tears and repentance which the Christian belief acknowledges. But you believe that you have a sustaining Hand to guide you along that path, an Invincible Protector and an unerring Guide. I, alas! have no stay for my weary steps, but that same abused and stupefied reason which has stumbled and wandered, and betrayed me a thousand times ere now, and is every moment ready to faint and to give up the unequal struggle. I am swimming against a mighty stream, and I feel every moment I must drop my arms, and float in apathy over the hurrying cataract, which I see and hear, but have not spirit to avoid. Man does want something more than his reason! Socrates confessed that he owed all to his dæmon, and that without his supernatural intimations, right and wrong, the useful and the hurtful were enveloped in mist, and that he alone smoothed to him the unapproachable heights which conducted to the beautiful and the good. So he felt; but I have no spiritual Guide. I am told that before I can avail myself of the benevolence of Him in whom you trust, I must believe in His Godhead and His Omnipotence. I do not do this. And it is a subject on which I cannot pray. . . . ."

January, 1841.—". . . . I have an instinctive, perhaps a foolish fear, of anything like the use of religious phraseology, because I am sure that if these expressions were used by any one placed as I now am to me, I should doubt the writer's sincerity. I find that if I allow myself ever to use, even to my own heart, those vague and trite expressions, which are generally used as the watchwords of religion, their familiarity makes me careless, or rather dull to their sense, their specious glibness hurrying me on in a mass of language, of whose precise import I have no vital knowledge. This is their effect on me. We know too well what it often is on others. Believe, then, every word I write as the painful expression of new ideas and feelings in a mind unprejudiced by conventionality in language, or (I hope) in thought I

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ask this because I am afraid of the very suspicion of talking myself into a fancied conversion. I see people do this often, and I see them fall back again. And this, perhaps, keeps me in terror lest I should have merely mistaken the emotions of a few passionate moments for the calm convictions which are to guide me through eternity. . . . . Some day I must tell you of the dreamy days of boyhood, when I knew and worshipped nothing but the physical; when my enjoyment was drawn not from the kindness of those around, or from the consciousness of good, or from the intercourse of mankind, but from the semi-sensual delights of ear and eye, from sun and stars, wood and wave, the *beautiful inanimate* in all its forms. On the unexpressed and incomprehensible emotions which these raised, on strange dilatation and excitement, and often strange tenderness and tears without object, was my boyhood fed. Moral sense I had not so strongly as men of *great* minds have. And above all, I felt no allegiance to the dispensation of fear, either from man or more than man. Present enjoyment, present profit, brought always to me a recklessness of moral consequences, which has been my bane. . . . I should tell you next, how the beauty of the animate and the human began to attract me, and how after lonely wanderings and dreamings, and contemplation of every work of art, and every specimen of life which fed me with the elements of beauty, the Ideal began to expand, dim but glorious, before my boyish eyes. I would tell you how I paused on that height awhile, nor thought that beyond there lay another Ideal—the reflected image of God's mind; but that was reserved for a later period. Here I sought happiness awhile, but was still unsatisfied.

* * * * *

"I have not much time for poetry,* as I am reading steadily. How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age —so free from mental control, as to the subjects of thought and reading—so subjected to it, as to the manner and the tone. We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquire-

* The only poems of this date were "Twin Stars," and "Palinodia."

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ment of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded—and, at last to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy. I wish I were free from this university system, and free to follow such a course of education as Socrates, and Bacon, and More, and Milton have sketched out. . . . ."*

CAMBRIDGE: *February*, 1841.—"I strive daily and hourly to be calm. Every few minutes to stop myself forcibly, and recall my mind to a sense of where I am—where I am going—and whither I ought to be tending. This is most painful discipline, but wholesome, and much as I dread to look inward, I force myself to it continually. . . . . I am reading seven to eight hours a day. I have refused hunting and driving.

* It is but fair to him to say that in after years his riper judgment made him more just to his University and her Course of Studies, and in the preface to his Alexandrian Lectures, he speaks of what he owes to his Alma Mater. "In the hey-day of youthful greediness and ambition, when the mind, dazzled by the vastness and variety of the universe, must needs know everything, or rather know about everything, at once and on the spot, too many are apt, as I have been in past years, to complain of Cambridge studies, as too dry and narrow: but as time teaches the student, year by year, what is really required for an understanding of the objects with which he meets, he begins to find that his university, in as far as he has really received her teaching into himself, has given him, in her criticism, her mathematics, above all in Plato, something which all the popular knowledge, the lectures, and institutions of the day, and even good books themselves, cannot give, a boon more precious than learning, namely, the art of learning. That, instead of casting into his lazy lap treasures which he would not have known how to use, she has taught him to mine for himself; and has by her wise refusal to gratify his intellectual greediness excited his hunger, only that he may be the stronger to hunt and till for his own subsistence; and thus, the deeper he drinks, in after years, at fountains wisely forbidden to him, while he was a Cambridge student, and sees his old companions growing up into sound-headed and sound-hearted practical men, liberal and expansive, and yet with a firm standing ground for thought and action, he learns to complain less and less of Cambridge studies, and more and more of that conceit and haste of his own, which kept him from reaping the full advantages of her training." —Alexandria and her Schools. Four lectures, delivered at Edinburgh. 1854. Macmillan.

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My trial of this new mode of life has been short, but to have begun it is the rgeatest difficulty. There is still much more to be done, and there are more pure and unworldly motives of improvement, but actions will pave the way for motives, almost as much as motives do for actions. . . . . *You* cannot understand the excitement of animal exercise from the mere act of cutting wood or playing cricket to the manias of hunting or shooting or fishing. On these things more or less most young men live. Every moment which is taken from them for duty or for reading is felt to be lost—to be so much time sacrificed to hard circumstance. And even those who have calmed from age, or from the necessity of attention to a profession, which has become custom, have the same feelings flowing as an undercurrent in their minds; and, if they had not, they would neither think nor act like men. They might be pure and good and kind, but they would need that stern and determined activity, without which a man cannot act in an extended sphere either for his own good, or for that of his fellow-creatures. When I talk, then, of excitement, I do not wish to destroy excitability, but to direct it into the proper channel, and to bring it under subjection. I have been reading Plato on this very subject, and you would be charmed with his ideas. . . . Of the existence of this quality there can be no doubt, and you must remember the peculiar trial which this" (alluding to the necessity for hard reading and giving up all amusement for the time being) "proves, to a young man whose superfluous excitement has to be broken in like that of a dog or a horse—for it is utterly animal. . . . . As for my degree, I can yet take high honours in the University, and get my fellowship. . . . . I forgot to thank you for the books. I am utterly delighted with them."

The books referred to were Carlyle's works, and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Carlyle's "French Revolution," sent previously by the same friend, had had a remarkable effect on his mind before he decided upon taking holy orders, in establishing and intensifying

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his belief in God's righteous government of the world. The "Miscellanies," and "Past and Present," placed him under a still deeper debt to Mr. Carlyle, whom he spoke of as "that old Hebrew prophet, who goes to prince and beggar and says, 'If you do this or that, you shall go to Hell'—not the hell that priests talk of, but a hell on this earth."

During the spring of this year he decided on the Church as his profession instead of the law. His name had been down at Lincoln's-inn: but a great change had passed over him, and thus he speaks of it:

"I repent no resolution which I have made—because my determination was not the sudden impulse of a moment—but the expansion into clear certainty of plans which have been most strangely rising up before me for many months. Day after day there has been an involuntary still small voice directing me to the Church, as the only rest for my troubled spirit in this world or the next. . . . . I am under a heavy debt to God . . . . how can I better strive to pay it than by devoting myself to the religion which I have scorned, and becoming a preacher of purity and holiness—a determined and disinterested upholder of the *only* true and perfect system, the Church of Christ. The time passed lately in sorrow . . . . has produced a most powerful and vivid change in my every thought, feeling, and intention. I believe and I pray. Can I be what I was? . . . . Everything I do, in my studies, in my plans, in my actions is now and shall be done in reference first to God . . . . and neither fame or vanity, or excitement of any kind shall (if prayers will avail, as I know they will,) turn me away from the steady looking forward to this end. . . . ."

May, 1841.—"My only reasons for working for a degree are that I may enter the world with a certain *prestige* which may get me a living sooner. . . . . Several of my intimate friends here, strange to say, are going into the Church, so that our rooms,

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when we are not reading, are full of clerical conversation. One of my friends goes up for ordination next week. How I envy him his change of life. I feel as if, once in the Church, I could cling so much closer to God. I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my *physique* and *morale* were intended—that the profession will check and guide the faulty parts of my mind, while it gives full room for my energy—that energy which had so nearly ruined me; but will now be devoted utterly, I hope, to the service of God. My views of theoretical religion are getting more clear daily, as I feel more completely the necessity of faith. . . . ."

June 12, 1841.—"My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled. . . . ."

To his mother he writes from Cambridge:

June, 1841.—"I have been reading the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841), on No. 90 of the Tracts for the Times, and I wish I could transcribe every word, and send it to * * * * Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in. God bless you, dearest mother. I feel very happy, and very much inclined to what is good—more so, perhaps, and more calmly so, than I ever felt before. God grant that this may last. I saw Bateson to-day, and settled with him as to hours, &c." . . . .

". . . . I send you my Sunday evening letter, as a refresher to my own mind as well as yours. I am now settled to reading for the next five weeks. . . . ."

October, 1841.—"I am going to try what keeping every chapel will do to my mind. I am sure it ought to sober and

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quiet it. I now really feel the daily chapels a refreshment, instead of an useless and antiquated restraint, as I used to consider them. I spent Thursday at Shelford. I had great fun. Tell papa I hooked a trout so large that I was three-quarters of an hour playing him, and that he grubbed the hook out of his mouth after all. Of course he will say that I was a clumsy fellow, but this brute would have puzzled the ghost of Isaac Walton.

"Do not, dearest mother, make yourself unhappy about * * * * and me. I am young and strong . . . and she will be strong too. Have no fears for us—we can wait, and endure, and dare, and be happy beyond the grave, if not on this side."

January, 1842.—"My degree hangs over my thoughts like a vast incubus keeping me down, and every moment which is not devoted to my foolish studies, seems wasted. Alas! that it should be so! but I can endure another month, and then feel myself at last free. . . . . Send down to Holne and make all requisite enquiries, for I wish for the 'Far West' as soon as the leaves begin to show. My lodgings in Devonshire ought not to cost much. It will be like a second childhood, a fresh spring in my life, for I felt very wintry till lately. I feel deeply what Manfred says of 'an order

> Of mortals on the earth, who do become
> Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
> Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
> Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
> And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts.'

"I feel that if I had not *one* hope, I were one of those—my heart is much older than my years—I feel that within, which makes me far more happy, or more miserable than those around me, but all of it belonging to a much later age than mine—I shall be an old man before I am forty—thank God for it! . . . . My heart is very full, I am rather lonely, but it is foolish to droop in my prison, when liberty will so soon be here. God bless you and * * * *, and if you rejoice that you have born a man into the world, remember that he is not one like common men—neither cleverer nor wiser, nor better than

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the multitude, but utterly different from them in heart and mind—legislate for him accordingly.

"Your own boy,

"C. KINGSLEY."

While at College his physical strength was great. He walked one day from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, starting early and arriving in London at 9 P.M., with ease. For many years afterwards, a walk of twenty to twenty-five miles a day was simply a refreshment to him; and during examination time he says:

"I have walked ten miles down the Cam to-day and back, pike fishing. My panacea for stupidity and 'over-mentation' is a day in a roaring Fen wind."

In February he went in for his Examination, and while it was going on writes to an Oxford friend who was in danger of losing high honours from overwork.

February 6, 1842.—". . . . I am miserable when I think that you are wearing out mind and body by the over-exertion which I hear you are using for your degree. Are you not disquieting yourself after a vain shadow? . . . . Remember that your talents are a loan from God, which must not be abused by over-exercise, and that it is a sin to do anything now, which shall make you hereafter less able to exert yourself. If you are now led away by the ambition of the moment to 'propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,' can you justify yourself to your own heart? Remember that discipline is not education, only the preparation for it, and that your university studies are only useful so far as they strengthen your mind to learn, judge, and systematize for itself after you leave college."

February 13.—". . . . As to your degree, leave it in God's hands. . . . . You have been, I fear, too much accustomed to consider university honours as the end and aim of a man's life, instead of seeing in them a mere trial for studies higher and severer, as well as more beneficial for the science of

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unfolding the great mystery of our being, the πόθεν καὶ ποῖ of our wonderful humanity, for the inquiry into the duties and the capabilities of mankind, and its application to their and our own perfection.' A discipline which shall enable us hereafter to make ourselves and all around us, wiser, better, and happier. This is the object of, or, rather, the only good to be derived from university education; and if your studies have any other aim, they are useless and hurtful; useless, because they do not benefit the surrounding mass of mankind, who expect from you not the mere announcement of your having taken a first class, but the active and practical influence of your wisdom and piety in guiding them upwards, and smoothing the rugged road of life for them; hurtful, because they turn away your mind to their arbitrary standard of excellence, from the great hope—God; from the great question 'What are we, and why are we born?' from the great object that we may be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect. . . . . Do not imagine that I speak without sympathy of your honourable ambition; I wish to see it more worthily directed. I have felt it myself; and circumstances, more than my own reason, have weaned me from it. I have been toiling almost as hard as you, and in fact much harder than my health would allow, for the last six months. . . . . All through life, I fear, or, at least, all through youth, age, and perhaps till we shake off the earthly husk, we must more or less use the weapons of the earth, if we would keep ourselves in the station in which alone we can improve ourselves, and do good; but these weapons should be only used as the student uses bodily exercise, to put his animal health into that soundness which shall enable him completely to employ his mental vigour. . . . . My degree, I have got—*i.e.*, my mathematical one. I came out to my great astonishment, and that of my tutor, a tolerable second-class, with very little reading. The classical examination comes on on Monday, and whether I shall get my first-class or not, is the rub. If I do not, I have not health to accuse like you, but previous idleness in my second and first year. So *I* shall have some cause to repine, if man has cause to repine at any-

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thing. I read myself ill this week, and have been ordered to shut up every book till the examination, and in fact the last three weeks in which I had to make a rally from the violent exertion of the mathematical tripos, have been spent in agonies of pain with leeches on my head . . . . just when I ought to have been straining every nerve. I was very fretful at first, but I have now, thank God, conquered it, and for the last forty-eight hours not thought of the examination. I cannot be low, I may be high. . . . . I am going after my degree to read divinity for five months (I shall be ordained, I hope, in September), at a place called Holne, in Dartmoor, Devon. . . . . I am going there to recover my health, not my spirits —I defy the world to break *them*. And you will want calm and relaxation after your labours. . . . . Come down to see me. . . . . Whether you will despise hard beds and dimity curtains, morning bathes and evening trout-fishing, mountain mutton and Devonshire cream, I do not know, but you will not despise the calm of a few weeks in which to commune with God in His works, and to strengthen mind and body together, before you again commence your labours; for remember always, *toil is the condition of our being*. Our sentence is to labour from the cradle to the grave. But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as the body, when the intellect is stilled, and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions, and to such a Sabbath I will lead you next summer."

An incident which occurred during the examination, and was much talked of at the time, is recalled by Mr. Kewley, Rector of Baldock:

"On one morning but one question remained of a paper on mechanics, 'Describe a Common Pump.' Of the internal machinery of the pump Kingsley was unable to render a scientific account, but of the outside his vivid imagination supplied a picture which his facile pencil soon transferred to paper. Under the heading, 'Describe a Pump,' he drew a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite

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the porch of an ancient church. By the side of the pump stood, in all pomposity of his office, the village beadle, with uniform and baton. Around were women and children of all ages, shapes, dress, and sizes, each carrying a crock, a jug, a bucket, or some vessel large or small. These were drawn with considerable power, and the whole was lighted up with his deep vein of humour; while around the pump itself was a huge chain, padlocked, and surrounded by a notice, 'This pump locked during Divine service.' This, Kingsley sent up to the examiner as his answer to the question. I know not whether he got any marks for it; but it was so clever that the moderator of the year had it framed and hung up on the wall of his room."

Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's, his tutor much beloved, in speaking of Charles Kingsley's career, says:

"I look back with much satisfaction, and shall always reflect with pride on my engagement to serve him in the capacity of classical private tutor. . . . . It is too true, as no one lamented more than himself, that from various causes he made but an indifferent use of the opportunities which his residence in Cambridge afforded him, at all events for the greater part of the time. In this respect he differs little from many of the men of poetic genius who have been undergraduates at our universities. Whether it is that our system of training and of frequent examinations, has something in it which is repulsive and uncongenial, or that their fervid and impulsive natures are unable to brook the restraints of our discipline, certain it is that many youths of most brilliant promise, who have lived to achieve great things in after years, have left our colleges with but little cause to congratulate themselves on time well spent or talents well employed. My own relations with Charles Kingsley in those early days were always agreeable, although I was unable to induce him to apply himself with any energy to his classical work, until quite the close of his undergraduate career. Then

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indeed, he seemed an altered man. With wonderful ability and surprising quickness during the last few months he made rapid strides, and I can well remember admiring his papers, more especially those of Latin prose and verse, which he sent up for the classical tripos. They exhibited excellence and power, due far more to native talent than to industry or study, and raised him to a place in the first class of the classical tripos. For after all his degree was a good one, as senior optime in mathematics, and a first class in classics; but I must add that it was nothing compared to what might have been attained by a man of his powers. If he had worked as an undergraduate with only a small portion of the industry and energy which he exhibited after he left Cambridge, there was no academic distinction that would not have been within his reach."

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CHAPTER III.

1842—1843.

AGED 23-24.

LEAVES CAMBRIDGE—READS FOR HOLY ORDERS—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS—ORDAINED DEACON—CURACY OF EVERSLEY—PARISH WORK—PARTING WORDS.

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!"

CARLYLE.

"Nothing is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.

"He that loveth flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth; he is free and not bound. He giveth all for all, and hath all in all; because he resteth in One Highest above things, from whom all that is good flows and proceeds. Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility; for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible. It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and brings them to a conclusion, where he who does not love faints and lies down. Love watcheth, and sleeping, slumbereth not. Though weary, love is not tired; though pressed, it is not straitened; though alarmed, it is not confounded: but as a lively flame, and burning torch, it forces its way upwards, and securely passes through all."

THOMAS À KEMPIS. Book III., chap. 5.

HE left Cambridge in February, exhausted in body and mind, having by six months' desperate reading done work which should have spread over three years.

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While studying for Holy Orders, he had the offer of two curacies.

CHELSEA: *April*, 1842.—". . . . I hope to be ordained in July to the Curacy of Eversley in Hampshire. In the midst of lovely scenery—rich—but not exciting. And you will be with me in your thoughts, in my village visits, and my moorland walks, when I am drinking in from man and nature, the good and the beautiful, while I purge in my vocation the evil, and raise up the falling and the faint. Can I not do it? for have I not fainted and fallen? And do I not know too well the bitterness that is from without, as well as the more dire one, from within? . . . . My reading at present must be exclusively confined to divinity—not so yours. You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life. The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task. But there is one more noble still—to find out from the notices of the universe, and the revelation of God, and the *uninspired* truth which He has made his creatures to declare even in heathen lands, to find out from all these the pure mind of God, and the eternal laws whereby He made us and governs us. This is true science; and this, as we discover it, will replace phantoms by reality, and that darkling taper of 'common sense,' by the glorious light of certainty. For this the man must bring his philosophy, and the woman her exquisite sense of the beautiful and the just, and all hearts and all lands shall lie open before them, as they gradually know them one by one! That glorious word *know*—it is God's attribute, and includes in itself all others. Love—truth—all are parts of that awful power of knowing, at a single glance, from and to all eternity, what a thing is in its essence, its properties, and its relations to the whole universe through all time! I feel awe-

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struck whenever I see that word used rightly, and I never, if I can remember use it myself of myself. But to us, as to dying Schiller, hereafter many things will become plain and clear. And this is no dream of romance. It is what many have approximated to before us, with less intellectual, and no greater spiritual advantages; and strange to say, some of them *alone*—buried in cloisters seldom—in studies often—some, worst of all, worn down by the hourly misery of a wife who neither loved them nor felt for them: but to those who, through love, have once caught a glimpse of 'the great secret,' what may they not do by it in years of love and thought? For this heavenly knowledge is not, as boyish enthusiasts fancy, the work of a day or a year. Youth will pass before we shall have made anything but a slight approximation to it, and having handed down to our children the little wisdom we shall have amassed while here, we shall commend them to God, and enter eternity very little wiser in proportion to the *universal* knowledge than we were when we left it at our birth. But still if our plans are not for time, but for eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love to God, to each other, to ourselves, to every thing, will progress for ever.

"And this scheme is practical too—for the attainment of this heavenly wisdom requires neither ecstasy nor revelation, but prayer, and watchfulness, and observation, and deep and solemn thought. And two great rules for its attainment are simple enough—'Never forget what and where you are;' and, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit.' And it is not only compatible with our duties as priests of the Eternal, but includes them as one of the means to its attainment, for 'if a man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' They do not speak without scriptural as well as theoretical foundation, who think that we may hereafter be called upon to preach God to other worlds, beside our own; and if this be so, does not the acquirement of this knowledge become a duty? Knowledge and love are reciprocal. He who loves knows. He who knows loves. Saint John is the example of the first, Saint Paul of the second."

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In the interval between Cambridge and his curacy he began to write the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, his ideal saint; which he illustrated with his own exquisite drawings in pen and ink, not intending it for publication, but as a gift book to his wife on his marriage-day, if that day should ever come.

"When it is finished," he says, "I have another work of the same kind to begin—a life of St. Theresa—as a specimen of the dreamy mystic, in contrast with the working ascetic, St. Elizabeth, and to contrast the celibate saint with the married one. For this we must read Tersteegen, Jacob Behmen, Madame Guyon, Alban Butler, Fénelon, some of Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Coleridge's 'Aids,' &c., also some of Kant, and a German history of mysticism. In order to understand puritanism and evangelicalism, we must thoroughly understand asceticism and mysticism, which have to be eradicated from them in preaching our 'Message.'"

In the Introduction to this MSS. life he says:—

". . . . You know what first turned my attention to the Oxford Tracts; but you do *not* know that my own heart strangely yearned towards them from the first; that if they had not struck at the root of wedded happiness, I too had been ensnared! . . . . But when I read I soon saw that the Oxford writings contained only half truths: that if what they said was true, much more what they did *not* say, was true also! . . . . that Popery was their climax—the full development of their theory—the abyss to which they were hurrying, dallying on the brink, afraid to plunge in, and be honest! Then came the question, 'What is this Popery?' Was it altogether a lie? Did all Christendom, with the Apostle's Creed in their mouths and hearts, live a truthless and irrational life for 800 years? Does God ever so desert His Church? I must know, I said, the truth of this. The soundness of the Reformers, the Catholicity of the English Church, is only certain to him who knows the

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unsoundness of Popery. What are these fathers too? If there were fallacies superinduced after their day, how came they, and why, and when? Do men forsake the world for a lie? Do they die in martyrdom, or self-inflicted tortures altogether for a lie? Do they go on crusade for a lie's sake? Is any great deed the offspring of a lie? Strange questions! and not to be answered in a day! Away with those shallow Encyclopædists and Edinburgh Reviewers, with their cant about excited imaginations and popular delusions, and such sense-bound trash! Being hollow themselves, they fancy all things hollow! Being sense-bound themselves, they see the energizing Spirit nowhere! Was there not a spiritual truth, or half truth, or counterfeit of truth in those days as in others, the parent of all religion, all manliness, all womanhood, all work? Many such thoughts Maurice's writings raised in me, many such Thomas Carlyle's, many more the observation, that men never lost sight of Christian charity in their controversies, except when they did not see that it was a *something*, right or wrong, which should supply a spiritual want, which their opponents were struggling after. From them I learnt somewhat of true catholicity—of the love which delights to recognize God's Spirit, through every alloy of age, and character, and circumstance!

"But I would not go on hearsays—Hell is paved with them. To the Fathers I went—from Clement of Rome downwards I began to read them, and my task is not half done. At the same time I began with Popish books; not with books written by Protestants against them, or by them against Protestants; but with works written for Papists, in the full heyday of Rome's unsuspecting prosperity, before attack was feared, when monks said what they thought, and did what their private judgment and the Church might choose without misgiving or constraint. The acts and the biographies of saints, pictures of Popish life, were my study: their notions and their theories (doctrines men call them), were only worth noticing, as they were the springs of living action. My question was, 'What must we *do*, if Popery be right? what if it be wrong?' My heart told me more strongly at every page, that the battle was for life or

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death to Love! Is human love unholy—inconsistent with the perfect worship of the Creator? Is marriage less honourable than virginity? Are the duties, the relations, the daily food of men, of earth or heaven? Is nature a holy type or a foul prison to our spirits? Is genius the reflex of God's mind, or the self-will of man? These were the heart questions! And in this book I try to solve them. If I succeed, then we are safe! If not, then our honest home is Popery—Popery and celibacy. . . . . And why have I chosen this biography in particular? Because it is a fair sample of the heart of a Papist, and the work of a Popish saint and heroine, in the days when Popery had a life, a meaning for good and evil—a fair sample, for though superior to all other saints, as gold is to brass, yet she alone shows what the system will effect, when applied to a healthy mind. For her affections had free vent, and did not ulcerate to the surface in brutal self-torture, or lazy mysticism, or unthankful melancholy, or blasphemous raptures. And because, too, she was no 'hot-bed saint,' laid on a sick bed, or pent up in a cloister, but abroad and at work, bearing such fruit as Popery can bear, a specimen of what it can effect, when unassisted by an artificial and unnatural mode of life.

"Look at her! . . . . Look at the trials, the victories of her heart. . . . . It is an easy task, for her heart is pure and simple enough to see the life blood of God's Spirit thrilling through the transparent arteries, yet spotted, alas! enough from without and from within to let us perceive the evil, and see it overcome with good!"

CHELSEA: *May* 7, 1842.—"I have not begun Palmer's work on the church yet, and shall not till after my ordination. I am afraid it is not catholic enough to suit me. I hate party books. Men think wrongly when they suppose that in order to combat error, they must not allow their opponents to have the least right on their side; no opinion in the world hardly is *utterly* wrong. We must be catholic spirits, and I do not think we shall be the less sound for having been, in the dreary years that are past, tossed about, attached to parties. When I see a man change his opinions often, I say, 'This might be made a

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catholic and valuable mind, if he were well grounded in first principles.' But alas! men build on the sand. My great prayer is to be led into all truth. . . . . You ask me whether I like Tersteegen. The whole book seems to me a beautiful fallacy; his great fault the putting out of sight the fact of man's free will and moral responsibility.

* * * * *

"What do you mean by a 'father-confessor?' Do not, pray, use such words? I am sure that it is unwomanly for woman, and unmanly for man to make any man his *father*-confessor. All that another should know of our hearts should be told in the almost involuntary overflowing of love, not in the midst of blushes and trembling to a man who dares to arrogate *moral* superiority over us. I cannot understand the term. I can believe in and think them happy who have a husband-confessor, and a wife-confessor—but a father-confessor is a term I do not allow. . . . . I can feel veneration as much as any one—perhaps *too much*, but there is a christian as well as political liberty, which is quite consistent with High-Church principles, which makes the clergy our teachers — not the keepers of our *consciences*, but of our *creeds*.

* * * * *

"I am liking more and more the experimental religion of the Low Church School. I am astonished at the depth and subtlety of knowledge of the human heart, which many of them display. It is so refreshing after the cold dogmatism of the High Church. Both are good in their way. But *I* want, like such men as Leighton, Jewell, and Taylor, to combine both the dogmatic and the experimental. We must be catholic; we must hold the whole truth; we must have no partial or favourite views of Christianity, like the Dissenters and the Tractarians. The more I look, the more I see how superior the divines of the seventeenth century were to the present generation, and how they have been belied by the Tractarians. . . . . These are my secret opinions—mind, I say opinions not convictions. What a man is convinced is true, that God constrains him to tell out fearlessly; but his opinions

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—by which are properly meant suspicions of the truth of a fact which are derived from insufficient grounds, these opinions I say, he is bound to keep to himself (except to ask advice on them if they belong to points where harm may be done), lest having reason to change them, he should find out hereafter that he has been teaching a lie! . . . ."

June, 1842.—" . . . . Amuse yourself—get poetry and read it —I have a book called 'Tennyson's Poems,' the most beautiful poetry of the last fifteen years. Shall I send it you? . . . . What is our present dreariness and weariness to what it would have been two thousand years ago? We have now the Rock of Ages to cling to. Then,—there would have been nothing but mist—no certainty but that of our own misery—no hope but the stillness of death—Oh we are highly favoured. When I watch the workings of the ancient minds, weighed down with the sense of the mystery of life, and giddy with the ceaseless whirl of matter and mind through infinite obscurity, then I feel how safe we are! Such a man as Lucretius, or Pyrrho, seeing nothing but eternal change—motion—heaven and earth one vast dreary all-devouring vortex, sucking in to destruction all beauty and life and goodness, and reproducing it—with that horrid change-destroyed consciousness. Such men as these, to whom the universe seemed one everlasting fiend-dance, infinite in its dreariness, eternal in its howlings;—hero-minds, bowed down with the terror of helplessness, and the degradation of ignorance;—phantom-builders, trying in vain to arrange the everlasting chaos round them:—these were the wise of old. And we, by the alchemy of God's Spirit, can by prayer systematize the chaos, and walk upon the rolling mists of infinity, as on solid ground. All is safe—for through all time, changeless and unbroken, extends the Rock of Ages! And must we not thank and thank for ever, and toil and toil for ever for Him? . . . . Tell me if I am ever obscure in my expressions, and do not fancy that if I am obscure I am therefore deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly

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popular style is the perfectly scientific one. To me an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy . . . ."

In July he was ordained deacon by Bishop Sumner.

FARNHAM: *July* 10.—". . . . God's mercies are new every morning. Here I am waiting to be admitted in a few hours to His holy ministry, and take refuge for ever in His Temple! . . . . Yet it is an awful thing! for we promise, virtually at least, to renounce this day not only the devil and the flesh, but the world;—to do nothing, know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of God's Kingdom, or the assimilation of ourselves to the Great Ideal, and to our proper place and rank in the great system whose harmony we are to labour to restore. And can we restore harmony to the Church, unless we have restored it to ourselves? If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, the immutable symphonies which revelation gives us to hear, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations round us? . . . . We must be holy! and to be holy we must believe rightly as well as pray earnestly. We must bring to the well of truth a spirit purified from all previous fancies, all medicines of our own which may adulterate the water of life! We must take of that and not of our own, and show it to mankind. It is that glory in the beauty of truth, which was my idol, even when I did not practise or even know truth. But now that I know it, and can practise it, and carry it out into the details of life; now I am happy; now I am safe! . . . .

"We need not henceforward give up the beautiful for the true, but make the true the test of the beautiful, and the beautiful the object of the true, until to us God appears in perfect beauty! Thus every word and every leaf which has beauty in it, will be as loved as ever, but they will all be to us impresses of the Divine hand, reflexes of the Divine mind, lovely fragments of a once harmonious world, whose ruins we are to store up in our hearts, waiting till God restores the broken harmony, and we shall comprehend in all its details the glorious system, where Christ is all in all! Thus we will love the beautiful because it is part of God, though what part

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it is we cannot see; and love the true, because it shows us how to find the beautiful! But back! back to the thought that in a few hours my whole soul will be waiting silently for the seals of admission to God's service, of which honour I dare hardly think myself worthy, while I dare not think that God would allow me to enter on them unworthily . . . . Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been: 'O God, if I am not worthy; if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned; if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of serving Thee; if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office still more strongly, O God, reject me!' and while I shuddered for your sake at the idea of a repulse, I prayed to be repulsed if it were necessary, and included *that* in the meaning of my petition 'Thy will be done.' After this what can I consider my acceptance but as a proof that I have not sinned too deeply for escape! as an earnest that God has heard my prayer and will bless my ministry, and enable me not only to rise myself, but to lift others with me! Oh! my soul, my body, my intellect, my very love, I dedicate you all to God! And not mine only . . . . to be an example and an instrument of holiness before the Lord for ever, to dwell in his courts, to purge His temple, to feed His sheep, to carry the lambs and bear them to that foster-mother whose love never fails, whose eye never sleeps, the Bride of God, the Church of Christ! . . . . I would have written when I knew of my success yesterday, but there was no town post. Direct to me next at Eversley! . . . . "

And now, at the age of twenty-three, he settled down in Eversley; little thinking that with a short interval it would be his home for thirty-three years.

The parish of Eversley* (Aper's lea) was then mostly

* "You are right in taking the name of Eversley," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, author of 'Words and Places,' "as one of the few remaining records of the former existence of the wild boar in England. In Anglo-Saxon, a wild boar is *eofor*. An Anglo-Saxon *eo* commonly answers to modern English *e*, and Anglo-Saxon *f* to modern English *v*, and Anglo-

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common land, divided into three hamlets, each standing on its own little green, surrounded by the moorland, with young forests of self-sown fir trees cropping up in every direction. It was on the borders of Old Windsor Forest; and the old men could remember the time when many a royal deer used to stray into Eversley parish. The population was very scattered — "heth croppers" from time immemorial and poachers by instinct and heritage. Every man in those days could snare his hare, and catch a good dinner of fish in waters not then strictly preserved; and the old women would tell of the handsome muffs and tippets, made of pheasants' feathers, not got with money, which they wore in their young days. To use their rector's own words, after he had lived among them for sixteen years:

"The clod of these parts is the descendant of many generations of broom squires and deer stealers; the instinct of sport is strong within him still, though no more of the Queen's deer are to be shot in the winter turnip fields, or worse, caught by an apple-baited hook hung from an orchard bough. He now limits his aspirations to hares and pheasants, and too probably once in his life 'hits the keeper into the river,' and re-considers himself for a while over a crank in Winchester gaol. Well, he has his faults, and I have mine. But he is a thorough good fellow nevertheless. Civil, contented, industrious, and often very handsome; a far shrewder fellow too—owing to his dash of wild forest blood from gipsy, highwayman, and what not—than his bullet-headed and flaxen-polled cousin, the pure South

Saxon *o* often to English *e*. All these changes are seen in the word *seven*, which in Anglo-Saxon was written *seofon*. Hence Anglo-Saxon *eofor* would take the English form *ever* (genitive *evers*). *Ever* and *eofor* are not *derived* from Latin *aper*, but are only cousin words derived from a common Aryan parent. The last syllable of Eversley is the Anglo-Saxon *lēah*, which means a bosky place—a ort of open pasturage more or less wooded, like the unenclosed glades in the New Forest."

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Saxon of the chalk downs. Dark-haired he is, ruddy, and tall of bone; swaggering in his youth: but when he grows old a thorough gentleman, reserved, stately, and courteous as a prince. . . . ."—["Winter Garden—Prose Idylls."]

Of the peculiar feature of the parish—its fir trees—including the three fine specimens on the rectory lawn, which were his joy and pride, he says:

"Whether, as we hold traditionally here, the Scotch fir was re-introduced by James I. when he built Bramshill for Henry the prince, or whatever may have been the date of their re-introduction, here they are, and no one can turn them out. In countless thousands the winged seeds float down the south-west gales from the older trees; and every seed which falls takes root in ground which, however unable to bear broad-leaved trees, is ready by long rest for the seeds of the needle-leaved ones . . . . Truly beautiful—grand indeed to me it is—to see young live Nature thus carrying on a great savage process in the heart of this old and seemingly all-artificial English land; and reproducing here, as surely as in the Australian bush, a native forest, careless of mankind . . . ."
—["Winter Garden—Prose Idylls."]

July 17th was Charles Kingsley's first day of public ministration in Eversley Church, "I was not nervous," he says, "for I had prayed before going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility (if I may so speak) was on God and not on me quieted the weak terror I have of offending people." Before his coming, the church services had been utterly neglected. It sometimes happened that when the rector had a cold, or some trifling ailment, he would send the clerk to the church door at eleven, to tell the few who attended that there would be no service. In consequence

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the ale-houses were full on Sunday and the church empty, and it was up-hill work getting a congregation together.

For the first six weeks of his curate life he lived in the rectory house, and the following letter contained a sketch of the lawn and glebe from the drawing-room windows and a plan of the room.

EVERSLEY RECTORY: *July* 14, 1842.—"Can you understand my sketch? I am no drawer of trees, but the view is beautiful. The ground slopes upward from the windows to a sunk fence and road, without banks or hedges, and then rises in the furze hill in the drawing, which hill is perfectly beautiful in light and shade, and colour . . . . Behind the acacia on the lawn you get the first glimpse of the fir-forests and moors, of which five-sixths of my parish consist. Those delicious self-sown firs! Every step I wander they whisper to me of you, the delicious past melting into the more delicious future. 'What has been, shall be,' they say! I went the other day to Bramshill Park, the home of the *seigneur de pays* here, Sir John Cope. And there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbott, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident! I sat under the tree, and it all seemed to me like a present reality. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in our dining room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned—and then the death shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester—and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features col lapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow, which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I did not then know what it meant. It is strange that that is almost the only portrait saved in the wreck of our

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family.* As I sat under the tree, there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with the airy whisper of the lighter leaves that told of present as well as past! I am going to dine at one to-day, and walk all the cool of the evening, for my head is sadly worn of late, and I have been sermon-writing all the morning. My books are not come yet, and I cannot set to work in earnest—perhaps it is as well, for I want rest, though I shall not forget about 'making fatigue a plea for indolence.' I go to the school every day, and teach as long as I can stand the heat and smell. The few children are in a room ten feet square and seven feet high. I am going after dinner to read to an old woman of 87; so you see I have begun. This is a plan of my room. It is a large, low, front room, with a light paper and drab curtains, and a large bow window, where I sit, poor me, solitary in one corner . . . ."

July 16.—". . . . The great mysticism is the belief which is becoming every day stronger with me that all symmetrical natural objects, aye, and perhaps all forms, colours, and scents which show organisation or arrangement, are types of some spiritual truth or existence, of a grade between the symbolical type and the mystic type. When I walk the fields I am oppressed every now and then with an innate feeling, that everything I see has a meaning, if I could but understand it. And this feeling of being surrounded with truths which I cannot grasp, amounts to indescribable awe sometimes! Everything seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh! how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter! To see, if but for a moment, the whole harmony of the great system! To hear once the music which

* This picture of Archbishop Abbott, by Vandyke, came into the family through William Kingsley, born 1626, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II., son of William Kingsley, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and Damaris his wife, who was niece to Robertus Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop was a great friend of Lord Zouche, then owner of Bramshill Park, and while on a visit there accidentally killed the keeper with a bolt from his cross-bow aimed at a stag. He was suspended for a time in consequence.

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the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding! Oh, that heaven! The thought of the *first glance of Creation from thence! when we know even as we are known!* and He, the glorious, the beautiful, the incarnate Ideal shall be justified in all His doings, and in all and through all and over all! When I feel that sense of the mystery that is around me, I feel a gush of enthusiasm towards God, which seems its inseparable effect! . . . . All day, glimpses from the other world—floating motes from that inner transcendental life, have been flitting across me, just as they used in childhood, when the seen and the unseen were one, an undistinguishable twin mystery; the one not yet forgotten, the other not yet learnt so perfectly as to dazzle, by its coarse glare, the spirit-perceptions which the soul learnt to feel in another world . . . . Have you not felt that your real soul was imperceptible to your mental vision, except at a few hallowed moments? that in every-day life the mind, looking at itself, only sees the brute intellect, grinding and working; not the Divine particle, which is life and immortality, and on which the Spirit of God most probably works, as being most cognate to Deity? . . . . More and more do I see daily the tremendous truth that all our vaunted intellect is nothing—nothing but a noble mechanism, and that the source of feeling is the *soul*. This thought begins to explain to me the mysteries of moral responsibility and moral culture . . . ."

Aug. 1842.—"To-day it is hotter than yesterday, if possible, so I wandered out into the fields, and have been passing the morning in a lonely woodland bath—a little stream that trickles off the moor—with the hum of bees, and the sleepy song of birds around me, and the feeling of the density of life in myriads of insects and flowers strong upon me, drinking in all the forms of beauty which lie in the leaves and pebbles, and mossy nooks of damp tree roots, and all the lowly intricacies of nature which no one stoops to see; and while eye and ear were possessed with the feeling that all had a meaning—all was a type—a language, which we should know in heaven, the intellect was not dreaming asleep, but alternately investigating my essay-subject, and then wandering away to you. And over

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all, as the cool water trickled on, hovered the delicious sense of childhood, and simplicity, and purity and peace, which every temporary return to a state of nature gives! A woodland bath to me always brings thoughts of Paradise. I know not whether they are foretastes of the simple bliss that shall be in the renovated earth, or whether they are back glimpses into the former ages, when we wandered—*Do you remember?*—beside the ocean of eternal love!

> "Hence in a season of calm weather,
> When inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that eternal sea
> That brought us hither!
> Can see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

"I read some of the sermons by authors of 'Tracts for the Times,' which you gave me. There is the same moaning piety in them, and something darker. I was frightened at a sermon of Newman's on 'Christian Reverence,' in which he tries to show that Christ used to 'deter' people and *repel* them! He illustrates it by the case of the young ruler, and says that He was severe on Nicodemus, and that 'He made Himself strange and spake roughly' to those who inquired. This is very dark and dismal. I had thought that we were to 'come boldly to the throne of grace.' But, no! we are to return, under Christianity, to the terrors of the law. We are to become '*again entangled with the yoke of bondage*' (mind that verse), by having to expiate our own sins by fasting, alms, and penance! Is this the liberty with which Christ has made us free? I declare (I speak under God's correction and with reverence) that if these doctrines be Christianity, we should be happier here, and safer hereafter, as Jews or heathens! . . . . Can you not see what my horror of popery and tractarianism arises from? Do you not see that if you once allow of good works having any expiatory power, you do away with all real morality, because you destroy its disinterestedness! If a man does good works to be saved from hell by them, what is he but selfish? We ought to do good works from gratitude to Christ, and from admiration of His character. . . . .

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"Do you not see the noble standard of Christian morality, and its infinite superiority to this? . . . . Talking of the Tractators—so you still like their *tone!* And so do I. There is a solemn and gentleman-like, and gentle earnestness which is most beautiful, and which I wish I may ever attain. But you have just as much reason for following them, or even reading them much on that account, as the moth has for fluttering round the candle because it is bright. The case is hackneyed but the analogy is perfect.

* * * * *

"The Christian religion is all through anthropomorphic, or suited to the intellect and feelings of finite man, and proposing the worship of a God, not only manifested as similar to us in intellect and feelings, but even incarnate in a human body . . . . Now this religion appeals to the intellect of mankind for its truth, as you will find in many parts of Scripture—a plain fact that it is comprehensible by that intellect; that is to say, all the anthropomorphic part of it. All that part again which connects this *particular scheme*, with God's *infinite* scheme of eternity and the whole universe, is *transcendental*, and not to be understood, and there we must not intrude. Such are the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation, Free will, and Predestination, and the operation of the Holy Spirit. But for all parts of the religion which belong particularly to the Christian scheme, there we are commanded to search the Scriptures and satisfy ourselves as thoroughly as we can. Do not then assume a 'voluntary humility,' which we are cautioned against, and of which we know that it produced in the early ages the heresy of worshipping angels, because men thought they were too vile and ignorant to address God.

* * * * *

". . . . The body the temple of the Living God. . . . . There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness. . . . . I could not do half the little good I do do here, if it were not for that strength and

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activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Do not be afraid of my overworking myself. If I stop, I go down. I must work. . . . . How merciful God has been in turning all the strength and hardihood I gained in snipe shooting and hunting, and rowing, and jack-fishing in those magnificent fens to His work! While I was following my own fancies, He was preparing me for His work. . . . Is it not an awful proof that matter is not necessarily evil, that we shall be clothed in bodies even in our perfect state? Think of that! . . . It seems all so harmonious to me. It is all so full of God, that I see no inconsistency in making my sermons while I am cutting wood; and no 'bizarrerie' in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God to sinners. I try to catch men by their leading ideas, and so draw them off insensibly to my leading idea. And so I find—shall I tell you? that God is really permitting me to do His work—I find that dissent is decreasing; people are coming to church who never went anywhere before; that I am loved and respected—or rather that God's ministry, which has been here deservedly despised, alas! is beginning to be respected; and above all, that the young wild fellows who are considered as hopeless by most men, because most men are what they call 'spoony Methodists,' *i.e.*, effeminate ascetics—dare not gainsay, but rather look up to a man who they see is their superior, if he chose to exert his power, in physical as well as intellectual skill. So I am trying to become (harmoniously and consistently) all things to all men, and I thank God for the versatile mind He has given me . . . . "

This was one secret of his influence in Eversley. He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. He knew, too, every fox earth on the moor, the "reedy hover" of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, and had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher.

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With the farmer he could discuss the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching. And in giving sympathy he gained power. It was this year, in a great crisis of his life, that Mr. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" was put into his hands—a book to which he always said that he owed more than to any he had ever read. To some it may seem strange that Carlyle's works should have laid the foundation to which Coleridge's and Maurice's were the superstructure: but Chevalier Bunsen, in a remarkable passage in his "Hyppolytus" (vol. ii. p. 21—23), where he strikes the point of contact between the three authors, explains their influence on such minds as Charles Kingsley's.

Circumstances now caused a long break in this correspondence; and the faith and patience with which he met the trial may be seen in these parting words, intended for one eye only, but from which the following extracts have been made, in the hope they may be a help to those who have the same thorny road to travel, without such a friend and guide.

EVERSLEY: *August*, 1842.—". . . Though there may be clouds between us now, yet they are safe and dry, free from storm and rains—our parted state now is quiet grey weather, under which all tender things will spring up and grow, beneath the warm damp air, till they are ready for the next burst of sunshine to hurry them into blossom and fruit. Let us plant and rear all tender thoughts, knowing surely that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy . . . . I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him! . . . . Do not," he had said previously, "suppose that I augur ill from our disappointment—rather the contrary. I have always been afraid of being too successful at first. I think sorrow at the beginning augurs well for the happiness of a connection that must last for

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ever." . . . "There are two ways at looking at every occurrence —a bright and a dark side. Two modes of action—Which is most worthy of a rational being, a Christian and a friend? It is absurd, as a rational being, to torture one's self unnecessarily. It is inconsistent in a Christian to see God's wrath, rather than His mercy in everything. . . . . How to avoid this morbidity of mind? By prayer. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' By turning your mind from the dark view. Never begin to look darkly at a subject, without checking yourself and saying, 'Is there not a bright side to this? Has not God promised the bright side to me? Is not my happiness in my own power? Do I not know that I am ruining my mind and endangering the happiness of those I love — by looking at the wrong side?' Make this your habit. Every gift of God is good, and given for our happiness; and we sin if we abuse it. To use our fancy to our own misery is to abuse it and to sin —the realm of the possible was given to man to hope, and not to fear in. . . . . If, then, the thought strikes you that we are punished for our sins—mourn for them, and not for the happiness which they have prevented. Rather thank God that He has stopped us in time, and remember His promises of restoring us if we profit by his chastisement. . . . . In cases of love to God and working to His glory in the first and second intention read Taylor's 'Holy Living.' But eschew his Popish fallacy about duties as different from perfections. Every step in love and to God, and devotion to Him is a duty! That doctrine was invented to allow mankind to exist, while a few self-conceited shut themselves up in a state of unnatural celibacy and morbid excitement, in order to avoid their duty, instead of doing it. Avoid the Fathers, after Origen (including him), on this account—their theories are not universal . . . .

". . . . You may think too much! There is such a thing as mystifying one's self! Mystifying one's self is thinking a dozen thoughts in order to get to a conclusion, to which one might arrive by thinking one—getting at ideas by an unnecessarily subtle and circuitous path: then, because one has been through

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many steps, one fancies one has gone deep. This is one form of want of simplicity. This is not being like a little child, any more than analysing one's own feelings. A child goes straight to its point, and it hardly knows why. When you have done a thing, leave it alone. You mystify yourself after the idea, not before. Second thoughts may be best before action—they are folly after action, unless we find we have sinned. The consistent Christian should have no second thoughts, but do good by the first impulse. How few attain to this. I do not object to subtlety of thought: but it is dangerous for one who has no scientific guide of logic, &c.

"Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. You may be subtle, and only perceive a trifling property of the subject, which others do not. To be deep, you must see the subject in its relation to God—yourself—and the universe; and the more harmonious and simple it seems, the nearer God and the deeper it is. All the deep things of God are bright—for God is light. The religion of terror is the most superficial of all religions. God's arbitrary will, and almighty power, may seem dark by themselves, though deep, as they do to the Calvinists; but that is because they do not involve His moral character. Join them with the fact that He is a God of mercy as well as justice; remember that His essence is love;—and the thunder-cloud will blaze with dewy gold, full of soft rain, and pure light!

"Again: remember that habit, more than reason, will cure one both of mystifying subtlety and morbid fear; and remember that habits are a series of individual voluntary actions, continued till they become involuntary. One would not wish to become good by habit, as the Aristotle-loving Tractarians do; but one must acquire tones of mind by habit, in cases in which intellectual, not moral obliquity, or constitutional ill-health is the cause of failure. Some minds are too 'subjective.' What I mean is, that they may devote themselves too much to the subject of self and mankind. Now man is not 'the noblest study of man.' God is the noblest study of man. He is the only study fit for a woman devoted to Him. And Him you can study in three

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ways. 1st. From His dealings in History. This is the real Philosophy of History. Read Arnold's 'Lectures on Modern History.' (Oh! why did that noblest of men die? God have mercy upon England! He takes the shining lights from us, for our national sins!) And read as he tells us to read, not to study man à la Rochefoucault, but God à la David!

"2nd. From His image as developed in Christ the Ideal, and in all good men—great good men—David, Moses, St. Paul, Hooker, the four Oxford martyrs, Luther, Taylor, Howard. Read about that glorious Luther! and like him strive all your life to free men from the bondage of custom and self, the two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness! Read Maurice for this purpose, and Carlyle.

"3rd. From His works. Study nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it. Superficial physical science is the devil's spade, with which he loosens the roots of the trees prepared for the burning. Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God. Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it. Study the forms and colours of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God. Study the sky. Study water. Study trees. Study the sounds and scents of nature. Study all these, as beautiful in themselves, in order to re-combine the elements of beauty; next, as allegories and examples from whence moral reflections may be drawn; next, as types of certain tones of feeling, &c.; but remain (yourself) in God-dependence, superior to them. Learn what feelings they express, but do not let them mould the tone of your mind; else by allowing a melancholy day to make you melancholy, you worship the creature more than the Creator. No sight but has some beauty and harmony. Read geology—Buckland's book, and you will rise up awe-struck and cling to God.

"Study the human figure, both as intrinsically beautiful and as expressing mind. It only expresses the broad natural childish emotions, which are just what you want to return to.

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Study 'natural language'—I mean the 'language of attitude.' It is an inexhaustible source of knowledge and delight, and enables one human being to understand another so perfectly. Draw,—learn to draw and paint figures. If you can command your hand in drawing a tree, you can in drawing a face. Perfect your colouring . . . . It will keep your mind employed on objective studies, and save all morbid introversion of mind—brooding over fallen man. It will increase your perception of beauty, and thereby your own harmony of soul and love to God. Practice music.—I am going to learn myself, merely to be able to look after my singers . . . Music is such a vent for the feelings . . . Study medicine . . . I am studying it . . . Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the wages, wants, and habits, and prevalent diseases of the poor wherever you go. Let your mind freely forth. Only turn it inwards at prayer time, to recollect sins of which you were conscious at the time, not to look for fresh ones. They are provided against by prayer for pardon of unintentional sins. What wisdom in our Church! She knew that if she allowed sin hunting, people would fancy, like some Dissenters, that pretending everything they had done was sinful, was a sign of holiness. Let your studies, then, be objective entirely. Look forward to the future with hope. Build castles if you will, but only bright ones, and not too many. Better to live in the Past. We cannot help thanking God for that! Blessed Past! Think of all God has done for us. . . . . Be happy. . . . . Weep, but let them be tears of thankfulness.

"Do not be too solicitous to find deep meanings in men's words. Most men do, and all men ought to mean only what is evident at first sight in their books (unless they be inspired or write for a private eye). This is the great danger of such men as Novalis, that you never know how much he means. Beware of subtlety again. The quantity of sounding nonsense in the world is incredible! If you wish to be like a little child, study what a little child could understand—nature; and do what a little child could do—love. Use your senses much, and your mind little. Feed on Nature, and do not *try* to understand it. It will digest itself. It did so when you were

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a baby. Look round you much. Think little and read less. Never give way to reveries. Have always some employment in your hands. When you are doing nothing at night, pray and praise! . . . .

"See how much a day can do! I have since nine this morning, cut wood for an hour; spent an hour and more in prayer and humiliation, and thereby established a chastened but happy tone, which lasts till now; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay; taught in the school; thought over many things while walking; gone round two-thirds of the parish visiting and doctoring; and written all this. Such days are lives—and happy ones. One has no time to be miserable, and one is ashamed to invent little sorrows for one's self while one is trying to relieve such grief in others as would kill *us*, if we gave way to fancies about them.

"Pray over every truth, for though the renewed heart is not 'desperately wicked,' it is quite 'deceitful' enough to become so, if God be forgotten a moment! . . . . Keep a common-place book, and put into it, not only facts and thoughts, but observations on form, and colour, and nature, and little sketches, even to the form of beautiful leaves. They will all have their charm, all do their work in consolidating your ideas. Put everything into it. . . . . Strive to put every idea into a tangible form, and write it down. Distrust every idea which you cannot put into words; or rather distrust your own conception of it—not so with feelings. Try to put everything in its place in the great system . . . . seeing the realities of Heaven and Earth."

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In speaking of this time to a friend placed in somewhat similar circumstances, he writes after his marriage:

"I have already been through that ordeal of separation which now seems to threaten you; but my experience may be valuable to you—God knows how valuable it was to me; and that I rank that period of misery as the most priceless passage of my whole existence. It taught me to know marriage for a

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state so spiritual, so paradisaic, that, like the kingdom of heaven, it is only through much tribulation, through the purifying fire of affliction, man can be fitted to enter into it. That separation taught me to look at marriage as a boon from God, to be gained from Him alone by earnest prayer, by intense repentance, and complete confession of youthful sins. It taught me to know that providence was a reality, and prayer the highest sacrament; that to the Blessed Lord alone we must look for the fulfilment of our desires; that these desires, which men call carnal, are truly most spiritual, most beloved by Him, and that He Himself, when we are fit for our bliss, will work what the world might call a miracle, if necessary, to join us and those whom we love. All this I have experienced—I know, and therefore I speak. I know how after long misery, during which filial trust in God, with many inconsistencies and 'backslidings,' was my only support, I gained by prayer the transcendental and super-rational conviction that we should again meet within a certain period. I know how that period passed on and on, and how the night grew ever darker and ever more hopeless, until—when I was on the point of black despair—within a few days of the expiration of the period which I had involuntarily, and as it were by inspiration, fixed—from a quarter where I least expected—by means of those who had been most utterly opposed to me, suddenly came a ray of light—an immediate re-union—and from that moment a run of blessings heaped one on the other, as if the merciful God were turned prodigal in His undeserved love, and here I am. Therefore, take heart, my friend, only humble yourself utterly; lie still and say, '*My Father*, Thy will be done.' And why shouldn't it be with you as it has been with me?"

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CHAPTER IV.

1842—1843.

AGED 23-24.

A YEAR OF SORROW—CURATE LIFE—LETTER FROM COLONEL W.—BRIGHTER PROSPECTS—PROMISE OF PREFERMENT—CORRESPONDENCE RENEWED—THE MYSTERY OF LIFE—IMPULSE—ENTHUSIASM—THE PENDULUM—WANDERING MINSTRELS—LEAVES EVERSLEY.

"And show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use."

TENNYSON.

A YEAR passed by of silence and self-discipline, hard reading and parish duties. That sorrow was doing its work, his own words to his parents will testify.

". . . . Christianity heightens as well as deepens the human as well as the divine affections. I am happy, for the less hope, the more faith. . . . . God knows what is best for us, and very lucky that He does, for I am sure we do not. Continual resignation, at last I begin to find, is the secret of continual strength. 'Daily *dying*,' as Behmen interprets it, is the path of daily *living*. . . . ."

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His mother paid him a visit in the autumn of this year, and thus describes his home:

EVERSLEY: 1842.—"Here I am, in a humble cottage in the corner of a sunny green, a little garden, whose flower-beds are surrounded with tall and aged box, is fenced in from the path with a low white paling. The green is gay with dogs, and pigs, and geese, some running frolic races, and others swimming in triumph in a glassy pond, where they are safe from all intruders. Every object around is either picturesque or happy, fulfilling in their different natures the end of their creation. . . . . Surely it must have been the especial providence of God that directed us to this place! and the thought of this brightens every trial. There is independence in every good sense of the word, and yet no loneliness. The family at the Brewery are devoted to Charles, and think they cannot do enough for him. The dear old man says he has been praying for years for such a time to come, and that Eversley has not been so blessed for sixty years. Need I say rejoice with me. Here I sit surrounded by your books and little things which speak of you. . . . ."

During his first year of curate life he had little society outside his parish except at Sandhurst, where he had friends in the Senior department of the Military College; and he writes to an old Cambridge companion, Mr. Wood, to beg for a visit in his solitude.

"PETER!

"Whether in the glaring saloons of Almack's, or making love in the equestrian stateliness of the park, or the luxurious recumbency of the ottoman, whether breakfasting at one, or going to bed at three, thou art still Peter, the beloved of my youth, the staff of my academic days, the regret of my parochial retirement!—Peter! I am alone! Around me are the everlasting hills, and the everlasting bores of the country! My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aversion to education, and a predilection for fat bacon. I am wasting my

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sweetness on the desert air—I say my sweetness, for I have given up smoking, and smell no more. Oh, Peter, Peter, come down and see me! Oh that I could behold your head towering above the fir-trees that surround my lonely dwelling. Take pity on me! I am 'like a kitten in the washhouse copper with the lid on!' And, Peter, prevail on some of your friends here to give me a day's trout-fishing, for my hand is getting out of practice. But, Peter, I am, considering the oscillations and perplex circumgurgitations of this piece-meal world, an improved man. I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty—much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation, or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy, like the girl who shut herself up in a band-box on her wedding night (*vide* Rogers's 'Italy'). And my lamentations are not general (for I do not want an inundation of the froth and tide-wash of Babylon the Great), but particular, being solely excited by want of thee, oh Peter, who art very pleasant to me, and wouldst be more so if thou wouldst come and eat my mutton, and drink my wine, and admire my sermons, some Sunday at Eversley.

"Your faithful friend,

"BOANERGES ROAR-AT-THE-CLODS."

His friend responded to his call. "I paid him a visit," he says, "at Eversley, where he lived in a thatched cottage. So roughly was he lodged that I recollect taking him some game, which was dried to a cinder in the cooking and quite spoiled; but he was as happy as if he were in a palace." . . . .

Another friend, Colonel W., thus recalls their intercourse:

". . . . My memory often runs back to the days at Sandhurst, when I used to meet dear Kingsley continually in his little curate rooms, at the corner of the Green at Eversley; when he told me of his attachment to one whom he

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feared he should never be able to marry, and that he supposed that he should live the rest of his life reading old books, and knocking his head against the ceiling of his room, like a caged bird. And well I remember a particular Sunday, when walking with him to his church in the afternoon, having dined with him at mid-day. It was a lovely afternoon in the autumn—passing through the corn in sheaf, the bells ringing, and people, young and old, gathering together near the church.—He, looking down on the Rectory-house, said to me—'How hard it is to go through life without wishing for the goods of others! Look at the Rectory! Oh, if I were there with a wife, how happy,' &c. God seemed to hear the desire of his creature, for when the next year's corn was in sheaf, *you* were with him at the Rectory. And he has told me in after years that his life with you was one of constantly increasing love. I called at his cottage one morning, and I found him almost beside himself, stamping his things into a portmanteau. 'What is the matter, dear Kingsley?'—'I am engaged. I am going to see her *now—to-day*.' I was so glad, and left him to his joy. I loved Kingsley as well as man can love man. . . . ."

In September, 1843, his prospects brightened; for, through the kindness of Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of his future wife, Lord Portman promised him a small living, and in the mean time recommended him for the curacy of Pimperne, near Blandford, which, with a good house, would soon be vacant. The correspondence, which had dropped for a year, was now resumed.

HELSTON: *September*, 1843.—". . . . What a thought it is that there is a God! a Father, a King! a Husband not of individuals, that is a Popish fancy, which the Puritans have adopted—but of the Church—of collective humanity. Let us be content to be members; let us be, if we may, the feet, lowest, hardest worked, trodden on, bleeding, brought into harshest contact with the evil world! Still we are members of

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Christ's Church! . . . . How fearfully and wonderfully we are made. I seem all spirit, and my every nerve is a musical chord trembling in the wind! . . . . and yet I am sane, and it is all real. I could find no vent for my feelings, this afternoon, but by bursting out into the Te Deum, to no known chant, but a strange involuntary melody which told all. If I could but sing now! I used to know only melancholy songs. I wandered about moaning in one eternal minor key. . . . . In heaven we shall sing involuntarily. All speech will be song! . . . . Pray night and day, *very quietly*, like a little weary child, to the good and loving God, for everything you want, in body as well as soul—the least thing as well as the greatest. Nothing is too much to ask God for—nothing too great for Him to grant: Glory be to Thee, O Lord!—and try to thank Him for everything. . . . . I sometimes feel that eternity will be too short to praise God in, if it was only for making us *live* at all! . . . . . What blessings we have had! How we must work in return for them. Not under the enslaving sense of paying off an infinite debt, but with the delight of gratitude, glorying that we are God's debtors. . . . .

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". . . . What an awful weapon prayer is! Mark xi. 24 saved me from madness in my twelve months' sorrows; and it is so simple, and so wide—wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God himself; and yet it is just the last text of Scripture which is talked of, or preached on, or used! Verily, 'when the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?'

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". . . . You must love these Cornish men! they are the noblest men in England—strong, simple-hearted, united, working—'One and all,' is their motto. Glorious West country! I told some of them the other day that if I ever married it should be a Cornish woman. . . . . You must not despise their accent, for it is the remains of a purer and nobler dialect than our own, and you will be surprised to hear me when I am merry, burst out into pure unintelligible Devonshire; when I

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am very childish, my own country's language comes to me like a dream of old days! . . . ."

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EVERSLEY: *October.*—"About the wind's moaning. It is a great mystery. All nations have fancied that there may be evil spirits in it. It used to terrify me as a child, and make me inexpressibly melancholy as a youth. But no bad weather now has a lowering effect on me—but rather a calming one. Of course some of this is to be attributed to my familiarity with night in all its characters. And the moaning of the wind now seems to me the groaning and the travailing of the whole creation, under the purifying changes, bitter and destructive, yet salutary, of storms and thunder clouds! In the renewed earth there will be no winter, no storms! Perpetual, calm day; with, perhaps, just change enough for incident—if incident be not a necessity for fallen nature only! . . . . ."

". . . . That is *no metaphor*, when the Psalmist calls on all things to praise God, from the monsters of the deep to 'worms and feathered fowls!' They are all witnesses of God, and every emotion of pleasure which they feel is an act of praise to Him! I dare not say an unconscious act! This is not imagination, for imagination deadens the feelings (so men say, but I do not understand—that word imagination is so much misused), but *I*, when I feel thus, seem to see all the universe at one glance, instinct with *The Spirit*, and feel ready to turn to the first beggar I meet, and say, 'Come, my brother, all this is thine, as well as mine! Come, and I will show thee thy goodly heritage!' Oh, the yearning when one sees a beautiful thing to make some one else see it too! Surely it is of Heaven! . . . . 'Every creature of God is good, if it be sanctified with prayer and thanksgiving!' This, to me, is the master truth of Christianity! I cannot make people see it, but it seems to me that it was to redeem man and the earth that Christ was made Man, and used the earth! . . . . Can there be a more glorious truth for us to carry out? one which will lead us more into all love and beauty and purity in heaven and earth? one which must have God's light of love shining on it at

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every step, if we are to see it through the maze of our own hearts and the artificialities of the world? . . . . All the events of our life, all the workings of our hearts seem strangely to point to this one idea. As I walk the fields, the trees and flowers and birds, and the motes of rack floating in the sky, seem to cry to me: 'Thou knowest us! Thou knowest we have a meaning, and sing a heaven's harmony by night and day! Do us justice! Spell our enigma, and go forth and tell thy fellows that we are their brethren, that their spirit is our spirit, their Saviour our Saviour, their God our God!'

"And every man's and woman's eyes too, they cry to me, they cry to me through dim and misty strugglings: 'Oh do us justice! we have human hearts within! we are not walking statues! we *can* love, we *can* worship, we have God's spirit in us, but we cannot believe it ourselves, or make others believe it! Oh teach us! and teach others to yearn for love and peace! Oh make us One. All the world-generations have but One voice! How can we become One? at harmony with God and God's universe! Tell us this, and the dreary, dark mystery of life, the bright sparkling mystery of life, the cloud-chequered, sun-and-shower mystery of life is solved! for we shall have found one home and one brotherhood, and happy faces will greet us wherever we move, and we shall see God! see Him everywhere, and be ready to wait for the renewal, for the Kingdom of Christ perfected! We came from Eden, all of us: show us how we may return, hand in hand, husband and wife, parent and child, gathered together from the earth and the sea, from the past and the future, from one creed and another, and take our journey into a far country, which is yet this earth. A world-migration to the heavenly Canaan, through the Red Sea of Death, back again to the land which was given to our forefathers, and is ours even now, could we but find it!''

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"I want to talk to you about Impulse. That word, in its common use, is one of my enemies. Its proper and original meaning, if it has any, is the exciting effect of the will (the

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spiritual part) on the flesh. And where a man acts from impulse, it is because his flesh is at harmony with, and obeys, his spirit. I know what impulse is, when it has driven me, in putting out a fire, through blazing rafters and under falling roofs, by an awful energy which must be obeyed. Now there is nothing, in this, sinful in itself. On the contrary, if the will which drives be a spiritual and holy will, it is the highest state of harmony and health, the rare moments of life, in which our life is not manifold, but one—body and soul and spirit working together! Such impulses have led martyrs to the stake. Such an impulse kept the two women-martyrs at Coventry in the midst of the flames loose and unbound! Such an impulse drove Luther on through years and years, till he overthrew the Popedom! Such impulses are exactly what the world despises, and crushes as enthusiasm, because they are opposed to the cold, selfish work of the brute intellect—because they make men self-sacrificing, because they awaken all that childish earnestness and simplicity, and gushing tears, and passionate smiles, which are witnesses and reproofs to the world of what she has lost, and therefore is trying to fancy she can do without! Yet the world will devour the most exciting works of fiction—thereby confessing that 'romance' and 'enthusiasm' have a beauty, even to her—but one which she hates to see practised, because her deeds are evil, and her spiritual will is dead, or dying! The fault of impulse is, that one's whole life is not impulse! that we let worldly wisdom close again over the glimpse of heaven-simplicity in us, and so are inconsistent! and so we acknowledge (even the most religious), the world's ways to be our general rule, and impulse our exception; discord our practice, harmony our exception; and then the world, who is very glad after all to get religion on her side, says and truly, Oh! these *religieux* do hold our principles as the great principles, and themselves avoid and despise 'enthusiasm!'

"People smile at the 'enthusiasm of youth'—that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back at with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that

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they ever lost it. Is it not strange, that the only persons who appear to me to carry to the grave with them the joyousness, simplicity, and lovingness and trust of children, are the most exalted *Christians?* Think of St. John, carried into the Church at Smyrna, at the age of ninety-nine, and with his dying breath repeating the same simple words, 'Little children, love one another.'"

* * * * *

". . . As to self-improvement, the true Catholic mode of learning is, to 'prove all things,' as far as we can without sin or the danger of it, and 'hold fast that which is good.' Let us never be afraid of trying anything, though copied from people of different opinions to our own. And let us never, never be afraid of changing our opinions—not our knowledge. If we should find fasting unsuccessful, we will simply give it up —and so on with all practices and opinions not expressed in Scripture. That is a form of pride which haunts the more powerful minds, the unwillingness to go back from one's declared opinion: but it is not found in great child-like geniuses. Fools may hold fast to their scanty stock through life, and we must be very cautious in drawing them from it—for where can they supply its place? Therefore, there is no more unloving, heartless man-murderer, than the man who goes about trying, for the display of his own 'talents,' to shake people in their belief, even when that belief is not sound. Better believe in ghosts 'with no heads and jackboots on,' like my Eversley people, than believe in nothing but self! Therefore Maurice's loving, Christian rule is, 'Never take away from a man even the shadow of a spiritual truth, unless you can give him substance in return.' . . . . But those who discover much truth—ay, who make perhaps only one truth really their own, a living integral law of their spirits—must, in developing it, pass through many changes of opinion. They must rise, and fall back, and rise higher again, and fall and rise again, till they reach the level table-land of truth, and can look down on men toiling and stumbling in the misty valleys, where the rising sunlight has not yet found its way. Or perhaps, their own

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minds will oscillate, like a pendulum, between Dualism and Unitarianism, or High Church and Low Church, until the oscillations become gradually smaller, and subside into the Rest of Truth!—the peace which passes understanding! I fancy it is a law, that the greater the mind, the stronger the heart, the larger will the oscillations be, but the less they will be visible to the world, because the wise man will not act outwardly upon his opinions until they have become knowledge, and his mind is in a state of rest. This I think the true, the only doctrine of Reserve—reserve of our own fancies, not of immutable truth. And one thing more I do see—that as with the pendulum, those oscillations are caused by the very force which at last produces rest; God's Spirit, working on a man, draws him down towards rest, and he, by the elastic *légèreté* of the flesh, swings past the proper point into the opposite extreme, and has to be drawn back again down. And another thing I see—that the pressure of the surrounding air, which helps the force of gravity in producing rest, is a true emblem of the force of healthy ties and duties, and the *circumstances* of God's universe—those things which *stand round* . . . . Let a man once break free from them, and from God's Spirit by self-will or heartlessness, and he will oscillate, as the pendulum would, for ever! He will become like one of the ancient philosophers—like the gnostics, like the enthusiasts (ascetic-mystics often) of every age. . . . ."

EVERSLEY: *October 27th.*—" . . . . As to 'Honour all men,' you are quite right. Every man should be honoured as God's image, in the sense in which Novalis says—that we touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body! . . . The old Homeric Greeks I think felt that, and acted up to it, more than any nation. The Patriarchs too seem to have had the same feeling. . . . . I have been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings—exultation and action, with the re-

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membrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all!' Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again—absorbed into each other's being—sweetened and strengthened by each other's melody . . . . Why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my own tale! why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony—a preacher of the world-music—the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age and race—the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses, and sleep in barns! Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes—why should not we feel them?" . . .

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" . . . I have heard from Dr. W. this morning, and he asks me to take possession of Pimperne on April 6th. So that is settled. I am not, and will not (please God to help me, as He has hitherto) be anxious about anything. Why should we weary out the little life we have left in us, when He has promised to care for us, and make us renew our youth, and heap us with everything that is good for us! . . . . I look forward with quiet certainty of hope, day and night; believing, though I can see but little day, that all this tangled web will resolve itself into golden threads of twined, harmonious life, guiding both us, and those we love, together, through this life to that resurrection of the flesh, when we shall at last know the reality and the fulness of life and love. Even so come, Lord Jesus!

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"... I am full of plans for Pimperne, or wherever else God may place us. We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. .... Family prayers before breakfast; 8.30 to 10, household matters; 10 to 1, studying divinity, or settle *parish* accounts and business—our doors open for *poor* parish visitants; between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor and to teach in the school; in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and the fancy. ....

"We must devote from 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time; and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning; nor of parish business in the evening. I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down! We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things. ....

"This is a very homely letter, but not an outward one; for all the business I have talked of has a *spiritual* meaning. If we can but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry—our life will be a real poem. .... I have been thinking of how we are to order our establishment at Pimperne. While we are in Somersetshire (next January, a season of solemn and delightful preparation for our work) we will hunt out all the texts in the Bible about masters and servants, to form rules upon them; and our rules we will alter and improve upon in time, as we find out more and more of the true relation in which we ought to stand to those whom God has placed under us. .... I feel more and more that the new principle of considering a servant as a trader, who sells you a certain amount of work for a certain sum of money, is a devil's principle, and that we must have none of it, but return as far as we can to the patriarchal and feudal spirit towards them. ...*

* He carried out this principle in daily life, and at his death all the servants in his house had lived with him from seventeen to twenty-six years, and would have given their lives for their master.

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. . And religion, that is, truth, shall be the only thing in our house. All things must be made to tend to it; and if they cannot be made to tend to God's glory, the belief in, and knowledge of the spiritual world, and the duties and ties of humanity, they must be turned out of doors as part of 'the world.' One thing we must keep up, if we intend to be anything like witnesses for God, in perhaps the most sensual generation since Alaric destroyed Rome,—I mean the continual open verbal reference of everything, even to the breaking of a plate, to God and God's providence, as the Easterns do. The reason why God's name is so seldom in people's mouths is not that they reverence Him, as they say, too much to talk of Him (! ! !), but because they do not think of Him!

"About our Parish. No clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do; but one thing I do know, that I have to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to be instant in that, in season and out of season and at all risks. . . . . And therefore I pray daily for the Spirit of love to guide us, and the Spirit of earnestness to keep us at work. For our work must be done by praying for our people, by preaching to them, in church and out of church (for all instruction is preaching—*vide Hooker*)—by leading them to pray and worship in the liturgy, and by setting them an example;—an example in every look, word, and motion,—in the paying of a bill, the hiring of a servant, the reproving of a child.

"We will have no innovations in ceremony. But we will not let public worship become 'dead bones.' We will strive and pray, day and night, till we put life into it, till our parish feels that God is the great Idea, and that all things are in Him, and He in all things. The local means, to which so much importance is attached now-a-days, by those very sects who pretend to despise outward instruments, I mean the schools, charities, &c., I know nothing of, in Pimperne. But we must attend to them (not alter them), and make them tools for our work, which is to teach men that there is a God, and that nothing done without Him is done at all, but a mere sham and makeshift. We must attend the schools and superintend the

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teaching, going round to the different classes, and not hearing them the letter, but trying by a few seasonable words to awaken them to the spirit; this is the distinction which is so neglected between the duty of the parson and his wife, and that of the schoolmaster and mistress. . . . . The Church Catechism must be the main point of instruction. Of the Bible, the Proverbs and the Gospels, with parts picked from the leading points of Old Testament history, are all they need know. They will soon learn the rest, if they can master the real meaning and spirit of Solomon and St. John. Few have done that, and therefore the Bible is a sealed book to the very people who swear by it, *i. e.*, by some twenty texts in it which lay down their favourite doctrines plainly enough to be patched into a system, and those not understood skin deep. Let us observe the Ember days, ... praying over the sins of the clergy, one's own especially . . . . entreating God's mercy on the country, as children of a land fast hurrying to ruin in her mad love of intellectuality, mammonism, and false liberty! . . . . I see the dawn of better knowledge. Puseyism is a struggle after it. It has failed—already failed, because unsound; but the answer which it found in ten thousand hearts shows that men are yearning for better things than money, or dogmas, and that God's Spirit has not left us. Maurice is a struggle after it—Thomas Carlyle is a struggle—all more or less sound, towards true Christianity, and therefore true national prosperity. But will they hear the voices which warn them? . . . . Now I must bid good night, and read my psalms and lessons and pray. . . . ."

* * * * *

". . . . I must write to you, for my heart is full. I have been thinking over the great question — How we are to learn and what we are to learn? Are we to follow blindly in the steps of others? No! Have they not thought and acted for 1800 years? and see what has come of it! How little is known—how little is done—how little love there is! And yet must we not remember that this dissatisfaction at existing evil (the feeling of all young and ardent minds), this

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struggle to escape from the 'circumstance' of the evil world, has a carnal counterfeit—the love of novelty, and self-will, and self-conceit, which may thrust us down into the abysses of misrule and uncertainty; as it has done such men as Shelley, and Byron, and others; trying vainly every loophole, beating against the prison bars of an imperfect system; neither degraded enough to make themselves a fool's paradise within it, nor wise enough to escape from it through Christ, 'the door into the sheepfold,' to return when they will, and bring others with them into the serene empyrean of spiritual truth—truth which explains, and arranges, and hallows, and subdues everything?

"We must forth, we must live above the world, if we would wish to enjoy the pure humanity which it fetters. And how? We cannot go without a guide, that were self-conceited; but what guide shall we take? Oh, I am sick of doctors and divines! Books! there is no end of them; mud, fire, acids, alkalies, every foreign ingredient contaminating pure truth Shall we listen to the voice of God's spirit alone? Yes! but where? Has He not spoken to those very book-makers? And hath not every man his own gift? Each hero the appointed witness of some peculiar truth? Then, must we plunge again into that vast, muddy, blind, contradictory book-ocean? No! Is there not one immutable book? One pure written wisdom? The Bible, speaking of God's truth in words meant for men. There may be other meanings in that book besides the plain one. But this I will believe, that whatever mysticism the mystic may find there, the simple human being, the lover of his wife, the father of children, the lover of God's earth, glorying in matter and humanity, not for that which they are, but that which they ought to be and will be, will find in the Bible the whole mystery solved—an answer to every riddle, a guide in every difficulty. Let us read the Bible as we never read it before. Let us read every word, ponder every word; first in its plain human sense—then, if in after years we can see any safe law or rule by which we may find out its hidden meaning (beside the mystic of a vague and lawless imagination,

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which makes at last everything true to him who thinks it so, and all uncertain, because all depends upon accidental fancy, and private analogies);—if we can find a rule, let us use it, and search into the deep things of God, not from men's theories, but from His own words. I do see glimmers of a rule, I see that it is possible to find a hidden meaning in Scripture—a spiritual, catholic, universal application of each word—that all knowledge lies in the Bible; but my rule seems as yet simple, logical, springing from universal reason, not from private fancy. . . . . In the present day a struggle is coming. A question must be tried—Is intellectual Science, or the Bible, truth; and All Truth? And if the Bible be the great treasure-house of wisdom, does it speak in its fulness to the mass, or to the few? Are the Fathers and the Tractarians, or the Germans, or the modern Puritans right, and wherein lies the difference between them?

"Then comes again the hungry book-ocean, with its million waves, crying, 'Read! Read! Give up doing, that you may think. Across me is the only path to the isles of the blest, to the temple of wisdom, to the threshold of God's throne!' And there we must answer again, 'Not so!' Oh that we had wings as doves, then would we flee away and be at rest—at rest from the noise of many waters—and rise up on wings into the empyrean of truth; for it is through the air, not across the sea, that Heaven lies, and Christ is not yet on earth, but in Heaven! . . . . Ay, better to stay humbly on earth among the duties and affections of humanity, in contact with, and acting on, the material and visible, contented to walk till wings are given us wherewith to fly. Better far! for while we labour, dressing and tilling the garden which God has given us, even though sin have made us ashamed, and our bodies, and souls, and spirits become defiled in our daily work, and require to be washed in Christ His blood; and though there are thorns and briars in the garden, and our fairest flowers will sometimes fade, and the thorns may enter into our flesh and fester, and disease may not be extinct within us;—better, even thus, to stay and work, saying—'Here at least we are safe, for God hath appointed

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this place to us!' And even though on earth, the heaven will be above us in our labours, the heaven of eternal truth and beauty, to which we may look up, and take comfort, and draw light and guidance, and learn to walk in the light. And the breeze of God's Spirit shall fan our weary brows; and the cheering voices of our fellow labourers shall call to us through dark thickets, and across broad lawns; and every bird, and bud, and herb will smile on us and say, 'You have not despised us, you have dwelt among us, and been our friend. Therefore, when we are renewed, we will rejoice with you!' Oh! will it not be better thus to wait for The Renewal, and learn to love all things, all men—not as spirits only, not with 'a love for poor souls' as the cant saying is (that unappreciable, loveless abstraction), but—as men and women, of body, soul, and spirit, each being made one, and therefore all to be loved? Is it not better thus to love intellect as well as spirit, and matter as well as intellect, and dumb animals, and trees, and rocks, and sun, and stars, that our joy and glory may be fuller, more all-embracing, when they are restored, and the moan which the earth makes day and night to God, has ceased for ever? Better far, than to make ourselves sham wings, and try to fly, and drop fluttering down, disgusted with our proper element, yet bound to it, poor selfish isolated mystics!

"This is healthy materialism, for there is a truth even in materialism. The man has hold of a reality who says—'This earth is, after all, to me the great fact.' *God is the great fact*, objectively, in the pure truth of things; but He can only become the great fact *to us*, subjectively, by our acting on the truth, that matter, and all its ties—so interwoven with our spirits and our spiritual ties that it is impossible to separate them—that this earth, I say, is the next greatest fact to that of God's existence, the fact by which *we know Him*. This is the path the Bible takes. It does not lay down any description of pure Deity. It is all about earth, and men, and women, and marriage, and birth and death, food and raiment, trees and animals; and God, not as He is in Himself, but as He has shown Himself in relation to the earth, and its history, and the

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laws of humanity. And all attempts at arriving at the contemplation of God as He is in Himself, appear to me as yet to have ended in forgetfulness of the Incarnation, and of the laws of humanity, and lastly of God Himself, because men, not content with the mixed idea of God which the Bible gives, have turned from it to contemplate a 'pure' (?) imagination of their own inventing.—All trying to substitute sight for faith. For we do not and cannot yet know what God is. No man can approach to Him! What is my conclusion from all this? for I have not wandered, though I seem to have done so.

"That our safe plan will be, as young and foolish children, first to learn the duties of daily life, the perfect ideal of humanity, from the Bible, and prayer, and God's earth; and thus to learn and practise love. Then if we are required to combat error verbally, we will make cautious voyages on the book-ocean;—reading one book at a time, and knowing it thoroughly; not adhering to any party; not caring of what creed our author is, because we shall read—not to learn creeds and doctrines, but to learn *men*—to find out what it was in their hearts which made them take up those creeds and doctrines, that we may understand the pathology of the human soul, and be able to cure its diseases. This is the true spiritual mode of reading, and I see enough for us for the next year or two in three books—Maurice, Kant, St. Augustine. I *will* know the heart of that St. Augustine—how he came to be at once so right and so wrong, so far-sighted and so blind. And I must have better rules of pure reasoning than I have at present, so Kant must be read. . . . But I wish to read hardly anything but the Bible for some time to come; for till we have felt all the ties of humanity, we shall be unfit to judge of much that we must look at, both in God's work, and God's earth, and men's fancies. . . . ."

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"Do you wish to help me? Pray for my successor, that he may serve God and God's people here better than I have done; and may build, on the foundation that I have laid, such stuff as may endure in the day of trial! And oh! pray

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that he may save me from blood-guiltiness, by warning those whom I have neglected. . . . ."

His last sermon was on Romans xiii. 7, on the duty of obeying ministers—entreating his people to look up to his successor, and to pray for the success of his work in Eversley.

"Now why do I say this to you? In order that when I am gone, you may do better without me, than you have done with me. I know that I have neglected many of you very much—that I have done my whole duty to none of you. May God forgive me for it. But I have tried to teach you that you are all God's children. I have tried to teach you what a noble Church yours is—what a mine of wisdom there is in the Church Services—Psalms and Lessons. I have told you the use and meaning of the two sacraments, and entreated you to use them aright. I have told you that faith without works, profession without practice, is dead; and I have shown you that to live *with* Christ in the next world, you must live *like* Christ in this. . . . .".

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CHAPTER V.

1844—1847.

AGED 25–28.

MARRIAGE—CURACY OF PIMPERNE—RECTORY OF EVERSLEY—PARISH WORK—PERSONAL INFLUENCE—CANONRY OF MIDDLEHAM—BIRTH OF TWO CHILDREN—THE SAINT'S TRAGEDY WRITTEN.

SCHILLER *at* JENA, *a few months after his marriage.*

". . . . Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone, even in summer. Beautiful Nature! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in harmonious composure—not strained and impassioned, but peaceful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder with myself, how it has all happened so far beyond my expectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I expect everything . . . ."

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Life of Schiller.*

IN December, 1843, he left Eversley, as he then thought, for ever, "this beloved place, hallowed to me by my prayers, my tears, my hopes, my first vows to God—my pæan of pardoned sin and answered prayers, ..." and in January, 1844, was married to Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. He was to have taken possession of the curacy of Pimperne in the spring: but the living of Eversley falling

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vacant at that time, a strong effort was made by the parishioners to get the curate who had worked among them so indefatigably appointed rector. While the matter was pending, he went down into Dorsetshire for the Sunday duty. The following are extracts from his daily letters to his wife:

SALISBURY: *March* 28, 1844.—"I have been walking round the cathedral—oh! such a cathedral! Perfect unity, in extreme multiplicity. The first thing which strikes you in it (spiritually, I mean) is its severe and studied calm, even to 'primness'—nothing luscious, very little or no variation. Then you begin to feel how *one* it is; how the high slated roof and the double lancet windows, and the ranges of graduating lancet arches filling every gable, and the continued repetition of the same simple forms even in the buttresses and string courses, and corbel tables, and the extreme harsh angular simplicity of the mouldings—all are developments of one idea, and the idea so well expressing the tone of its date, the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, I suppose, when the 'revival' of the age of St. Francis, St. Dominic, and dear St. Elizabeth had formed itself, from the many private fancies of its great minds, into one clear dark system of stern, elegant, soul-crushing asceticism. And then from the centre of all this, that glorious spire rises—the work of a slightly later hand—too huge, I believe, for the rest of the cathedral, its weight having split and crushed its supporters. Fit emblem of the result of curbing systems. The moment the tower escapes above the level of the roof, it bursts into the wildest luxuriance, retaining the general character of the building below, but disguising it in a thousand fantastic excrescences—like the mind of man, crushed by human systems, and then suddenly asserting its own will in some burst of extravagance, yet unconsciously retaining the harsh and severe lineaments of the school in which it had been bred. And then its self-willed fancies exhaust themselves, and it makes one final struggle upward, in a vast simple pyramid like that spire; emblem of the return, the re-

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vulsion rather, to 'pure' and naked spirituality. And when even that has dwindled to a point, it must end—if it would have either safety, or permanence, or shelter, or beauty—as that spire ends, *in the Cross!* Oh! that cathedral is an emblem, unconscious to its builders, of the whole history of Popery from the twelfth century to the days when Luther preached once more Christ crucified for us—For ever above us, yet for ever among us! It has one peculiar beauty. It rises sheer out of a smooth and large grass field, not struggling up among chimneys and party-walls, but with the grass growing to the foot of the plinth. . . . The repose is so wonderful. It awes you, too, without crushing you. You can be cheerful under its shadow, but you could not do a base thing . . . . It is lucky I took down my tackle, for I am promised a day's trout fishing to-morrow . . . ."

March 31.—" . . . . I spent a delightful day yesterday. Conceive my pleasure at finding myself in Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he, and Dr. Donne, and Izaac Walton, may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, about three quarters of a pound each—a fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers. The dazzling chalk-wolds sleeping in the sun, the clear river rushing and boiling down in one ever-sliding sheet of transparent silver, the birds bursting into song, and mating and toying in every hedge-row—everything stirred with the gleam of God's eyes, when 'He reneweth the face of the earth!' I had many happy thoughts; but I am very lonely. No time for more, as I am going to prayers in the cathedral. . . . ."

DURWESTON: *April* 1.—"The road from here to Pimperne, over the downs, is about three miles of the most beautiful turf and natural woodland, through Cranborne Chase. I never was before on a chalk forest. It is very peculiar, and most beautiful. I like it better than Devon and Welsh Moorland—it is more simple, and yet not so severe—more tender in its soft greys and greens, yet quite as sublime in the vast unbroken curves and sweeps of the open downs. I cannot

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express myself. I should like to preach a sermon on chalk downs and another on chalk streams. They are so *purely* beautiful. . . . . More and more I find that Carlyle's writings do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life:* in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both Evangelical and Tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works; but he finds fault in tangible original language—they speak evil of every one except their own party, but in such conventional language that no ear is shocked by the oft-repeated formulæ of 'original sin' and 'unconverted hearts,' and so on. Let us in all things take Dr. Johnson's golden rule: 'First clear your mind of cant!'"

April 19.—". . . . Oh! blissful future. Oh! dreary present. Yet do not think I repine: this separation, though dreary, is not barren. Nothing need be barren to those who view all things in their real light, as links in the great chain of progression both for themselves and for the universe. To us all time should seem so full of life: every moment the grave and the father of unnumbered events and designs in heaven, and earth, and the mind of our God Himself—all things moving smoothly and surely, in spite of apparent checks and disappointments, towards the appointed end! Oh, happy Eversley! how we shall read, and learn, and work there; how we shall find there that these few months of unrest have not been thrown away, that in them we shall have learnt what might have escaped us in the quiet routine of a parish, and yet which are wanted there—as weeds and waterflowers show themselves in the rapid eddies, while they are buried deep in the still reaches of the river. . . . ."

April 21.—"I have been reading Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' with many tears and prayers too. To me he is not only poet, but preacher and prophet of God's new and divine philosophy

* Many years after this, Professor Shairp, speaking of his first conversation with Mr. Kingsley, said he told him that, often when he was tired or depressed, the book he would turn to was Carlyle's "French Revolution."

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—a man raised up as a light in a dark time, and rewarded by an honoured age, for the simple faith in man and God with which he delivered his message; whose real nobility is independent of rank, or conventionalities of language or manner, which is but the fashion of this world and passes away. I am trying, in my way, to do good; but what is the use of talking to hungry paupers about heaven? 'Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday, 'there is a weight upon their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.' And so they have no spirit to arise and go to their Father! S. G. O. is deep in statistics and abuses. I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it! Therefore you must make up your mind to see me, with God's help, a hunter out of abuses till the abuses cease—only till then. It is very easy to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are. . . . ."

CHELSEA, *May*.—"I shall return to you Monday, perhaps rector of Eversley! A bright future opens. Blessed be God. . . . ."

". . . . All is settled at last. Sir John has given me the living, and he wishes me to settle there as soon as possible. God never fails those who put their trust in Him. . . . . Congratulations, as you may suppose, are plentiful . . . . and I had the pleasure of bringing the news myself to Eversley. . . . . I took the whole duty at St. George's Hospital yesterday morning, and preached a charity sermon at St. Luke's in the afternoon, and at the old church in the evening; and am very tired, body and mind. . . . . My brain has been in such a whirl that I have had no time for deep thoughts. I can understand, by the events of the last few days, how the minds of men of business, at the very moment they are wielding the vastest commercial or physical power, may yet be degraded and superficial. One seems to do so much in 'business,' and yet with how little

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fruit! *we* bustle, and *God* works. That glorious, silent Providence—such a contrast to physical power, with its blast furnaces and roaring steam engines! Farewell till to-morrow. . . . ."

He and his wife now settled in the Rectory at Eversley; and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses

of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. Owing to the circumstances under which the living fell vacant, the incoming tenant got no dilapidation-money, and had arrears of poor's rates and the pay of his predecessor's curate to meet. The house was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds, which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all

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the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night baling out the water in buckets for hours together; and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, though a good one, was for years unremunerative; but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely. New clubs for the poor, shoe club, coal club, maternal society, a loan fund and lending library, were established one after another. An intelligent young parishioner, who is still schoolmaster, was sent by the rector to the Winchester Training College; an adult evening school was held in the rectory all the winter months; a Sunday school met there every Sunday morning and afternoon; and weekly cottage lectures were established in the outlying districts for the old and feeble. The fact of there being no school-house had the good effect of drawing the people within the humanizing influences of the rectory, which was always open to them, and will be long associated in the minds of old and young at Eversley with the kind and courteous sympathy and the living teaching which they all got from their pastor. At the beginning of his ministry there was scarcely a grown-up man or woman among the labouring class who could read or write—for as boys and girls they had all been glad to escape early to field work from the one school—a stifling room, ten feet square, where cobbling shoes, teaching, and caning went on together. As to religious instruction, they had had none. The church was nearly empty before he came as curate. The farmers' sheep, when pasture was scarce, were turned into the neglected churchyard. Holy Communion was

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celebrated only three times a year; the communicants were few; the alms were collected in an old wooden saucer. A cracked kitchen basin inside the font held the water for Holy Baptism. At the altar, which was covered by a moth-eaten cloth, stood one old broken chair; and so averse were the churchwardens to any change, that when the rector made a proposal for monthly communions, it was only accepted on his promising himself to supply the wine for the extra celebrations.

The evil results of such years of neglect could only be conquered by incessant labour, and his whole energies were devoted to the parish. He had to redeem it from barbarism: but it was a gentle barbarism, for the people were a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and not demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving. He made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work, and was soon personally intimate with every soul in the parish, from the mothers at their wash-tubs to the babies in the cradle, for whom he always had a loving word or look. Nothing escaped his eye. That hunger for knowledge on every subject which characterised him through life, and made him eager to learn from every labouring man what he could tell of his own farm work or the traditions of the place, had put him when he was curate on an easy human footing with the parishioners; so that he soon got the parish thoroughly in hand. It was by daily house-to-house visiting in the week, still more than his church services, that he acquired his influence. If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five and six times a day—and night as well as day—for his own heart's sake as well as for their soul's sake.

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Such visiting was very rare in those days. But, then, to use his first curate's words, "What *respect* he had for the poor! I can think," he says, "of no other word. It was not simply that he cared for them exceedingly, and was kind, feeling, sympathetic, that he would take any amount of trouble for them, that those whom he employed became simply devoted to him.—It was far more than this. There was in him a delicate, deep respect for the poor—a positive looking up to them, for His dear sake who 'became poor;' for the good which he saw in them, for the still greater good which he hoped to see and strove that he might see in them. . . . ."

At this time he seldom dined out; never during the winter months, when the adult school and the cottage readings took up six evenings in the week; he was uneasy away from his work, and rarely left the parish except for a few days at a time to take his family to the sea-side. His chief relaxation was a few hours' fishing in some stream close by. He never took a gun in hand, because from the poaching tastes of his people he felt it might bring him into unpleasant collision with them, and for this reason he did not wish to be made a magistrate lest he should have to sit in judgment on his parishioners. He could not afford to hunt, nor would he have done so on first settling in Eversley for other reasons; though the temptation was great, from the fact that for some years the fox-hounds (now known as Mr. Garth's) were kept at Bramshill, Sir John Cope being Master. But often has one who knew his every passing thought, and watched him closely, seen the tears start in his eyes as horses and hounds swept by the rectory. When, in after years, he took a gallop now and then to refresh himself, and to meet his friends in the hunting field, where he

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was always welcome, it was on some old horse which he had picked up cheap for "parson's work." "Another old screw, Mr. Kingsley," was said to him more than once by middle-class men, who were well aware that he knew a good horse when he saw it; and who perhaps respected him all the more for his self-denial.

Sir John Cope's stablemen were a respectable set of men, and most regular at church. The rector had always a friendly word with the huntsman and whips; and soon won their respect and affection. Of this they early gave proof, for when the first confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud groom was among the first to present himself, bringing a message from the whips and stablemen to say they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it, they would be happy to come again! It had been the custom in Eversley to let the catechumens get over as they could to some distant church, where four or five parishes assembled to meet the bishop, with little or no preparation, and in consequence the public-houses were unusually full on the day of confirmation, which often ended in a mere drunken holiday for boys and girls, who had many miles to walk, and had neither superintendence nor refreshment provided by the way. But now matters were differently arranged. On the six Sundays previous to the confirmation, the catechism, creeds, and office of confirmation were explained publicly; and during those six weeks each candidate was taught separately as well as in class. On the day itself the young people assembled early for refreshment at the rectory, whence they started in vans for Heckfield church. He himself went with the

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boys, and his wife or some trustworthy person with the girls, never losing sight of them till they returned, the girls to their homes, the boys and men to the rectory, where a good dinner awaited them, and they spent the evening in wandering over the glebe, or looking at curiosities and picture-books indoors, ending with a few earnest words from their Rector. Thus the solemn day was always associated with pleasant thoughts and an innocent holiday, which made them more inclined to come to him the week following to be prepared for Holy Communion. The appearance and manner of the Eversley catechumens—the quiet dresses and neat caps provided for the girls—were often remarked on. It may seem a trifling matter to dwell on now when such things are common in all parishes: but thirty-two years ago Eversley set the example on confirmation as well as on many other days.

His preaching from the first was remarkable. The only fault which Bishop Sumner found with the sermons he took up to him before his Priest's Ordination, was that they were "too colloquial": but it was this very peculiarity which arrested and attracted his hearers, and helped to fill an empty church. His original mind and common sense alike revolted from the use of conventional and unmeaning phraseology; and as to him all the facts of life were sacred, he was equally unfettered in the subject-matter of his sermons.

"The great difference," he said, in writing on this point to his wife, "which strikes me between St. Augustine and the divinity of our day, is his Faith. I mean the fulness and completeness of his belief, that every object and circumstance has a spiritual import, a direct relation to God's will and providence, and that in this import alone should the Christian look at anything. A faith like this, which explains all heaven and earth to a man, is

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infinitely above that half-faith of our present systems, which makes religion a thing apart, explains by it only a few phenomena of man's existence (whose number is limited by custom so closely, that thousands of subjects are considered unfit for the pulpit); and leaves the rest of the universe a *terra incognita* to the religious thinker, to be travelled only by the Mammonite and the physical philosopher."

During the summer of 1844 he made the acquaintance of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice; soon to become his dear "Master." He asked his advice on all his parish difficulties, telling him that to his "works he was indebted for the foundation of any coherent view of the word of God, the meaning of the Church of England, and the spiritual phenomena of the present and past ages. And as through your thoughts God's Spirit has given me catholicity, to whom therefore can I better go for details on any of these points?"

His own happiness at this time deepened his sympathies, and he writes to a friend then in great anxiety:—

August 5, 1844.—"... Still there is always some way of escape to be found, if a man goes to the right place to look for it. And if not of escape, still of compensation. I speak that which I know, for twelve months ago I was hopeless, separated from ***, unable to correspond even, burdened with difficulties, no hope of a living .... and yet through all filled with the most extraordinary conviction that my deliverance was at hand, and coming I knew not whence or how—at a certain time; at which certain time it did come, from a quarter the most unexpected, and since then in spite of severe trials within and without, blessing has been added to blessing. A few months ago the rector of Eversley absconded and resigned his living, to which I —— to my utter astonishment was presented for life! Of my own comfort I will not talk. Of the path by which I attained it I will. It was simply by not struggling, doing my work vigorously (or trying to do it) where God had put me,

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and believing firmly that His promises had a real, not a mere metaphorical meaning, and that the x., xxvii., xxxiv., xxxvii., cvii., cxii., cxxiii., cxxvi.—cxlvi. Psalms and similar, are as practically true—carnally true, if you will, for us as they were for the Jews of old. I know that I am right. I know that God is not only the God of our spirits, but of our bodies—of our married happiness—of our purses—of our least amusements—and that the faithlessness of this day, and the Manichæism of this day, as of all ages, has been what prevents men from accepting God's promises in their literal sense, with simple childish faith, but drives them to spiritualize them away —*i.e.* make them mere metaphors, which are after all next door to lies. My dear friend, I may incur the blame of intruding advice where unnecessary, but I do not dare be silent. I have much more, much deeper things to talk to you of. I see dimly, yet surely, in your present discontent, the germ of much good—of wider views, perhaps of more satisfying tastes. Believe me, it is a true saying, and not a melancholy one, that through much tribulation most men (not all, I believe) must enter into the kingdom of God. Where God has made such a mind and heart as yours, He will not let it stay on the threshold of Christianity; He will sicken you with all the beauties of her outer courts; He will lead you on, scourge you, if it be necessary, into the very adyta, then up to the highest holiest pinnacle of that church, from whence alone we can see man's workings far below, and look across the far ocean towards the happy isles, where dwell the heroes of the earth, at the feet of their hero-king and Saviour. If you would be among them; if you would not be a mere *laissez-faire* perpetuator of the decaying, much less a restless reviver of the obsolete, you must walk in the path which they have trodden. You must get at the 'open secret' '*Quid sumus et quare victuri gignimur*,' which so few, even among the highest religionists, now know. You must get to see through the accidents, the customs, the dilettantisms, fair and foul, which overcrust humanity, and look at man and man's destiny, as God constituted it. You must leave self—forget self—you must discipline self till she lays down, and

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ceases clamouring for a vote in the parliament of men. You must throw off the proud system-seeking intellect which haunts us all, and tries to round off heaven and earth with a fresh theory every year. You must cast off the help of man, and construct a religion for yourself from the bible; or if you very wisely think this, as I do, a sheer impossibility, you must use the help of all men, all schools, all sects, all ages, all histories—enter into all, sympathise with all—see God's Spirit working variously, yet surely in all. And then you will begin to find what the peace is, which passeth all understanding. You will be able to float down the stream of time, contented to fulfil your destiny, satisfied with the particular ripple on which God has cast your lot, and sure that some day all riddles shall be unfolded, all wrongs set right, and God justified, in every movement of this seeming chaos of life! I say—this you must do—because I do not think your mind can find peace in doing less. The dose of opium which will put the baby to sleep will only excite and irritate the stronger passions of the man! Therefore go on to the perfection, which tribulation always indicates as God's destiny for a man, who has not fallen impenitently into habitual sin. . . . . Let me hear from you, and take the earliest opportunity of introducing you to my dear wife."

Next year the news of his brother, Lieut. Kingsley's death from fever in Torres Straits, on board H.M.S. "Royalist," reached England, and he writes to his wife:—

February 26, 1845.—" . . . . It is sad—very sad—but what is to be said? I saw him twice last night in two different dreams—strong and well—and so much grown—and I kissed him and wept over him—and woke to the everlasting No! As far as externals go, it has been very sad. The sailors say commonly that there is but a sheet of paper between Torres Straits and Hell. And there he lay, and the wretched crew, in the little brig, roasting and pining, day after day—never heard of, or hearing of living soul for a year and a half. The commander died—half the crew died—and so they died and died

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on, till in May no officer was left but Gerald, and on the 17th of September he died too, and so faded away, and we shall never see him more—for ever? God that saved me knows. Then one Parkinson, the boatswain, had to promote himself to keep the pendant flying, all the officers being dead, and in despair left his post and so brought the brig home to Singapore, with great difficulty, leaking, with her mast sprung—her crew half dead—a doomed vessel. O God, Thou alone knowest the long bitter withering baptism of fire, wherewith the poor boy was baptized, day and night alone with his own soul. And yet Thou wert right—as ever—perhaps there was no way but that to bring him to look himself in the face, and know that life was a reality, and not a game! And who dare say that in those weary, weary months of hope deferred, the heart eating at itself, did not gnaw through the crust of vanities (not of so very long growth either) and the living water which he did drink in his childhood find vent and bubble up! Why not—seeing that God is love? . . . .

"The plot is thickening with the poor Church of England. All parties are in confused and angry murmur at they know not what—every one is frightened. . . . ."

Early in 1845, Dean Wood, having two vacant stalls at his disposal in the Collegiate Church of Middleham, offered one to his son, and the other to Charles Kingsley, his son's old college friend. The canonries were honorary, and had neither duty nor stipend connected with them, but being of historic interest, the two friends gladly accepted them, and went down together to be inducted. He was charmed with Yorkshire, its people, and its scenery, and writes from Middleham to his wife:

May 18, 1845.—"At the station I met the Dean and Peter, and went down with them. After a confused dog-sleep night, the grey morning broke in on the country beyond Derby—of that peculiar furrowed cast which marks the beds above the coal, like the scenery between Bristol and Bath, only the hills

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not so high—woods all dewy green—cattle sleeping in the rich meadows, every little glen tenanted by its bright rivulet, choked and hidden by deep wooded banks. At Chesterfield they were quarrying for coal from the side of the railway cutting. Thence to York, and from York to Northallerton, a long sweep of low, rolling country, with such a soil, such crops, and such farming! I never saw such fertility before—and this reaches to Middleham, where the scene changes, high hills spring up, deep gorges empty themselves into the plain, and Wensleydale lies spread out like a loving mother, bearing in her bosom little bright villages, and emerald pastures, until she turns the promontory of Penhill, and wanders up towards the lakes, bearing with her the Kendall mail, and two tortured horses, for which the knacker's yard cries, indignant. The hospitalities here seem perpetual."

May 22.—"What a delight it would be to take you up Coverdale just half a mile off at the back of the town. You know those lovely river scenes of Creswick's; they are exact likenesses of little Cover in his deep-wooded glen with his yellow rocks, and bright white stones, and brown water clearer than crystal. As for fishing, I am a clod—never did I see or hear of such tackle as these men use—finer than our finest. Squire Topham considers my tackle as only fit to hold cart-horses. This is quite a racing town—eighty horses standing here, jockeys and grooms crowding the streets, and I hear they are the most respectable and religious set, and many of them regular communicants! Little old Lye, the celebrated jockey, was at church yesterday, and I never saw a man attend to the service with more devotion. I quite loved the little creature. The scenery is lovely. I saw two views yesterday, whose extent and magnificence surpassed everything I had fancied. To-day I go down the Ure, to-morrow to see Richmond Castle, the next up the Cover, and Saturday to Bolton Castle, famed for having been Mary Queen of Scots' prison, and to 'Aysgack Force,'—a force, being in plain English, a waterfall. Leyburn Scar, a magnificent terrace of rock, rising above the valley through a 'talus' of wood, I saw yesterday, and have brought

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you a rare little flower therefrom. On it that evil woman was taken, escaping from Bolton Castle, and brought back again. I will bring you flowers from all parts, and what souvenirs I can, of thoughts—but there has been so much bustle, and robing and unrobing and so on, that I am quite tired and want a little rest of mind."

May 23.—"I send you some flowers, gathered yesterday from the ruins of Jervaulx Abbey, dismantled by connivance of Henry VIII. The forget-me-not is from the high altar, the saxifrage from the refectory. I have got a few other flowers also, which I will bring home; one rare one among them, from Leyburn Scar. To-day I go up the lovely Cover, to fish and dream of you. . . . . Really everyone's kindness here is extreme after the stiff South. The mere meeting one is sufficient to cause an invitation to stay; parties of pleasure, gifts of flies and tackle (everyone fishes and hunts), and dinners and teas and cigars inexhaustible. I am deep in North country farming, too; such land! The richest spot, it is said, in all England is this beautiful oasis in the mountains. Happy souls, if they knew their own happiness; but there are so many feuds and old grudges, that it saddens one. Kiss baby for me. . . . ."

The state of parties in Church and State, especially the former, now lay heavy on his heart, which echoed Dr. Arnold's words, "When I think of the Church, I could sit down and pine and die"—(Life, Vol. II. p. 137), and this made him anxious to join or start some periodical in which the young men of the day could find a vehicle for free expression of their opinions. On all these subjects it was his comfort to pour out his thoughts to his friend Mr. Powles, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

December 11, 1845.—"About the 'Oxford and Cambridge Review.'—Froude seems to dread any fresh start, ... and I shall chew the cud and try to find out my own way a little

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longer before I begin trying to lead others. God help us all! for such a distempered tangled juncture must end in the cutting of the Gordian knot, by the higher or lower powers; and as the higher have fairly denied their cutting ability and have given it up, perhaps the lower may try their hands at it. I would, if I were hovering between nine shillings a week and the workhouse, as the sum of all attainabilities this side of Heaven. God help us all! I say again; for there is no counsel to be got anywhere from man, and as for God's book, men have made it mean anything and nothing, with their commenting and squabbling, and doctrine picking, till one asks with Pilate, 'What is truth?' Well, at all events, God knows, and Christ the King knows, and so all must go right at last, but in the meantime?

"I am just now a sort of religious Shelley, an Ishmael of catholicity, a John the Baptist, minus his spirit and power alas! bemoaning myself in the wilderness. Were I to stop praying and remembering my own sins daily, I could become a Democritus Junior, and sitting upon the bench of contemplation, make the world my cockpit, wherein main after main of cocklets—the 'shell' alas! scarce 'off their heads'—come forth to slay and be slain mutually, for no quarrel, except 'thou-cock art not me-cock, therefore fight!' But I had as soon be the devil as old Lucretius, to sit with him in the 'Sapientum templa serena, despicere unde queas alios, atque cernere passim errantes.' One must feel for one's fellows—so much better, two out of three of them than one's self, though they will fill themselves with the east wind, and be proportionably dyspeptic and sulky.

"Nobody trusts nobody. The clergy are split up into innumerable parties, principally nomadic. Every one afraid to speak. Every one unwilling to listen to his neighbour; and in the meantime vast sums are spent, and vast work undertaken, and yet nobody is content. Everybody swears we are going backward. Everybody swears it is not his fault, but the Evangelicals, or the Puseyites, or the Papists, or the ministry; or everybody, in short, who does not agree with him. Pardon

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this jeremiad, but I am an owl in the desert, and it is too sad to see a huge and busy body of clergy utterly unable to gain the confidence or spiritual guidance of the nation, and yet never honestly taking the blame each man upon himself, and saying, 'I, not ye, have sinned.' . . . . The principles which the great kings and bishops of the Middle Ages, and our reformers of the 16th century felt to be the foundation of a Church and nation, are now set at nought equally by those who pretend to worship the Middle Ages, and those who swear by the reformers. And Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity. They are re-appearing in weaker and less sincere forms; but does that indicate the approach of their individual death, or our general decay? He who will tell me this shall be my prophet; till then I must be my own. . . . . My game is gradually opening before me, and my ideas getting developed, and 'fixed,' as the Germans would say. But, alas! as Hare has it, is not in one sense 'every man a liar?' false to his own idea again and again, even if, which is rare now-a-days, we have one? . . . . What times we live in! I sometimes long for a St. Francis, with a third order of Minors, to lay hold of one's will, soul, and body, and coax, threaten, scourge one along some definite path of doctrine and labour. The latter I have, thank God; but for doctrines! Verily, in England, doctrines, as Carlyle says of customs in France in '93, are 'a world gone entirely to chaos, and all things jumbling themselves mutually to try what will swim!' which, alas! often happens to be the lightest, and not the worthiest. Yet still, as ever, God's voice is heard through the roar, 'He that doeth my will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.' Were it not for that text I think I should sometimes sit down 'astonished,' and pray to die and get it all cleared up. Oh, Salt Asphaltic lake of Polemics! Oh, teeming tropic sea of Eros! of love of man as man, of marriage, and lessons which the hearth and home alone can teach—Heaven's glories, the face of Christ our Lord even mirrored in their pure Eden depths! and oh, foolish heart of

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mine, which will try and try to think and understand, instead of doing and loving! I see more and more, 'He that will be great, must be least.' He that will be the miracle worker must first become like a little child, the only miracle seer left in these materialist days! But I am ranting. . . . God bless you and * * * *, and admit you in His good time into the inner temple of the Garden of Eden, which surely exists still on earth, for those who have faith and purity enough to believe in their own high honours."

EVERSLEY: *December*, 1846.—"The lips of my soul water—but what is to be done? Parsons in these parts are like rural police—one suffices for a tract!—'qui mitros fatigaret, agro,' and I must stay at home for Sunday. My house is full of bricklayers, carpenters, my glebe of drainers (till they are frozen out), and were I Geryon himself I could not come. Be sure that everything which a man possesses, beyond a mere six-roomed cottage, five acres of freehold, and good health, is vanity and vexation of spirit—thick clay wherewith we load ourselves—more wants—more petty botherations; less books, less thought, and, alas, less prayer. That's the sum of it. I am seven times too rich, and therefore I'm as poor as Job, and *entre nous* glad to raise a little money to repair my house. Had I been Will Barker there in the drain, I should never have found out that it was cold, and damp, and shabby, and what not. Man has unrivalled powers of self-adaptation—ay, of adapting himself to wanting everything, just as easily as to wanting nothing; there's the plague. I begin to think that, barring community of wives, Plato's φύλακες in the Republic are in the only state fit for men of mind, yet discovered, except one—Sewell is not far out there. The φύλακες were the first shot at that idea, monasticism the second. Shall we live to see the foundations of a third attempt laid, in the form of an author guild, or brotherhood of genius? Ask Carlyle.

"But first, young men of this day must get faith. I am more and more painfully awake to the fact that the curse of our generation is that so few of us deeply believe anything. Men dally with truth, and with lies. They deal in innuendoes, im-

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personalities, conditionalities; they have no indicative mood—no I, no thou, whereby alone have any great souls conquered. Hence we are the worst of letter-writers. If two men quarrel in print, they do not speak to each other, they speak at each other; they look the other way, and kick like horses, or something worse. That is the only good point in that anonymous stabber, the 'Record,' that it attacks directly, and not by implication. The Oxford party might take a lesson there; much more so that numerous youth, who, now that the tractarians are tired of playing at popery, are keeping dilettantism's altar alight by playing at tractarianism—the shadow of a ghost—the sham of a sham. Our intellects are getting beyond milk and water; they are becoming mere gas and bottled moonshine, from Limbus Patrum and the land Plausible.

"My friend, we must pray to God to give us faith; faith in something—something that we can live for, and would die for. Then we shall be ready and able to do good in our generation. Our fixed ideas will be to us Archimedes' fulcra in space, from whence, if need be, he could move the world. Get hold of some one truth. Let it blaze in your sky, like a Greenland sun, never setting day or night. Give your soul up to it; see it in everything, and everything in it, and the world will call you a bigot and a fanatic, and then wonder a century hence, how the bigot and fanatic continued to do so much more than all the sensible folk round him, who believed in * * * and * * *"

December, 1846.—"My whole heart is set, not on retrogression, outward or inward, but on progression—not on going back in the least matter to any ideal age or system, but on fairly taking the present as it is, not as I should like it to be; and believing that Jesus Christ is still working in all honest and well-meaning men—see what are the elements of spiritual good in the present age, and try as an artist to embody them, not in old forms but in new ones . . . . The new element is democracy, in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it. Let us Christianise it instead; and if you fear that you are therein doing evil that good may come,

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oh! consider, consider carefully, whether democracy (I do not mean foul licence, or pedantic constitution-mongering, but the rights of man as man—his individual and direct responsibility to God and the State, on the score of mere manhood and Christian grace) be not the very pith and marrow of the New Testament—whether the noble structures of mediæval hierarchy and monarchy were not merely 'schoolmasters' to bring Europe to Christ—'tutors and governors' till mankind be of age, and fit for a theocracy in which men might live by faith in an unseen, yet spiritually and sacramentally present king, and have no king but Him? I say consider this, for I speak with fear and trembling—not expecting to be heard by those whom I most long should hear me—and yet perfectly content to wait Christ's time till the age is ripe, be it to-morrow century—through years of dead monarchy, atheistic aristocrat jobbing, unrestored Church lands, an ecclesiastical system which is powerless, alas! equally against popery and dissent, and whatsoever else the Blessed One shall choose to make our waiting and probationary state. I am no revolutionist. Whatever soul-sufficing truth men have, in God's name let them keep it. 'The real struggle of the day will be, not between Popery and Protestantism, but between Atheism and Christ.' And here we are daubing walls with untempered mortar—quarrelling about how we shall patch the superstructure, forgetting that the foundation is gone—Faith in anything. As in the days of Noah with the Titans—as in the days of Mahomet with the Christian sects of the East—they were eating, and drinking, and quarrelling, no doubt, and behold the flood came and swept them all away. And even such to me seems the prospect of the English Church. . . . ."

To his wife :—

EVERSLEY: *May*, 1846.—". . . . I got home at four this morning after a delicious walk—a poem in itself. I never saw such a sight before as the mists on the heath and valleys, and never knew what a real bird-chorus was. I am lonely enough, but right glad I came, as there is plenty to do. . . . I shall

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start to-morrow morning, and walk on to you at Shanklin. St. Elizabeth progresses, and consolidates. . . . I have had a great treat to-day; saw a swarm of bees hived, for the first time in my life. I stood in the middle of the flying army, and saw the whole to my great delight. Certainly man, even in the lowest grade, is infinitely wonderful, and infinitely brave—give him habit and self-confidence. To see all those little poisonous insects crawling over H., wrapt in the one thought of their new-born sister-queen! I hate to think that it is vile self-interest — much less mere brute magnetism (called by the ignorant 'instinct'), which takes with them the form of loyalty, prudence, order, self-sacrifice. How do we know that they have no souls? 'The beasts which perish?' Ay, but put against that 'the *spirit* of the beast which goeth downward to the earth'—and whither then? 'Man perisheth,' too, in scripture language, yet not for ever. But I will not dream.

"I fancy you and baby playing in the morning. Bless you my two treasures. . . . I had a most interesting day yesterday in London. Called on *** and found him undergoing all the horrors of a deep, and as I do think, healthy baptism of fire—not only a conversion, but a discovery that God and the devil are living realities, fighting for his body and soul. This, in a man of vast thought and feeling, who has been for years a confirmed materialist, is hard work. He entreated me not to leave him. . . . . God help us all, and save our country—not so much from the fate of France, as from the fate of Rome—internal decay, and falling to pieces by its own weight; but I will say no more of this—perhaps I think too much about it. . . . ."

1846 passed uneventfully in the routine of parish work and domestic happiness. He never cared to leave his quiet home, doubly enriched by the presence of a little daughter. A singing class was started on Hullah's plan to improve the church music, which had been hitherto in the hands of three or four poor men, with a trombone and two clarionets. This and other adult classes,

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brought his people on several nights in the week up to the rectory, where the long unfurnished dining-room served the purpose of schoolroom. In 1847 his eldest son was born, and named after Mr. Maurice, who with Mr. Powles, stood sponsor to the boy. In the summer he took his wife and two children for six weeks to Milford, a little sea-side place near the edge of the New Forest. It was his first real holiday since his marriage, which he earned by taking the Sunday services of Pennington, near Lymington. Here he had the new luxury of a horse, and explored the forest, dear to him from old associations with his father's youth and manhood, day by day, with deep delight. In the enjoyment of the sea-shore with his beloved ones, with leisure to watch his babies at play, and in solitary rides, his heart's spring bubbled up into song once more, and he wrote many ballads,—among them, "The Red King," the "Outlaw," "Oh, she tripp'd over Ocknell plain." It was only either at some great crisis of his life, or when his surroundings were, as now, in perfect harmony, that he could write poetry. Here too, he laid up a store of impressions for a New Forest Novel which was begun many years later, but never completed.

This year his "Life of St. Elizabeth," which was begun in prose in 1842, and had been gradually growing under his hand, took the form of a drama. He finished it in the summer: but being doubtful as to whether it was worth printing, he decided nothing till he had consulted the Dean of Windsor and other friends on whose judgment and poetical verdict he could rely. Their opinion was unanimous: but the difficulty was to find a publisher who would undertake the work of a young and unknown author. He took the MSS. to London, from whence he wrote to his wife

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"I breakfasted with Maurice this morning, and went over a great deal of St. Elizabeth, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God about it. He has quite changed his mind about scene 1. of act ii., Elizabeth's bower. He read it to Powles, who is decidedly for keeping it in just as it is, and thinks it ought to offend no one. He is very desirous to show the MSS. to A. G. Scott, Mrs. H. Coleridge, Tennyson, and Van Artevelde Taylor. He says that it ought to do great good with those who can take it in, but for those who cannot, it ought to have a preface; and has more than hinted that he will help me to one, by writing me something which, if I like, I can prefix. What more would you have? . . . . Coleridge's opinion of the poem is far higher than I expected. He sent me to Pickering with a highly recommendatory note; which however, joined with Maurice's preface, was not sufficient to make him take the risk off my hands. I am now going to Parker's, in the Strand. I am at once very happy, very lonely, and very anxious. How absence increases love! It is positively good sometimes to be parted, that one's affection may become conscious of itself, and proud, and humble, and thankful accordingly. . . . ."

". . . . St. Elizabeth is in the press," he writes joyfully a few days later to Mr. Powles, "having been taken off my hands by the heroic magnanimity of Mr. J. Parker, West Strand, who, though a burnt child, does not dread the fire. No one else would have it. Maurice's preface comes out with it, and is inestimable not only to I myself, I, but to all men who shall have the luck to read it, and the wit to understand it."

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CHAPTER VI.

1848.

AGED 29.

PUBLICATION OF "SAINT'S TRAGEDY"—CHARTIST RIOTS—TENTH OF APRIL—WORK IN LONDON—POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE—PROFESSORSHIP AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE—CROYLAND ABBEY—LETTERS TO HIS CHILD—"YEAST"—ILLNESS—THE HIGHER VIEW OF MARRIAGE—DEVONSHIRE.

"This is true liberty when freeborn men
Having to advise the public may speak free;
Which he who can or will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace;
What can be juster in a state like this?"

EURIPIDES, *Translation by* MILTON.

THIS year, so marked in the history of Europe, was one of the most important of Charles Kingsley's life. "The Saint's Tragedy," which was published soon after Christmas, gave him in one sense a new position, especially among young men at the universities. It was eagerly read at Oxford, and fiercely attacked by the high church party, who were made still more bitter against its author by the publication of "Yeast" in the summer. He was surprised himself to find the interest the drama had excited at Oxford; and while on a visit there he writes to his wife:

". . . . I may I suppose tell you that I am here undergoing the new process of being made a lion of, at least so Powles tells me. They got up a meeting for me, and the club was

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crowded with men merely to see poor me, so I found out afterwards: very lucky that I did not know it during the process of being trotted out. It is very funny and new. I dine this afternoon with Conington; to-morrow with Palgrave; Monday with Stanley, and so on. I like Conington very much; he is a good, hearty piece of nature; and I like his review of the 'Saint's Tragedy,' very much. Of course he did not go to the bottom on the Love and Marriage question; but there he showed his sense. . . . ."

"Kingsley had not," says a friend in speaking of this period, "I think, the least notion he would find himself famous, but he was so among a not inconsiderable section of young Oxford, even one month after the drama had appeared. A large number of us were thoroughly dissatisfied with the high church teaching, which then was that of the most earnest tutors in Oxford. There were, indeed, some noble exceptions, —Jowett of Balliol, Powles of Exeter, Congreve of Wadham, Stanley of University, Clough of Oriel. But they were scattered, and their influence was over men here and there, the high-churchmen held the mass of intelligent young men, many of whom revolted in spirit, yet had not found a leader. Here was a book which showed that there was poetry also in the strife *against* asceticism, whose manly preface was as stirring as the verse it heralded. We looked at its author with the deepest interest; it was a privilege to have been in the room with him."

Though it excited no great interest in the literary world in England, it was read and appreciated in Germany; and in the highest quarters in this country the genius of the author was recognized. Baron de Bunsen thus expresses his opinion in strong, some may think extravagant, terms to Professor Max Müller, some years later:

"As showing Kingsley's dramatic power I do not hesitate to call 'The Saint's Tragedy' and 'Hypatia,' by far the most im-

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portant and perfect works. In these, I find the justification of a hope that Kingsley might continue Shakespeare's historical plays. I have for several years made no secret of it, that Kingsley seems to me the genius of our country called to place by the side of that sublime dramatic series from King John to Henry VIII., another series from Edward VI. to the landing of William of Orange. . . . . The tragedy of 'St. Elizabeth' shows that Kingsley can grapple, not only with the novel, but with the more severe rules of dramatic art. And 'Hypatia' proves on the largest scale that he can discover in the picture of the historical past, the truly human, the deep, the permanent, and that he knows how to represent it. How, with all this, he can hit the fresh tone of popular life, and draw humorous characters and complications with Shakespearian energy is proved by all his works. And why should he not undertake this great task? There is a time when the true poet, the prophet of the present, must bid farewell to the questions of the day, which seem so great because they are so near, but are, in truth, but small and unpoetical. He must say to himself, 'Let the dead bury their dead:' and the time has come that Kingsley should do so."

The political events of 1848 which shook all Europe to its very foundations, stirred his blood, and seemed for the time to give him a supernatural strength, which kept up till the autumn, when he completely broke down.

"It is only by an effort," says Mr. Tom Hughes, in his Preface to "Alton Locke," "that one can now realise the strain to which the nation was subjected during that winter and spring, and which, of course, tried every individual man also, according to the depth and earnestness of his political and social convictions and sympathies. The group of men who were working under Mr. Maurice were no exceptions to the rule. The work of teaching and visiting was not, indeed, neglected, but the larger questions which were being so strenuously mooted—the points of the people's charter, the right of public meeting, the attitude of the labouring class to the other classes,

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absorbed more and more of their attention. Kingsley was very deeply impressed with the gravity and danger of the crisis—more so, I think, than almost any of his friends; probably because, as a country parson, he was more directly in contact with one class of the poor than any of them. How deeply he felt for the agricultural poor, how faithfully he reflected the passionate and restless sadness of the time, may be read in the pages of 'Yeast,' which came out later in 'Fraser.' As the winter months went on this sadness increased, and seriously affected his health."

"So vividly did he realize the sufferings of the poor," to quote another friend, "so keenly did he feel what he deemed the callousness and incompetence of the Government and the mass of the upper classes to alleviate them, that at times he seemed to look, with trembling, for the coming of great and terrible social convulsions, of a 'day of the Lord,' such as Isaiah looked for, as the inevitable fate of a world grown evil, yet governed still by a righteous God. In later years this feeling gradually left him. But it was no mere pulpit or poetic gust. It penetrated (I think) occasionally even to the lesser matters of daily life. Late one dark night he called me out to him into the garden to listen to a distant sound, which he told me was a fox's bark, bidding me remember it, for foxes might soon cease to be in England, and I might never hear one bark again."

It was while in this state of mind that he wrote "The Day of the Lord."—[Poems, p. 259.]

His parish work this year was if possible more vigorous than ever. Every winter's evening was occupied with either night-school at the rectory, about thirty men attending; or little services in the outlying cottages for the infirm and labouring men after their day's work. During the spring and summer a writing class was held for girls in the empty coach-house; a cottage school for infants was opened on the common—all preparing the way for the National School that was built some years

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later, and for which the teacher was in training. The parish made a great step forward. The number of communicants increased. The Passion week daily services and sermons seemed to borrow intenser fervour and interest from his sympathy in the strange events of the great world outside the small quiet parish, and though poorly attended, still gathered together a few labouring folk. He preached to his people on emigration, on poaching, and on the political and social disturbances of the day. He wrote his first article for "Frazer's Magazine" "Why should we fear the Romish Priests?" following up his "Saint's Tragedy," which had struck the key note of the after work of his life; and "Yeast" now was seething in his mind. In addition to parish and literary work he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, then in its infancy, of which Mr. Maurice was President, and lectured once a week in London. He was also proposed for the professorship of Modern History at King's College. He was in constant communication with Mr. Maurice and the knot of remarkable men who gathered round him, and made acquaintance with Bishop Stanley of Norwich, and his distinguished son; with Thomas Carlyle, Archdeacon Hare, Thomas Hughes, Tom Taylor, Arthur Helps, John Hullah, John Malcolm Ludlow, and many others at work in the same cause.

On the news of the Chartist rising and petition reaching Eversley, he determined, having closed his evening classes in the parish for the winter, to go to London to see what was going on; and on the morning of the 10th of April went up with his friend Mr. John Parker, publisher, who had been spending the Sunday at Eversley. Mr. Parker, like many owners of property in

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London, was nervous and anxious about the results of the day, telling Mrs. Kingsley, half in joke as he left the door, that she might expect to hear of his shop having been broken into, and himself thrown into the Trafalgar Square fountains by the mob. On arriving in town, they went to the Strand, then on to Mr. Maurice's; and in the afternoon Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Ludlow walked to Kennington Common, where pouring rain damped the spirits of the crowds assembled. By mid-day post he wrote to his wife.

". . . . All is right as yet. Large crowds, but no one expects any row, as the Chartists will not face Westminster Bridge, but are gone round by London Bridge and Holborn, and are going to send up only the legal number of Delegates to the House. The only fear is marauding in the suburbs at night; but do not fear for me, I shall be safe at Chelsea at 5. I met Colonel Herman, who says there is no danger at all, and the two Mansfields, who are gone as specials, to get hot, dusty, and tired—nothing else. I will write by the latest post." . . . .

April 11, 8 A.M.—"All as quiet as a mouse as yet. The storm is blown over till to-morrow, but all are under arms—specials, police, and military. Maurice is in great excitement. He has sent me to Ludlow, and we are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with. You must let me stay up to-night, for I am helping in a glorious work; and I go to breakfast with Maurice now, and to spend the evening with Archdeacon Hare, Scott, and himself. Send down to the cottage lecture, and say I shall not have it till Saturday, and say that the riots have kept me. I feel we may do something. Pray for us that God may guide us, and open our mouths to speak boldly."

EVENING.—"The events of a week have been crowded into a few hours. I was up till 4 this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money.

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Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms?—to words—texts from the Psalms, any thing which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray, help us. Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of real 'Tracts for the Times,' addressed to the higher orders. Maurice is *à la hauteur des circonstances* —determined to make a decisive move. He says: 'If the Oxford tracts did wonders, why should not we?' Pray for us. A glorious future is opening, and both Maurice and Ludlow seem to have driven away all my doubts and sorrows, and I see the blue sky again and my Father's face!"

April 12.—". . . . I really cannot go home this afternoon. I have spent it with Archdeacon Hare, and Parker, starting a new periodical—a Penny 'People's Friend,' in which Maurice, Hare, Ludlow, Mansfield, and I, &c. are going to set to work, to supply the place of the defunct 'Saturday Magazine.' I send you my first placard. Maurice is delighted with it. I cannot tell you the interest which it has excited with every one who has seen it. It brought the tears into old Parker's eyes, who was once a working printer's boy. I have got already £2 10*s.* towards bringing out more, and Maurice is subscription-hunting for me. He took me to Jelf to-day, the King's College principal, who received me very kindly, and expressed himself very anxious to get me the professorship. I will be down at Winchfield to-morrow. Kiss the babes for me. Parker begs to remark that he has not been thrown into the Trafalgar fountain. . . . ."

This was the Placard:—

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND!"

"You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged; and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it—above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful

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filth and darkness * in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well-read men among you, shut out from a Freemen's just right of voting; and they see too the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it, and God sees it.

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! You have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, but who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament—more useful than this 'fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver at Westminster' † can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them—you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation. You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; *if the men who use it are not bad!* But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure *that?* Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.

"Englishmen! Saxons! Workers of the great, cool-headed, strong-handed nation of England, the workshop of the world, the leader of freedom for 700 years, men say you have common-sense! then do not humbug yourselves into meaning 'licence,' when you cry for 'liberty'. Who would dare refuse

* The Window tax was not then taken off.

† Carlyle.

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you freedom? for the Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry! But there will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens.

"Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free.

"A Working Parson."

On the 15th, he returned to Eversley much exhausted. He preached on the Chartist riots to his own people the following Sunday; and now working in his parish, writing for the "Politics," and preparing his lectures for Queen's College, filled up every moment of time. The various writers for the new Periodical continually came to Eversley to talk over their work with and consult him.

Mr. Hughes, speaking of the distinct period of Charles Kingsley's life extending from 1848 to 1856, says:—

". . . . Look at them from what point we will, these years must be allowed to cover an anxious and critical time in modern English history; but, above all, in the history of the working classes. In the first of them the Chartist agitation came to a head and burst, and was followed by the great movement towards association, which, developing in two directions and by two distinct methods—represented respectively by the amalgamated Trades Unions and Co-operative Societies—has in the intervening years entirely changed the conditions of the labour question in England, and the relations of the working to the upper and middle classes. It is with this, the social and industrial side of the history of those years, that we are mainly concerned. . . . . Our purpose is to give some slight sketch of him . . . . in the character in which he was first widely known, as the most out-spoken and powerful of those who took the side of the labouring classes, at a critical

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time—the crisis in a word, when they abandoned their old political weapons, for the more potent one of union and association, which has since carried them so far. To no one of all those by whom his memory is tenderly cherished can this seem a superfluous task, for no writer was ever more misunderstood or better abused at the time, and after the lapse of almost a quarter of a century, the misunderstanding would seem still to hold its ground. For through all the many notices of him which appeared after his death, in January, 1875, there ran the same apologetic tone as to this part of his life's work. While generally, and as a rule cordially, recognizing his merits as an author and a man, the writers seemed to agree in passing lightly over this ground. When it was touched it was in a tone of apology, sometimes tinged with sarcasm, as in the curt notice in the 'Times'—'He was understood to be the Parson Lot of those "Politics for the People" which made no little noise in their time, and as Parson Lot he declared in burning language that to his mind the fault in the "People's Charter" was that it did not go nearly far enough.' And so the writer turns away, as do most of his brethren, leaving probably some such impression as this on the minds of most of their readers —'Young men of power and genius are apt to start with wild notions. He was no exception. Parson Lot's sayings and doings may well be pardoned for what Charles Kingsley said and did in after years; so let us drop a decent curtain over them, and pass on.' Now as almost a generation has passed since that signature used to appear at the foot of some of the most noble and vigorous writing of our time, readers of to-day are not unlikely to accept this view, and so to find further confirmation and encouragement in the example of Parson Lot for the mischievous and cowardly distrust of anything like enthusiasm amongst young men, already sadly too pervalent in England. If it were only as a protest against this 'surtout point de zèle' spirit, against which it was one of Charles Kingsley's chief tasks to fight with all his strength, it is well that the facts should be set right. . . . . My first meeting with him was in the autumn of 1847. . . . . Mr. Maurice had

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undertaken the charge of a small district in the parish in which he lived, and had set a number of young men, chiefly students of the Inns of Court, who had been attracted by his teaching, to work in it. Once a week, on Monday evenings, they used to meet at his house for tea, when their own work was reported upon and talked over. Suggestions were made and plans considered; and afterwards a chapter of the Bible was read and discussed. Friends and old pupils of Mr. Maurice's, residing in the country, or in distant parts of London, were in the habit of coming occasionally to these meetings, amongst whom was Charles Kingsley. His poem, 'The Saint's Tragedy,' and the high regard and admiration which Mr. Maurice had for him, made him a notable figure in that small society, and his presence was always eagerly looked for. What impressed me most about him when we first met was, his affectionate deference to Mr. Maurice, and the vigour and incisiveness of everything he said and did. He had the power of cutting out what he meant in a few clear words, beyond any one I have ever met. The next thing that struck one was, the ease with which he could turn from playfulness, or even broad humour, to the deepest earnest. At first I think this startled most persons, until they came to find out the real deep nature of the man; and that his broadest humour had its root in a faith which realised, with extraordinary vividness, the fact that God's Spirit is actively abroad in the world, and that Christ is in every man, and made him hold fast, even in his saddest moments,—and sad moments were not infrequent with him,—the assurance that, in spite of all appearances, the world was going right, and would go right somehow, 'Not your way, or my way, but God's way.' The contrast of his humility and audacity, of his distrust in himself and confidence in himself, was one of those puzzles which meet us daily in this world of paradox. But both qualities gave him a peculiar power for the work he had to do at that time, with which the name of Parson Lot is associated. It was at one of these gatherings, towards the end of 1847 or early in 1848, when Kingsley found himself in a minority of one, that he said jokingly, he felt

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much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law. The name Parson Lot was then and there suggested, and adopted by him, as a familiar *nom de plume.* . . . . The name was chiefly made famous by his writings in 'Politics for the People,' the 'Christian Socialist,' and the 'Journal of Association,' . . . . by 'Alton Locke,' and by tracts and pamphlets, of which the best known [is] 'Cheap Clothes, and Nasty.' . . . . In order to understand and judge the sayings and writings of Parson Lot fairly, it is necessary to recall the condition of the England of that day.—Through the winter of 1847-8, amidst wide-spread distress, the cloud of discontent, of which Chartism was the most violent symptom, had been growing darker and more menacing, while Ireland was only held down by main force. The breaking out of the revolution on the Continent in February increased the danger. In March there were riots in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other large towns.* . . . ."

On the 6th of May the first number of "Politics for the People" appeared. Its regular contributors were nearly all university men, clergymen of the Church of England, London barristers, men of science; among them Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur Helps, Professor Conington, and a well known London physician. A few letters from working men were admitted. It was a remarkable though short-lived publication; and those whose opinions of the "Radicals, Socialists, Chartists," who set it on foot, were formed by the public press, without having read the book itself, would be surprised at the loyal, conservative, serious tone of its contents, and the gravity, if not severity, with which it attacked physical force Chartism, monster meetings, and the demand for universal suffrage by men who had neither education nor

* Preface to "Alton Locke," and "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," by Thomas Hughes, Q.C. 1876. Macmillan.

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moral self-government to qualify them for a vote. Extracts are now given from his Letters to Chartists, to avoid misconception as to "*that burning language*" of which the 'Times' of January 25th, 1875, speaks, which Parson Lot used when he said "that the People's Charter did not go far enough":—

"My Friends,—

"If I give you credit for being sincere, you must give me credit for being so too. I am a radical reformer. I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April; I have no patience with those who do. Suppose there were but 250,000 honest names on that sheet. Suppose the Charter itself were all stuff, yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honourable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough *in reform*. I want to see you *free;* but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want. I think you have fallen into just the same mistake as the rich of whom you complain—the very mistake which has been our curse and our nightmare: I mean, the mistake of fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament. If anyone will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I shall alter my opinion of the Charter, but not till then. It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seems a harmless cry enough, but a poor, bald, constitution-mongering cry as I ever heard. That French cry of 'Organization of Labour' is worth a dozen of it, and yet that does not go to the bottom of the matter by many a mile.

"But I have a more serious complaint against Chartism than this, and because I love you well, and, God is my witness, would die to make you free, and am, even now, pleading your cause with all my powers, I shall not be afraid to rebuke you boldly at first. Why do you yourselves blacken Chartism in people's eyes? Why do you give a fair handle for all the

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hard things which are said of you? I mean this, and I speak honestly of what happened to my own self. The other day, being in London, I said to myself, 'I will see what the Chartists are saying and doing just now'; and I set off to find a Chartist newspaper, and found one in a shop where 'The People's Charter,' and 'Lamartine's Address to the Irish Deputation,' and various Chartist books were sold. Now, as a book, as well as a man, may be known by his companions, I looked round the shop to see what was the general sort of stock there, and, behold, there was hardly anything but 'Flash Songsters,' and the 'Swell's Guide,' and 'Tales of Horror,' and dirty milksop French novels. I opened the leading article of the paper, and there were fine words enough, and some really noble and eloquent words, too, which stirred my blood and brought the tears into my eyes, about 'divine liberty,' and 'heaven-born fraternity,' and the 'cause of the poor being the cause of God'; all which I knew well enough before, from a very different 'Reformer's Guide,' to which I hope to have the pleasure of introducing you some day. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'the cause of God seems to have fallen into ugly company. If poverty sends a man to strange bed-fellows, "divine liberty" must be in a very poor way; heaven-born brotherhood has fraternized here with some very blackguard brethren.' . . . . No! as I read on, I found that almost the only books puffed in the advertising column of the paper itself were the same French dirt which lay on the counter: 'Voltaire's Tales,' 'Tom Paine,' and by-way of a finish, 'The Devil's Pulpit!' . . . . 'Well,' I thought: 'These are strange times! I had thought the devil used to befriend tyrants and oppressors, but he seems to have profited by Burns' advice, to 'tak' a thought an' men'.' I thought the struggling freeman's watchword was, 'God sees my wrongs, He hath taken the matter into His own hands, the poor committeth himself unto Him, for he is the helper of the friendless.' But now the devil seems all at once to have turned philanthropist and patriot, and to intend himself to fight the good cause, against which he has been fighting ever since Adam's time. I don't deny, my friends, it is much

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cheaper and pleasanter to be reformed by the devil than by God; for God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self—while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request, as that a man should mend himself. *That* liberty of the subject he will always respect.

"But I must say honestly, whomsoever I may offend, the more I have read of your convention speeches and newspaper articles the more convinced I am that too many of you are trying to do God's work with the devil's tools. What is the use of brilliant language about peace, and the majesty of order, and universal love, though it may all be printed in letters a foot long, when it runs in the same team with ferocity, railing, mad one-eyed excitement, talking itself into a passion like a street-woman? Do you fancy that after a whole column spent in stirring men up to fury, a few twaddling copy-book headings about the 'sacred duty of order' will lay the storm again? What spirit is there but the devil's spirit, in bloodthirsty threats of *revenge*? What brotherhood ought *you* to have with the 'United Irishmen' party, who pride themselves on their hatred to your nation, and recommend schemes of murder which a North American Indian, trained to scalping from his youth, would account horrible? When they have learnt that 'Justice to Ireland' does not mean hell broke loose there; when they have repented and amended of their madness, as God grant they may, then you may treat them as brothers; but till then, those who bid them God-speed are partakers of their evil deeds. In the name of liberty and brotherhood, in the name of the poor man's cause and the poor man's God, I protest against this unnatural alliance! I denounce the weapons which you have been deluded into employing, to gain you your rights, and the indecency and profligacy which you are letting be mixed up with them! Will you strengthen and justify your enemies? Will you disgust and cripple your friends? Will you go out of your way to do wrong? When you can be free by fair means, will you try foul? When you might keep the

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name of liberty as spotless as the heaven from whence she comes, will you defile her with blasphemy, beastliness, and blood? When the cause of the poor is the cause of Almighty God, will you take it out of His hands to entrust it to the devil? These are bitter questions, but as you answer them so will you prosper. 'Be fit to be free, and God Himself will set you free.' Do God's work, and you will share God's wages. 'Trust in the Lord, and be doing good, dwell in the land, and, verily, thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.' For the time is near, at last, my friends, even at the doors, when those glorious old words shall be fulfilled: 'Thou, Lord, hast heard the desire of the poor: Thou preparest their heart, and Thine ear hearkeneth thereto; to help the fatherless and the poor unto their right, that the man of the world be no more exalted against them!'

"PARSON LOT."

In Letter II. he tells them that "the Bible demands for the poor as much, and more, than they demand for themselves; it expresses the deepest yearnings of the poor man's heart far more nobly, more searchingly, more daringly, more eloquently, than any modern orator has done. I say, it gives a ray of hope—say rather a certain dawn of a glorious future, such as no universal suffrage, free trade, communism, organization of labour, or any other Morrison's-pill measure can give—and yet of a future, which will embrace all that is good in these, a future of conscience, of justice, of freedom, when idlers and oppressors shall no more dare to plead parchments and Acts of Parliament for their iniquities. I say the Bible promises this, not in a few places only, but throughout: it is the thought which runs through the whole Bible, justice from God to those whom men oppress, glory from God to those whom men despise. Does that look like the invention of tyrants and prelates? You may sneer; but give me a fair hearing, and if I do not prove my words, then call me the same hard name which I shall call any man who, having read the Bible, denies that it is the poor man's comfort, and the rich man's warning."

* * * * *

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"I think," said Mr. Hughes, "I know every line which was ever published under the signature, 'Parson Lot,' and I take it upon myself to say that there is in all that 'burning language' nothing more revolutionary than the extracts given from his letters to the Chartists. . . . . In the early summer of 1848, some of those who felt with him that the 'People's Charter' had not had fair play or courteous treatment, and that those who signed it had real wrongs to complain of, put themselves into communication with the leaders, and met and talked with them. At last it seemed that the time was come for some more public meeting, and one was called at the Cranbourn Tavern, over which Mr. Maurice presided. After the president's address, several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was specially directed against the church and the clergy. The meeting waxed warm, and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley rose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began—with the stammer which always came at first when much moved but which fixed everyone's attention at once—'I am a Church of England Parson'—a long pause—'and a Chartist'; and then he went on to explain how far he thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathized with their sense of the injustice of the law as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right; and then to denounce their methods in very much the same terms as I have already quoted from his letters to the Chartists. Probably no one who was present ever heard a speech which told more at the time. . . . . The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack. 'No human power ever beat back a resolute forlorn hope,' he used to say; 'to be got rid of, they must be blown back with grape and canister, because the attacking party have all the universe behind them, the defence only that small part which is shut up in their walls.' And he felt most strongly at this time that hard fighting was needed. . . . . The memorials of his many controversies lie about in the periodicals of that time, and any one who cares to hunt them up will be well

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repaid, and struck with the vigour of the defence, and still more with the complete change in public opinion which has brought the England of to-day clean round to the side of Parson Lot."* . . . .

Among his contributions to "Politics for the People" were the first three of a projected series on the National Gallery and the British Museum

No. I.—NATIONAL GALLERY.

"Picture-galleries should be the workman's paradise, a garden of pleasure, to which he goes to refresh his eyes and heart with beautiful shapes and sweet colouring, when they are wearied with dull bricks and mortar, and the ugly colourless things which fill the workshop and the factory. For, believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even, of which we have never *thought* at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing, by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. The poet Wordsworth, talking of training up a beautiful country girl, says:—

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace which shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.
* * * * * *
And she shall bend her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.'

"Those who live in towns should carefully remember this,

* Preface to "Alton Locke," by T. Hughes, Q.C. 1876.

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for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. *Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful.* Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it *Him*, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with all your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

"Therefore I said that picture-galleries should be the townsman's paradise of refreshment. Of course, if he can get the real air, the real trees, even for an hour, let him take it in God's name; but how many a man who cannot spare time or a daily country walk, may well slip into the National Gallery, or any other collection of pictures, for ten minutes. *That* garden, at least, flowers as gaily in winter as in summer. Those noble faces on the wall are never disfigured by grief or passion. There, in the space of a single room, the townsman may take his country walk—a walk beneath mountain peaks, blushing sunsets, with broad woodlands spreading out below it; a walk through green meadows, under cool mellow shades, and overhanging rocks, by rushing brooks, where he watches and watches till he seems to *hear* the foam whisper, and to *see* the fishes leap; and his hard-worn heart wanders out free, beyond the grim city-world of stone and iron, smoky chimneys, and roaring wheels, into the world of beautiful things—*the world which shall be hereafter*—ay, which shall be! Believe it, toil-worn worker, in spite of thy foul alley, thy crowded lodging, thy grimed clothing, thy ill-fed children, thy thin, pale wife—believe it, thou too, and thine, will some day have *your* share of beauty. God made you love beautiful things only because He intends hereafter to give you your fill of them. That pictured face on the wall is lovely, but lovelier still may the wife of thy bosom be when she meets thee on the resurrection morn! Those baby cherubs in the old Italian painting—how gracefully they flutter and sport among the soft clouds, full of rich young life and baby joy! Yes, beautiful, indeed, but just such a one at this very moment is that once pining, deformed child of thine, over whose death-cradle thou wast weeping a month

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ago; now a child-angel, whom thou shalt meet again never to part! Those landscapes, too, painted by loving, wise old Claude, two hundred years ago, are still as fresh as ever. How still the meadows are! how pure and free that vault of deep blue sky! No wonder that thy worn heart, as thou lookest, sighs aloud, 'Oh that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest.' Ay, but gayer meadows and bluer skies await thee in the *world to come*—that fairy-land made real—'the new heavens and the new earth,' which God has prepared for the pure and the loving, the just and the brave, who have conquered in this sore fight of life!

"These thoughts may seem all too far-fetched to spring up in a man's head from merely looking at pictures; but it is not so in practice. See, now, such thoughts have sprung up in *my* head; how else did I write them down here? And why should not they, and better ones, too, spring up in your heads, friends? It is delightful to watch in a picture-gallery some street-boy enjoying himself; how first wonder creeps over his rough face, and then a sweeter, more earnest, awe-struck look, till his countenance seems to grow handsomer and nobler on the spot, and drink in and reflect unknowingly, the beauty of the picture he is studying. See how some labourer's face will light up before the painting which tells him a noble story of bye-gone days. And why? Because he feels as if he himself had a share in the story at which he looks. They may be noble and glorious men who are painted there; but they are still *men* of like passions with himself, and his man's heart understands them and glories in them; and he begins, and rightly, to respect himself the more when he finds that he, too, has a fellow feeling with noble men and noble deeds.

"I say, pictures raise blessed thoughts in me—why not in you, my brothers? Your hearts are fresh, thoughtful, kindly; you only want to have these pictures explained to you, that you may know why and how they are beautiful, and what feelings they ought to stir in your minds; and therefore I wish, with your good will, to explain, one by one, in future numbers, some of the best pictures in the National Gallery, and the

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statues in the British Museum. I shall begin by a portrait or two; they are simpler than large pictures, and they speak of real men and women who once lived on this earth of ours—generally of remarkable and noble men—and man should be always interesting to man. And as these papers go on, if any one of you, in any part of England, will be so kind as to mention well-known statues and pictures of any sort which you wish explained, I, Parson Lot, shall be most happy to tell you as much about them as God shall give me wits to find out."

No. II.—NATIONAL GALLERY.

"Any one who goes to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, and passes right through into the furthest room of all, cannot help seeing in the left-hand corner two large and beautiful pictures—the nearer of the two labelled 'Titian,' representing Bacchus leaping from a car drawn by leopards. The other, labelled 'Francia,' representing the Holy Family seated on a sort of throne, with several figures arranged below—one of them a man pierced with arrows. Between these two, low down, hangs a small picture, about two feet square, containing only the portrait of an old man, in a white cap and robe, and labelled on the picture itself, '*Joannes Bellinus.*' Now this old man is a very ancient friend of mine, and has comforted my heart, and preached me a sharp sermon, too, many a time. I never enter that gallery without having five minutes' converse with him; and yet he has been dead at least three hundred years, and, what is more, I don't even know his name. I believe I might have found out if I had taken the trouble to ask—but how much should I have been the wiser? What more do I know of a man by knowing his name? It amuses me much, in the world, when one asks, 'Who is that man?' to be answered, 'Oh! don't you know?—that's Mr. Brown, who married Mrs. Smith's daughter;' and so on. Bah! Whether the man's name be Brown, or whether he has as many names and titles as a Spanish grandee, what does that tell me about the *man?*—the spirit and character of the Man—

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what the man will say when he is asked—what the man will do when he is stirred up to action? The man's name is part of his clothes; his shell; his husk. Change his name and all his titles, you don't change *him*—'A man's a man for a' that,' as Burns says; and a goose a goose. Other men gave him his name; but his heart and his spirit—his love and his hatred—his wisdom and his folly—his power to do well and ill; those God and himself gave him. I must know those, and then I know the *man*.

"Let us see what we can make out from the picture itself about the man whom it represents. In the first place, we may see by his dress that he was in his day the Doge (or chief magistrate) of Venice—the island city, the queen of the seas. So we may guess that he had many a stirring time of it, and many a delicate game to play among those tyrannous and covetous old merchant-princes who had elected him; who were keeping up their own power at the expense of everyone's liberty, by spies and nameless accusers, and secret councils, tortures, and prisons, whose horrors no one ever returned to describe. Nay, we may guess just the very men with whom he had to deal—the very battles he may have seen fought, for the painter's name on the picture shows when he lived.

"But all these are *circumstances*—things which *stand round* the man (as the word means), and not the whole man himself—not the character and heart of the man: that we must get from the portrait; and if the portrait is a truly noble portrait we shall get it. If it is a merely vulgar or *naturalist* picture, like most that are painted now-a-days, we shall get the man's dress and shape of his face, but little or no expression: if it is a *pathetic* portrait, or picture of passion, we shall get one particular temporary expression of his face—perhaps joy, sorrow, anger, disgust—but still one which may have passed any moment, and left his face quite different; but if the full expression of the man's picture is of the noblest kind, an ideal or high art picture, we shall get the whole spirit—we shall read his whole character there; just all his strength and weakness, his kindliness or his sternness, his thoughtfulness or his care-

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lessness, written there once and for ever;—what he would be, though all the world passed away; what his immortal and eternal soul will be, unless God or the devil changed his heart, to all eternity.

"This is a deep matter. We shall get at it step by step, by many examples. Let us see, now, whether this is an *ideal* portrait; in short, if it gives us a full *idea* of a complete character, so that we should know him if anyone talked to us of his character, even without telling us his likeness.

"We may see at once that he has been very handsome; but it is a peculiar sort of beauty. How delicate and graceful all the lines in his face are!—he is a gentleman of God's own making, and not of the tailor's making. He is such a gentleman as I have seen among working-men and nine-shilling-a-week labourers, often and often; his nobleness is in his heart—it is God's gift, therefore it shows in his noble-looking face. No matter whether he were poor or rich; all the rags in the world, all the finery in the world, could not have made him look like a snob or a swell. He was a thoughtful man, too; no one with such a forehead could have been a trifler: a kindly man, too, and honest—one that may have played merrily enough with his grandchildren, and put his hand in his purse for many a widow and orphan. Look what a bright, clear, straightforward, gentle look he has, almost a smile; but he has gone through too many sad hours to smile much: he is a man of many sorrows, like all true and noble rulers; and, like a high mountain-side, his face bears the furrows of many storms. He has had a stern life of it, what with tyrant noblemen, and wayward snobs, and the cares of a great nation on his shoulders. He has seen that in this world there is no rest for those who live like true men: you may see it by the wrinkles in his brow, and the sharp-cut furrows in his cheeks, and those firm-set, determined lips. His eyes almost show the marks of many noble tears,—tears such as good men shed over their nation's sins; but that, too, is past now. He has found out his path, and he will keep it; and he has no misgiving now about what God would have him do, or about the reward which God

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has laid up for the brave and just; and that is what makes his forehead so clear and bright, while his very teeth are clenched with calm determination. And by the look of those high cheek bones, and that large square jaw, he is a strong-willed man enough, and not one to be easily turned aside from his purpose by any man alive, or by any woman either, or by his own passions and tempers. One fault of character, I think, he may perhaps have had much trouble with—I mean bitterness and contemptuousness. His lips are very thin; he may have sneered many a time, when he was younger, at the follies of the world which that great, lofty, thoughtful brain and clear eye of his told him were follies; but he seems to have got past that too. Such is the man's character: a noble, simple, commanding old man, who has conquered many hard things and, hardest of all, has conquered himself, and now is waiting calmly for his everlasting rest. God send us all the same.

"Now consider the deep insight of old John Bellini, who could see all this, and put it down there for us with pencil and paint; better far, more livingly and speakingly, than I could describe it to you in a dozen letters.

"No doubt there was something in old John's own character which made him especially able to paint such a man; for, as I have read, he was much such a man himself, and we always understand those best who are most like ourselves; and therefore you may tell pretty nearly a painter's own character by seeing what sort of subjects he paints, and what his style of painting is. And a noble, simple, brave, godly man was old John Bellini, and never lost his head, though princes were flattering him and snobs following him with shouts and blessings for his noble pictures of the Venetian victories, as if he had been a man sent from God Himself; as indeed he was, as all great painters are; for who but God makes beauty? Who gives the loving heart, and the clear eye, and the graceful taste to see beauty and to copy it, and to set forth on canvas, or in stone, the noble deeds of patriots dying for their country? To paint truly patriotic pictures well, a man must have his heart in his work—he must be a true patriot himself, as John Bellini was

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(if I mistake not, he had fought for his country himself in more than one shrewd fight). And what makes men patriots, or artists, or anything noble at all, but the spirit of the living God? Those great pictures of Bellini's are no more; they were burnt a few years afterwards, with the magnificent national hall in which they hung; but the spirit of them is not passed away. Even now, Venice, Bellini's beloved motherland, is rising, new-born, from long weary years of Austrian slavery, and trying to be free and great once more; and young Italian hearts are lighting up with the thoughts of her old fleets and her old victories, her merchants and her statesmen, whom John Bellini drew. Venice sinned, and fell; and sorely has she paid for her sins, through two hundred years of shame, and profligacy, and slavery. And she has broken the oppressor's yoke, by a strange and unexpected chance. The fall of Louis Philippe has proved the salvation of Venice, God send her a new life! May she learn by her ancient sins! May she learn by her ancient glories!

"You will forgive me for forgetting my picture to talk of such things? But we must return. Look back at what I said about the old portrait—the clear, calm, victorious character of the old man's face, and see how all the rest of the picture agrees with it, in a complete harmony, as all things in a first-rate picture should. The dress, the scenery, the light and shade, the general 'tone' of colour should all agree with the character of the face—all help to bring our minds into that state in which we may best feel and sympathise with the human beings painted. Now here, because the face is calm and grand, the colour and the outlines are quiet and grand likewise. How different these colours are from that glorious 'Holy Family' of Francia's, next to it on the right; or from that equally glorious 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of Titian's, on the left! Yet all three are right, each for its own subject. Here you have no brilliant reds, no rich warm browns; no luscious greens. The white robe and cap give us the thought of purity and simplicity; the very golden embroidery on them, which marks his rank, is carefully kept back from being too gaudy. Everything is *sober* here;

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and the lines of the dress, how simple they all are—no rich curves, no fluttering drapery. They would be quite stiff if it were not for that waving line of round tassels in front, which break the extreme straightness and heaviness of the splendid robe; and all pointing upwards towards that solemn, thin, calm face, with its high white cap, rising like the peak of a snow mountain against the dark, deep, boundless blue sky beyond. That is a grand thought of Bellini's! You do not see the man's hands; he does not want them now, his work is done. You see no landscape behind—no buildings. All earth's ways and sights are nothing to him now; there is nothing but the old man and the sky—nothing between him and the heaven now, and he knows it and is glad. A few months more, and those way-worn features shall have crumbled to their dust, and that strong, meek spirit shall be in the abyss of eternity, before the God from whence it came.

"So says John Bellini, with art more cunning than words. And if this paper shall make one of you look at that little picture with fresh interest, and raise one strong and solemn longing in you to die the death of the righteous, and let your last end be like his who is painted there—then I shall rejoice in the only payment I expect, or desire to get, for this my afternoon's writing.

"PARSON LOT."

The third article was on the British Museum, and seems like an unconscious prophecy. When he wrote it many schemes were afloat in his own mind, which he lived to see carried out in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1860, in the various local Industrial Exhibitions at Manchester and elsewhere, and in the throwing open of our cathedrals to the public. But he was before his age in these as in many other matters.

"My friend, Will Willow-Wren, is bringing before our readers the beauty and meaning of the living natural world—the great Green-book which holds 'the open secret,' as Goethe calls it,

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seen by all, but read by, alas! how few. And I feel as much as he, that nature is infinitely more wonderful than the highest art; and in the commonest hedgeside leaf lies a mystery and beauty greater than that of the greatest picture, the noblest statue—as infinitely greater as God's work is infinitely greater than man's. But to those who have no leisure to study nature in the green fields (and there are now-a-days too many such, though the time may come when all will have that blessing), to such I say, go to the British Museum; there at least, if you cannot go to nature's wonders, some of nature's wonders are brought to you. The British Museum is my glory and joy; because it is almost the only place which is free to English citizens as such—where the poor and the rich may meet together, and before those works of God's spirit, 'who is no respecter of persons,' feel that 'the Lord is the maker of them all.' In the British Museum and the National Gallery alone the Englishman may say, 'Whatever my coat or my purse, I am an Englishman, and therefore I have a right here. I can glory in these noble halls, as if they were my own house. . .'"

After an appeal to Deans and Chapters and to rich collectors, he goes on:—

"What a noble, and righteous, and truly brotherly plan it would be, if all classes would join to form a free National Gallery of Art and Science, which might combine the advantages of the present Polytechnic, Society of Arts, and British Institution, gratis. Manufacturers and men of science might send thither specimens of their new inventions. The rich might send, for a few months in the year, ancient and modern pictures, and not only pictures, but all sorts of curious works of art and nature, which are now hidden in their drawing-rooms and libraries. There might be free liberty to copy any object, on the copyist's name and residence being registered. And surely artists and men of science might be found, with enough of the spirit of patriotism and love, to explain gratuitously to all comers, whatever their rank or class, the wonders of the Museum. I really believe that if once the

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spirit of brotherhood got abroad among us; if men once saw that here was a vast means of educating, and softening and uniting those who have no leisure for study, and few means of enjoyment, except the gin-shop and Cremorne Gardens; if they could but once feel that here was a project, equally blessed for rich and poor, the money for it would be at once forthcoming from many a rich man, who is longing to do good, if he could only be shown the way; and from many a poor journeyman, who would gladly contribute his mite to a truly national museum, founded on the principles of spiritual liberty, equality, and fraternity. All that is wanted is the spirit of self-sacrifice, patriotism and brotherly love—which God alone can give—which I believe He is giving more and more in these very days.

"I never felt this more strongly than some six months ago, as I was looking in at the windows of a splendid curiosity shop in Oxford Street, at a case of humming-birds. I was gloating over the beauty of those feathered-jewels, and then wondering what was the meaning, what was the use of it all?—why those exquisite little creatures should have been hidden for ages, in all their splendours of ruby and emerald and gold, in the South American forests, breeding and fluttering and dying, that some dozen out of all those millions might be brought over here to astonish the eyes of men. And as I asked myself, why were all these boundless varieties, these treasures of unseen beauty, created? my brain grew dizzy between pleasure and thought; and, as always happens when one is most innocently delighted, 'I turned to share the joy,' as Wordsworth says; and next to me stood a huge, brawny coal-heaver, in his shovel hat, and white stockings and high-lows, gazing at the humming-birds as earnestly as myself. As I turned he turned, and I saw a bright manly face, with a broad, soot-grimed forehead, from under which a pair of keen flashing eyes gleamed wondering, smiling sympathy into mine. In that moment we felt ourselves friends. If we had been Frenchmen, we should, I suppose, have rushed into each other's arms and 'fraternised' upon the spot. As we were a pair of dumb, awkward English-

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men, we only gazed a half-minute, staring into each other's eyes, with a delightful feeling of understanding each other, and then burst out both at once with—'Isn't that beautiful?' 'Well, that is!' And then both turned back again, to stare at our humming-birds.

"I never felt more thoroughly than at that minute (though, thank God, I had often felt it before) that all men were brothers; that fraternity and equality were not mere political doctrines, but blessed God-ordained facts; that the party-walls of rank and fashion and money were but a paper prison of our own making, which we might break through any moment by a single hearty and kindly feeling; that the one spirit of God was given without respect of persons; that the beautiful things were beautiful alike to the coal-heaver and the parson; and that before the wondrous works of God and of God's inspired genius, the rich and the poor might meet together, and feel that whatever the coat or the creed may be, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and one Lord the maker of them all.

"For believe me, my friends, rich and poor—and I beseech you to think deeply over this great truth—that men will never be joined in true brotherhood by mere plans to give them a self-interest in common, as the Socialists have tried to do. No: to feel *for* each other, they must first feel *with* each other. To have their sympathies in common, they must have not one object of gain, but an object of admiration in common; to know that they are brothers, they must feel that they have one Father; and a way to feel that they have one common Father, is to see each other wondering, side by side, at his glorious works!

"PARSON LOT."

He had a sore battle to fight at this time with his own heart, and with those friends and relations, religious and worldly, who each and all from their own particular standpoint deprecated the line he took, and urged him to withdraw from this sympathy with the

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people, which must necessarily, they thought, injure his prospects in life. "But," he writes to his wife,

". . . . I will not be a liar. I will speak in season and out of season. I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I will not take counsel with flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, from Maurice back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape. My path is clear, and I will follow in it. He who died for me, and who gave me you, shall I not trust Him through whatsoever new and strange paths he may lead me? . . . ."

* * * * *

"Many thanks for your kind letter," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, who had announced to him his rejection at King's College, "which gave me the first intimation of my defeat. . . . . All I hope is," he adds, "that we shall be bold— , draw the sword, and throw away the scabbard.' I think I have counted the cost, and I have more to lose in many ways than any one of us almost. And therefore, lest I should turn coward, I want to put myself whence there will be no retreat. That myth of old Von Trong Hagen, dashing the boat in pieces by which the Nibelungen crossed the Danube, is great and true. Let the unreturning ferry-boat perish. Let us forward. God leads us, though blind. Shall we be afraid to follow? I do not see my way; I do not care to; but I know that He sees His way, and that I see Him, and I cannot believe that in spite of all one's sins He will forget His gracious promises. 'They had an eye unto Him and were lightened; they that put their trust in Him shall not be ashamed.' No, Ludlow —out, out on the wide weltering ocean of thought. Let us be sure that He will never leave us nor forsake us, however sorely battered, however cowardly we may long to turn, till we have showed His strength unto this generation, and His power to all those who are yet for to come. What if we are

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—no better than I am! His strength shall be made perfect in our weakness, and He will have all the glory to Himself—as He ought. I will bring you up a Game-law ballad or two, and will work the end of the week at a National Gallery Article, and a Letter to the Chartists. At present I am grinding for Queen's College. Pray, let us try and see what sort of a definite tone we can influence people towards taking at our meetings. We must be more definite and practical; we must let the people see more what we do hold. We must thus gain their sympathy, before we begin scolding. . . ."

To THE SAME, *July*, 1848.—"I should have answered yesterday your noble and kind letter, had not my afternoon been employed in forcing a cruel, lazy farmer to shoot a miserable horse which was rotting alive in front of my house, and superintending its death by aid of one of my own bullets. What an awful wonderful thing a violent death is, even in a dumb beast! I would not have lost the sight for a great deal. But now to business. You take a strange way to frighten a man off from novel-writing, by telling him that he may become the greatest novelist of the age. If your good opinion of me was true, I should have less fear for myself, for a man could not become that in this wonderful era, without having ideas and longings which would force him to become something far better than a novelist; but for myself, chaotic, piecemeal, passionate, 'lâchemar' as I am, I have fears as great as your own. I know the miserable, peevish, lazy, conceited, faithless, prayerless wretch I am, but I know this, too, that One is guiding me, and driving me when I will not be guided, who will make me, and has made me, go His way and do His work, by fair means or by foul. He set me on writing this 'novel.' He has taught me things about the heart of fast sporting men, and about the condition of the poor, and our duty to them, which I have no doubt He has taught many more, but He has not set anyone else to speak about them in the way in which I am speaking. He has given me a certain artistic knack of utterance (nothing but a knack), but He has done more. He has made the 'Word of the Lord like fire within my bones,'

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giving me no peace till I have spoken out. I know I may seem presumptuous—to myself most of all, because I know best the 'liar to my own idea' which I am. I know that He has made me a parish priest, and that that is the duty which lies nearest me, and that I may seem to be leaving my calling in novel-writing. But has He not taught me all these very things by my parish-priest life? Did He, too, let me become a strong, daring, sporting wild man-of-the-woods for nothing? Surely the education which He has given me, so different from that which authors generally receive, points out to me a peculiar calling to preach on these points, from my own experience, as it did to good old Isaac Walton, as it has done in our day to that truly noble man, Captain Marryat. Therefore I must believe 'Se tu segui la tua stella' with Dante, that He who ordained my star will not lead me *into* temptation, but *through* it, as Maurice says. Without Him all places and methods of life are equally dangerous—with Him, all equally safe. Pray for me, for in myself I am weaker of purpose than a lost greyhound, lazier than a dog in rainy weather.

But I feel intensely the weight of your advice to write no more novels. Why should I? I have no more to say. When this is done I must set to and read. The symbolism of nature and the meaning of history must be my studies. Believe me I long for that day—The pangs of intellectual labour, the burden of spiritual pregnancy, are not pleasant things. A man cannot write in the fear of God without running against the devil at every step. He cannot sit down to speak the truth without disturbing in his own soul a hornet swarm of lies. Your hack-writer of no creed, your bigot Polyphemus, whose one eye just helps him to see to eat men, they do not understand this; their pens run on joyful and light of heart. But no more talk about myself. Will you tell Parker that I am quite willing to have my name and anything else he chooses appended to the reprint of the Politics. If it will free his worthy father in pocket or reputation, it must be done.

* * * * *

"Many, many thanks for charming letters; especially one

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about the river at night—that I have seen. As a companion, just see the Hungerford Suspension Bridge in a fog; standing on the steam-boat pier, the further shore invisible, with two vast lines, the catenary and its tangent line, stretching away as if self-supported, into infinite space; a sort of Jacob's Ladder, one end on earth and one in heaven. It makes one feel very small: so for that matter, do the lines of rail in looking along a vast sweep of railway. There is an awful waiting look about them: a silent forbidden desert to all the world, except the one moment when their demon bridegrooms shall rush roaring over them on the path which none but they must go. Does this seem real? It is because the thought is so unspeakable. I wonder whether, in the future ages, men will ever fall down and worship steam-engines, as the Caribs did Columbus's ships. Why not? Men have worshipped stone men and women; why not line iron? Fancy it!"

In the summer he made an expedition with Mr. Maurice to Croyland Abbey, near Peterborough, which gave him many inspirations for his story of "Hereward." "We spent there a priceless day," he says; "these days with Maurice have taught me more than I can tell. Like all great things, he grows upon one more and more." He wrote several letters to his little daughter at this time, full of poetry and natural history.

"My darling Miss Rose,

"Your Daddy is going to write you a very long letter, and you must ask your darling Mam to read it to you. I will tell you what I have seen since I have been away. Mr. Maurice and Daddy went to Cambridge, and saw all the beautiful churches, and Daddy was so happy, and thanked God so for giving him a darling Miss Rose and Maurice and their blessed mother; and then we went in a boat down the river to Ely, and the water was all full of little fishes, that swam up and down under the boat; and Daddy went to

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Batesbite Loch into a house, and there were such beautiful butterflies, that people catch in the Fens. And then we went sailing down—sailing down for twenty miles—down the most beautiful deep river till we came to Ely. And there was a church, such a beautiful church, on the top of a hill, with so many towers and steeples, and Mr. Maurice and Daddy went to it, and heard all the people say their prayers, and they prayed to God for Daddy and Mam, and Miss Rose, and little brother, and all the people that are good, and Daddy was so happy; and then we went to Peterborough, where Daddy used to go when he was a little boy, and there was a very big tortoise there, and Daddy used to go and see it eat strawberries. And at Peterborough, Daddy and Mr. Maurice went to the Cathedral to hear the little boys sing, and Daddy was so happy, and they prayed for Miss Rose and Maurice and their dear mother. And then Daddy took a dog-cart and drove Mr. Maurice to Croyland, and there was such a beautiful church, all tumbled down. And Daddy and Mr. Maurice went up to the top of the tower, and all underneath them there was quite flat fen, so very flat and smooth, and beautiful fields of wheat and beans, and oats and rape-seed, and such great ditches, quite strait and flat, and great high banks, with the roads on the top of the banks, for fear the water should come and drown people. And Daddy and Mr. Maurice stood on the top of the great high tower, and Daddy said, 'When will the good people come and build up this beautiful church that is tumbled down?'—and then Daddy cried. And Mr. Maurice said, 'Wait a little, and the good God will come down out of heaven, and send all the good people back again, and then the beautiful church will be built up again, and everybody will be so good, and nobody will be sick any more. . . . . And,' Mr. Maurice said, 'if you will be very good, and not be cross, or get into passions, you will see all the good people come out of the sky—and then everybody will be so happy.' And Daddy was very glad to hear what Mr. Maurice said.

"Now, I have got a very bad pen, like a stick, and I cannot write any more. And I will write you a long letter to-morrow

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and tell you what a beautiful place I am in, and all about the stork, and the owls, and the beautiful birds and butterflies that are in Daddy's room. . . . .

"Your dear DADDY."

DUXFORD.—"I am writing in such a curious place. A mill where they grind corn and bones, and such a funny little room in it full of stuffed birds. And there is a flamingo, such a funny red bird, with long legs and a long neck, as big as Miss Rose, and sharks' jaws, and an armadillo all over great scales, and now I will tell you about the stork. He is called Peter, and here is a picture of him. See what long legs he has, and a white body and black wings, and he catches all the frogs and snails, and eats them, and when he is cross, he opens his long bill, and makes such a horrible clattering like a rattle. And he comes to the window at tea time, to eat bread and butter, and he is so greedy, and he gobbled down a great pinch of snuff out of Daddy's box, and he was so sick, and we all laughed at him, for being so foolish and greedy. And do you know there are such curious frogs here that people eat, and there were never any found in England before Mr. Thurnall found them, and he sent them to the British Museum and the wise men were so pleased, and sent him leave to go to the British Museum and see all the wonderful things whenever he liked. And he has got such beautiful butterflies in boxes, and whole cupboards full of birds' eggs, and a river full of beautiful fish, and Daddy went fishing yesterday, and caught an immense trout, very nearly four pounds weight, and he raged and ran about in the river so long, and Daddy was quite tired before he could get him out. And to-day Daddy is going back to Cambridge to get a letter from his dear home. And do you know when Mr. Thurnall saw me drawing the stork, he gave me a real live stork of my own to bring home to Miss Rose, and we will put him in the kitchen garden to run about—what fun! And to-morrow Daddy is going to see the beautiful pictures at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the next day he is going to fish at Shelford, and the next day, perhaps, he is coming home to his darlings at Eversley Rectory, for he

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does not know what to do without them. . . . . How happy Miss Rose must be with her dear mother. She must say, 'thank God for giving me such a darling mother!' Kiss her and Maurice for me, and now good-bye, and I will bring you home the stork.

"Your own Daddy,
"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

He made acquaintance this year with Mr. Thomas Cooper, the Chartist author, to whom he writes:

EVERSLEY, *June* 19, 1848.—"Ever since I read your brilliant poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and its most affecting preface, I have been possessed by a desire to thrust myself, at all risks, into your acquaintance. The risk which I felt keenly, was the fear that you might distrust me, as a clergyman; having, I am afraid, no great reason to love that body of men. Still, I thought, the poetic spirit ought to be a bond of communion between us. Shall God make us brother poets, as well as brother men, and we refuse to fraternise? I thought also that you, if you have a poet's heart, as well as the poet's brain which you have manifested, ought to be more able than other men to appreciate and sympathise with my feelings towards 'the working classes.' You can understand why I held back—from shame—a false shame, perhaps, lest you should fancy me a hypocrite. But my mind was made up, when I found an attack in the 'Commonwealth,' on certain papers which I had published in the 'Politics of the People,' under the name of Parson Lot. Now I had hailed with cordial pleasure the appearance of the 'Commonwealth,' and sympathised thoroughly with it—and here was this very 'Commonwealth' attacking me on some of the very points on which I most agreed with it. It seemed to me intolerable to be so misunderstood. It had been long intolerable to me, to be regarded as an object of distrust and aversion by thousands of my countrymen, my equals in privilege, and too often, alas! far my superiors in worth, just because I was a clergyman, the

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very office which *ought* to have testified above all others, for liberty, equality, brotherhood, for time and eternity. I felt myself bound, then, to write to you, to see if among the nobler spirits of the working classes I could not make one friend who would understand me. My ancestors fought in Cromwell's army, and left all for the sake of God and liberty, among the pilgrim fathers; and here were men accusing me of 'mediæval tyranny.' I would shed the last drop of my life blood for the social and political emancipation of the people of England, as God is my witness; and here are the very men for whom I would die, fancying me an 'aristocrat.' It is not enough for me that they are mistaken in me. I want to work with them. I want to realise my brotherhood with them. I want some one like yourself, intimately acquainted with the mind of the working classes, to give me such an insight into their life and thoughts, as may enable me to consecrate my powers effectually to their service. For them I have lived for several years. I come to you to ask you if you can tell me how to live more completely for them. If you distrust and reject my overtures, I shall not be astonished—pained I shall be—and you must know as well as I, that there is no bitterer pain than to be called a rogue because you are honester than your neighbours, and a time-server, because you have intellect enough to see both sides of a question. If you will allow me to call on you, you will very much oblige me. I send you my poem as something of a 'sample.' At first sight it may seem to hanker after feudalism and the middle age. I trust to you to see a deeper and somewhat more democratic moral in it. . . . ."

To J. C., Esq., 1848.—"I have delayed answering your letter because I did not wish to speak in a hurry on a subject so important to you. I cannot advise you to publish the poems of yours which I have seen—at least for some years, and I will give you my reasons. With the *ἦθος* of them I thoroughly agree; it is in the *πάθος* I see defects, which will not suit the public just now. The time for merely reflective poets is past: I do not mean for subjective poetry—that will

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always be interesting, but only in so far as it embodies the subjective in objective forms—in short, in so far as it is dramatic, I do not mean in dialogues and scenes, but in impersonation and representation. Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson have succeeded in subjective poetry, just in so far as they have embodied spiritual and intellectual truths in images and examples drawn from the physical and pathetic (I use these words in Aristotle's broad sense) *phenomenon* of history, man, and the universe. This the last generation of poets have done, and the world will be satisfied with nothing less henceforward. Indeed, a man is a poet just in so far as he does this—as he sees and represents the unseen in the seen. Now here you fail. You have not images enough (I don't mean tropes), nor are those you have original enough. . . . . First, you write too easily; that same imp 'facility' must not be let to ruin you, as it helped to ruin Theodore Hook. You must never put two words or lines where one will do; the age is too busy and hurried to stand it. Again, you want to see a great deal more, and study more—that is the only way to have materials. Poets cannot create till they have learnt to recombine. The study of man and nature; the study of poets and fiction writers of all schools is necessary. And, believe me, you can never write like Byron, or anybody else worth hearing, unless by reading and using poetry of a very different school from his. The early dramatists, Shakespeare above all; and not less the two schools which made Shakespeare; the Northern ballad literature; nay even, I find, the Norse myths. And, on the other hand, the Romance literature must be known, to acquire that objective power of embodying thoughts, without which poetry degenerates into the mere intellectual reflective, and thence into the metrical-prose didactic. Read, mark, and learn, and do not write. I never wrote five hundred lines in my life before the 'Saint's Tragedy,' but from my childhood I had worked at poetry from Southey's 'Thalaba,' Ariosto, Spenser, and the 'Old Ballads,' through almost every school, classic and modern, and I have not read half enough. I have been studying all physical sciences which deal with

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phenomena; I have been watching nature in every mood; I have been poring over sculptures and paintings since I was a little boy—and all I can say is, I do not know half enough to be a poet in the nineteenth century, and have cut the Muse *pro tempore*. Again, you have an infinity to learn about rhythm and metre, and about the colouring and chiar-oscuro of poetry; how to break up your masses, and how to make masses; high lights and shadows; major and minor keys of metre; rich colouring alternating with delicate. All these things have to be learnt, if you wish to avoid monotony, to arrest the interest, to gain the cardinal secret of giving 'continued surprise in expectation,' and 'expectation in surprise.'

"Now don't be angry with me; because I think you have a poetic faculty, therefore I don't want you to publish, or even write, till you have learnt enough really to enable you to embody your thoughts. They are good and vigorous, and profitable for this age; but they are as yet too bare-backed—you must go clothes-hunting for the poor naked babbies."

To — —, Esq.—"The extreme importance which I attach to the marriage question, and my great dissatisfaction with my lame defence of the truth on the point, compels me to inflict a long letter on you, hoping that it may, if not convince, at least shake you in your present view—perhaps, by God's blessing, be one stepping-stone for you towards that higher and spiritual view of marriage, the path to which is very often earnest doubt, like yours, of that vulgar and carnal conception of it which is common, in the sense-bound world.

"Man is a sexual animal. Sense tells us this, independent of Scripture, and Scripture confirms it—'male and female created he them'; and again, 'be fruitful and multiply' were said of man in Paradise. The notion that marriage was not instituted till after the Fall is a private gloss, flatly contradicted by Gen. i. 28, and Adam's speech, Gen. ii. 24; and, above all, the use of the word 'wife' before the Fall proves it. I must protest, in the name of all criticism and logic, against supposing that the word wife has an utterly different meaning in the

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first three chapters of Genesis to what it has in the rest of the Bible and in the whole world to this day, especially when those three chapters describe the institution of wives. Admit such a mode of interpretation and Scripture may be made (as among the Romish theologians) to mean anything or nothing, at the reader's will. . . . . Man is not a mere animal—he is *the* spirit-animal; a spirit manifesting itself in an animal form, as the heathens themselves hold. Now the Law of the universe is, that spirit shall rule and matter obey, and this law has two poles; 1st, That spirit shall control, and matter be controlled: 2nd, That spirit shall will, and matter express that will. For the true ideal of rule is, where the subject is not merely restrained by his king, but fulfils the will of his king. In the earlier ages of Christianity the first pole only was perceived; the gross sensuality of the heathen world shut everything from the eyes of the fathers but the fact that it was by his fleshly lusts that man enacted most of his sins.

"It was, I think, a part of Christ's guidance that they did see nothing else; that their whole energies were directed to preaching the great message, 'Ye are not beasts, but immortal souls—not the slaves of flesh and matter, but the lords of your flesh, servants only of God.' Till this message had been fully believed, no art or chivalry was allowed to arise in the Church. It was better that man should think marriage, eating, and drinking, and humanity itself unclean, than make them unclean by a mere animal return to the brutality from which they had been raised. Thus Christ, in every age of the Church, for the sake of enabling our piecemeal and partial minds to bring out one particular truth, seems to permit of our pushing it into error, by not binding it with its correlative; *e.g.*, state authority *v.* ecclesiastical authority, and Free Will *v.* Predestination.

"In fulness of time God raised up Christian art, chivalry, and woman worship as witnesses for the other pole, *i.e.*, that spirit had nobler relations to flesh and matter, and a nobler duty to fulfil with regard to it. As the flesh was not meant merely to be the slave of the spirit, it was meant to be its symbol—its outward expression. In this day only can we

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reconcile the contradiction by which both Scripture and common sense talk of our bodies as at once not us, and yet us. They are not we, but our earthly tabernacles, in as far as they are aggregated gas and salts, &c., while we are each of us one and eternal. They are we, in as far as they are infallibly, in every lineament and gesture, the expressions of our inward and spiritual state. . . . . 'In the beginning God created them male and female.' This, when taken with the context, can only be explained to mean—a woman for each man, and a man for each woman. This binary law of man's being; the want of a complementum, a 'help meet,' without whom it is not good for him to be, and joined to whom they two became one being of a higher organisation than either had alone—this binary or monogamic law has been gradually developing itself in the history of man; the heathen, when purest, felt that his ideal. The Bible itself sets forth its gradual rise from intermarriage with sisters, concubinage, polygamy, up to our Lord's assertion of the original ideal of marriage, the one husband and one wife. And St. Paul, without forbidding polygamy, puts monogamy on such a ground that the whole Church has instinctively felt that as long as Ephesians v. stood in Scripture, polygamy was a base and fearful fall for any Christian man. This development of monogamy, as the only ideal of man, is going on now; one may see it in the increasing dislike to second marriages, for the very opposite reason to the old Romish dislike to them. Lovers of high and pure minds now shrink from them, because marriage is so spiritual and timeless—so pure and mysterious—an Eternal union, which once solemnised with the loved one can be transferred to no other —which death cannot part. God forbid, however, that any Church should break gospel liberty by forbidding second marriages. They are no more sin to those who have not entered into the higher idea of marriage, than polygamy is sinful to the heathen: but towards strict monogamy lies the path of man's education in this age, and in the strict monogamy to more divine, more Scriptural views of marriage than the world has yet seen. . . . . .

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"This brings me to your objection, that if this were true it were a sin not to marry. To this I answer, that were it false, it were a sin to marry, in all who knew celibacy to be the higher state, because it is a sin to choose a lower state, without having first striven to the very uttermost for the higher. And it is a sin to disbelieve that God's grace will be vouchsafed in answer to prayer and earnest struggles to preserve that state, as I think the biographies of pious monks and nuns fully show. They by a vow, which they believed binding, had made it sinful for them to marry, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin; they, therefore, prayed for grace to avoid that which in them would have been sin, and they obtained it. Were I a Romanist, I should look on a continuance in the state of wedlock as a bitter degradation to myself and my wife. But a better answer to your objection is, that, as I said before, man is a spirit-animal, and in communion with God's spirit has a right to believe that his affections are under that spirit's guidance, and that when he finds in himself such an affection to any single woman as true married lovers describe theirs to be, he is bound (duty to parents and country allowing) to give himself up to his love in child-like simplicity and self-abandonment, and, at the same time, with solemn awe and self-humiliation at being thus readmitted into the very garden of the Lord:

> 'The Eden, where the Spirit and the flesh
> Are one again, and new-born souls walk free,
> And name in mystic language all things new,
> Naked and not ashamed.' *

. . . . With fear and trembling, 'putting his shoes from off his feet,' for the place whereon he stands is holy ground, even as the ineffable symbol of the highest of all unions (Eph. v. 25—29)—with fear and trembling, lest he forget the meaning of the glorious mystery. . . . .

"Yet if a man marries without love, he sins not—at least God shall judge him and not I. But 'for the hardness of our hearts,' only I believe is a man allowed to marry without love;

* "Saint's Tragedy," Act II. Scene ix.

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and 'such shall have trouble in the flesh,' says St. Paul. For remark all through 1 Corinthians vii., he is talking of marriage on its lowest ground . . . . and here is the key to the whole chapter. Who were the Corinthians? *The* city of harlots—for centuries sunk in the most brutal sensuality, even then getting drunk at the Lord's table. This is 'the present necessity'—their low and sensual state which would have never comprehended the magnificent idea of marriage, which he unfolds to his beloved Ephesians, the blameless Church to whom he speaks of nothing but the deepest and most glorious truths. True, there is a blessing pronounced on him who gives up wife for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. . . . . But in God's name let it be for Christ's sake—not for his own sake, that he may do the more good, not merely that he may be the more good. Is a man to be rewarded because for the sake of attaining (as he thinks that he may attain) what he calls 'a higher place in heaven,' he refuses to bring immortal beings, made in God's image—heirs of Christ's redemption into the world, and to obey the primeval and as yet unrepealed command? Oh! sir, whoever calls this devoutness, I call it selfishness.

"But if a man, on the other hand,—as men have done, as I must believe St. Paul did, when I read Ephesians v. and 1 Timothy iii. 2—says to himself, 'I know marriage is the highest, because the most symbolic of all human states; but it is not for me, I have a great work to do—a peculiar vocation, which lies in a quite opposite direction to the duties of citizen and husband, and must bear that cross. God has refused to let me love woman; and even hereafter, if I shall love, I must turn away from the fulfilment of that love in *Time*, trusting to my Heavenly Father to give us some deeper and more ineffable union with each other in those glories unknown, which He has prepared for those who love Him: at all events, the work which He has for me must be done. And, as a married man, I cannot do my work, peculiar as it is.' I believe that he who should so embrace celibacy, would deserve all names of honour which men could heap on him, just

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because the sacrifice is so great—just because he gives up a present and manifest honour and blessing—his rights as man made in God's image—committing himself to God to repay him. But what has this to do with mere selfish safety and easy saving of one's own soul?

"The highest state I define as that state through and in which men can know most of God, and work most for God: and this I assert to be the marriage state. He can know most of God, because it is through those family ties, and by those family names that God reveals Himself to man, and reveals man's relations to Him. Fully to understand the meaning of 'a Father in Heaven' we must be fathers ourselves; to know how Christ loved the Church, we must have wives to love, and love them; else why has God used those relations as symbols of the highest mysteries which we (on the Romish theory) are the more saintly the less we experience of them? And it is a historic fact, that just the theologic ideas which a celibate priesthood have been unable to realise in their teaching, are those of the Father in Heaven—the Husband in Heaven. Their distortion of the last great truth requires a letter to itself. I will only now add an entreaty that you will forgive me if I have seemed too dogmatic. But God has showed me these things in an eventful and blissful marriage history, and woe to me if I preach them not."

Some words of his written in 1872, in which he defines a "noble fear" as one of the elements of that lofty and spiritual love which ruled his own daily life, may explain why he speaks above of entering the married state with "solemn awe and self-humiliation," and why he looked upon such married Love as the noblest education a man's character could have:

"Can there be true love without wholesome fear? And does not the old Elizabethan 'My dear dread' express the noblest voluntary relation in which two human souls can stand to each other? Perfect love casteth out fear. Yes: but

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where is love perfect among imperfect beings, save a mother's for her child? For all the rest, it is through fear that love is made perfect; fear which bridles and guides the lover with awe—even though misplaced—of the beloved one's perfections; with dread—never misplaced—of the beloved one's contempt. And therefore it is that souls who have the germ of nobleness within, are drawn to souls more noble than themselves, just because, needing guidance, they cling to one before whom they dare not say, or do, or even think an ignoble thing. And if these higher souls are—as they usually are—not merely formidable, but tender likewise, and true, then the influence which they may gain is unbounded—both to themselves, and to those that worship them. . . . ."

"Yeast" was now coming out monthly in "Fraser's Magazine." It was written with his heart's blood. No book ever took so much out of him. After busy days in the parish he would sit down and write it deep into the night. The state of the labouring classes in country as well as town absorbed him. Brain and nerves were continually on the stretch, and the cry of his soul was—

> "How long, O Lord! how long before Thou come again!
> Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
> The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain."
>
> . . . . . .

One Sunday evening after his two services had been got through with difficulty, he broke down utterly, and his medical man, alarmed at his weakness, ordered complete change. All literary work, except an occasional review for 'Fraser' was stopped; but as during a month's rest at Bournemouth he gained nothing, he had to prepare for a longer absence in Devonshire, where he spent the following winter and spring.

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TO HIS WIFE.

EVERSLEY: *October* 27.—". . . . Please God I shall be back to-morrow (Bournemouth). I am quite worn out with going round and seeing every one to-day. I am trying to recollect and collect everything, but my brains are half addled. Kiss the darlings for me. What would life be without you? What is it with you but a brief pain to make us long for everlasting bliss. There we shall be together for ever, without a sigh or a cross.—But how long first! how long! . . . ."

TO J. CONINGTON, ESQ.

ILFRACOMBE: *December* 30.—". . . . I am so dissatisfied with 'Yeast,' that I shall lay it by *pro tem.* It was finished, or rather cut short, to please Fraser, and now it may lie and ferment for a few years. You are right in your surmise that the finale is *mythic* and not *typic.* You will see why (please God, for I am diffident of myself,) when I finish it. But in the meantime I am hardly up to much work. I have Mrs. Jamieson's book to review, which will be hard work for my poor addle brain, which feels, after an hour's reading, as if some one had stirred it with a spoon. I have, however, tinkered up something light and quaint by way of a review, and shall get it done off in a day or two. So if you will keep your trumpet for 'Ambarvalia,' I will celebrate the birth of Clough's 'Bothie' with penny whistle and banjo. . . . . I am mending in health, from the joint action of idleness, the climate of Paradise, and glorious cliff scenery, and hope to have Maurice staying with me next week."

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CHAPTER VII.

1849.

AGED 30.

WINTER IN DEVONSHIRE—ILLNESS—DECIDES ON TAKING PUPILS—CORRESPONDENCE—VISIT TO LONDON—SOCIAL QUESTIONS—FEVER AT EVERSLEY—RENEWED ILLNESS—RETURNS TO DEVONSHIRE—CHOLERA IN ENGLAND—SANITARY WORK—BERMONDSEY—JACOB'S ISLAND—DEVELOPMENT OF YEAST—INFLUENCE ON YOUNG MEN—RECOLLECTIONS BY MR. C. KEGAN PAUL.

Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word, still less of the thing. You have heard many cries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, IT IS good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

RUSKIN, "Sesame and Lilies."

MR. MAURICE with other friends came to visit him at Ilfracombe, and all went away depressed at seeing the utter exhaustion, mental and bodily, of one who had been the life and soul of their band of workers in 1848.

"Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles, *κύδεϊ γαίων*,
Joyous knight errant of God, thirsting for labour and strife,
No more on magical steed borne free through the regions of ether,
. . . . . .
Fruit-bearing autumn is gone; let the sad, quiet winter hang o'er me—
. . . . . .

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Blossoms would fret me with beauty; my heart has no time to be-praise them;
Grey rock, bough, surge, cloud, waken no yearning within.
Sing not, thou skylark above! . . . .
Scream on, ye sea fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.
Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the shell and the sea-weed;
Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the pitiless tide." *

. . . . . .

For months he could do nothing but wander on the sea-shore with his wife and babies collecting shells and zoophytes, while dreaming over "The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," which in the autumn was to develop into "Alton Locke." Of this, he says to a friend:

"I have some hope, as it has revealed itself to me so rapidly and methodically, that I feel it comes down from above, and that only my folly can spoil it—which I pray against daily. . . . Tell Charles I have found to-day another huge comatula, and bottled him with his legs, by great dodging. I am always finding something fresh."

Illness had obliged him to resign his Professorship at Queen's College, where, besides two introductory lectures on literature and composition, he had given a course on Early English Literature. To Mr. Strettell who took his work there, he writes:—

"I left off before the Conquest, my next lecture would have been on Edward the Confessor—the difference between a good man and a good king—like him and Louis XVI. The rotting of the Anglo-Saxon system. . . . . Go your own way; what do girls want with a 'course of literature?' Your business and that of all teachers is, not to cram them with things, but to teach them how to read for themselves. A single half century known thoroughly, as you are teaching, will give them

* Elegiacs. Poems, p. 217.

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canons and inductive habits of thought, whereby to judge all future centuries. We want to train—not cupboards full of 'information' (vile misnomer), but real informed women. . . . . I read out some Cædmon—no Ælfric—I think some Beowulf—but I should counsel you to let that be (as I gave them the Athelstan Ballad, and some of Alfred's, &c.), and just do what I intended. Give them a lecture on the rise of our Norse forefathers—give them something from the Voluspa and Edda. Show them the peculiar wild, mournful, gigantic objective imagination of the men, and its marriage with the Saxon subjectivity (as I fancy) to produce a ballad school. Remember two things. The Norse are the great *creators*, all through—and all the ballads came from the North of England and Lowlands of Scotland, *i.e.* from half Norse blood. . . . ."

The expenses of illness had now to be met, and he consulted Mr. Maurice and Mr. A. J. Scott, Principal of Owens College, Manchester, about taking pupils.

"Will you excuse another word about pupils?" he writes to Mr. Scott. . . . "I am not going to talk of what I *can* teach. But what I should try to teach, would be principally physical science, history, English literature, and modern languages. In my eyes the question is not what to teach, but how to educate; how to train not scholars, but men; bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous. If I can succeed in doing that, I shall do what no salary can repay—and what is not generally done, or expected to be done, by private tutors. . . . ."

"That is what is wanted," Mr. Scott remarked, "and it is what Charles Kingsley will do." Mr. Maurice wrote also to Professor Thompson, of Trinity College, Cambridge, about pupils for him.

"I do not know," he says, "a man more fitted for the work—scarcely any one equally fitted. He is a good, accurate, and enthusiastic scholar, full of knowledge of all things about him,

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and delights in them, and more likely to give a young man of the day a good direction in divinity, meeting his difficulties and dealing honestly with them, than any person I have fallen in with. His conversation is full of interest even when he is ill; when he is well he is the freshest, freest hearted man in England. . . . . His home is altogether most pleasant . . . ."

But, notwithstanding the efforts of his friends, so strong a prejudice had been created against him by his writings, that no pupils were forthcoming till the following year, when Mr. Richard Martineau ventured to place his son with him.

His leave of absence was now extended; gradually the rest told upon him, and he cheerily writes to his parents, who had provided for his duty at Eversley:

"I now am better than I have been at all, I may say. A tremendous gale of wind has acted on me exactly like champagne and cathedral-organs in one, and restored my (what you would call nervous) what I call magnetic tone."

ILFRACOMBE: *April Fool's Day*, 1849.—"Many thanks for all your great kindness; I should be now like Batsy Bannett, 'the mazed woman teu Morte that picketh shalls,' if it had not been for all your care of my few sheep in the wilderness. I am quite ashamed of amusing myself here while you are toiling for me; but being here, I will not do things by halves, and am leading a truly hoggish life—viz.: 18 hours sleeping, 4 hours eating, 2 hours walking, 0 hours reading—24; which you will allow is a change in my dietetics. Mansfield and I go geologizing and shell-picking; but ah!!! 'ther baint no shells! Where be they gwan?' I went to Morte yesterday, and found, as indeed I do of all this country, that my old childish recollection had painted it, not as usual, larger and more striking than the actuality, but smaller. I find that I was not, as a boy of ten, capable of taking in the grandeur of the scenery here, and that I had brought away only as much of it as I could hold.

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Every hill (and this strikes me much), except perhaps little Capstone, is much higher and grander than I thought. I feel the change from North Hants very much—the world seems turned upside down. I get a strange swimming in the wits now and then, at seeing farm-houses under my feet, and cows feeding like so many flies against a wall. It is the strange position of well-known objects, and not the height, which upsets me. I find my climbing head surer than ever, and can placidly look over the awful gulf of Hillsborough as if it were a six-foot wall. We have had some glorious climbs already, which have put new life into me. In fact, were I to return to work to-morrow, the journey would, so far, have cured me—the very sight of the hills round Barnstaple was enough. What a mysterious curse-blessing is this same 'Heimweh,' this intense love of one's own country, which makes it seem pleasanter to lie down here and die, than to live anywhere else on earth. It is a righteous and a God-given feeling, and one which, as Carlyle says, distinguishes man from the ape—that local attachment, root of all true patriotism, valour, civilization—woe to those who fancy it fine to turn cosmopolite, and by becoming 'citizens of the world,' lose the very idea of citizenship for the sake of doing what a navigator's dog or a gipsy's donkey can do a great deal better. Pray tell me how and where to find shells. Morte and even Barricane itself, was monopolized by countless millions of mactra stultorum—there was hardly another shell. Crewkerne is very barren; at Rillage Point the beach is quite altered, all the sands gone. And 'where, oh where,' is the Venus Maidenhair gone? I have hunted every wet rock and 'shute' from Rillage Point to the near side of Hillsborough, at danger of my neck, and cannot find a scrap, but plenty of Asplenium marinum, which you couldn't find. Pray inform me how to get shells; and pray don't say that 'Yeast' is written by me. I shall be able to do better with it by remaining incog. I have found the most wonderful beasts on the rocks you can imagine. Comatula rosea, bred between the star-fish, a coralline, and an encrinite, animal, vegetable, and mineral, which start as stone-flowers, and then

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break off their stalk, and go about with legs and arms, and the beauty in shape and colour is wonderful. I enclose a drawing."

The spring was spent at Lynmouth, and while there he had the joy of introducing his wife's sister and Mr. Froude to his beloved Clovelly, from whence he writes home:

"Only a few lines, for the post starts before breakfast. We got here all safe. . . . . I cannot believe my eyes: the same place, the pavement, the same dear old smells, the dear old handsome loving faces again. It is as if I was a little boy again, or the place had stood still while all the world had been rushing and rumbling on past it; and then I suddenly recollect your face, and those two ducks on the pier; and it is no dream; *this* is the dream, and I am your husband; what have I not to thank God for! I have been thanking Him; but where can I stop! We talk of sailing home again, as cheapest and pleasantest. To-day I lionize C. over everything. Kiss the children for me."

The following letter was written to a young man going over to Rome. Several pages have been lost, which will account for any want of sequence.

CLIFTON: *May* 11, 1849.—"I have just heard from Charles Mansfield, to my inexpressible grief, that you are inclined to join the Roman Communion; and at the risk of being called impertinent, I cannot but write my whole heart to you. What I say may be *παρὰ τὸν λογόν*, after all; if so, pray write and let me know what your real reasons are for such a step. I think, as one Christian man writing to another, I may dare to entreat this of you. For believe me I am no bigot. I shall not trouble you with denunciations about the 'scarlet woman' or the 'little horn.' I cannot but regard with awe, at least, if not reverence, a form of faith which God thinks good enough still for one half (though it be the more brutal, profligate, and helpless half) of Europe. Believe me, I can sympathise with you.

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I have been through it; I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the consequences of joining Rome; and though I now have, thank God, cast all wish of change behind me years ago, as a great lying devil's temptation, yet I still long as ardently as ever to see in the Church of England much which only now exists, alas! in the Church of Rome. Can I not feel for you? Do I not long for a visible, one, organized Church? Do I not shudder at the ghastly dulness of our services? Do I not pray that I may see the day when the art and poetry of the nineteenth century shall be again among us, turned to their only true destination—the worship of God? Have I shed no bitter, bitter tears of shame and indignation in cathedral aisles, and ruined abbeys, and groaned aloud 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed,' etc." [Here some pages are lost.]

"Can you not commit the saving of your soul to Him that made your soul? I think it will be in good keeping, unless you take it out of His hands, by running off where He has *not* put you. Did you never read how 'He that saveth his soul shall lose it.' Beware. Had you been born an Italian Romanist I would have said to you, Don't leave Rome; stay where you are, and try to mend the Church of your fathers; if it casts you out, the sin be on its own head; and so I say to you. Do you want to know God's will about you? What plainer signs of it, than the fact that He has made you, and educated you as a Protestant Englishman. Here, believe it—believe the providentiam, 'Dei in rebus revelatam.'—Here He intends you to work, and do the duty which lies nearest. Hold what doctrines you will, but do not take yourself out of communion with your countrymen, to bind yourself to a system which is utterly foreign to us and our thoughts, and only by casting off which, have we risen to be the most mighty, and, (with all our sins), perhaps the most righteous and pure of nations,—a fact which the Jesuits do not deny. I assure you that they tell their converts that the reason why Protestant England is allowed to be so much more righteous than the Romish nations is—to try the faith of the elect!! You will surely be above listening to such anile sophistry! But still.

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you think, 'you may be holier there than here.' Ah, sir, 'cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.' Ultramontanism will be a new system; but not, I think, a new character. Certain outward acts, and certain inward feelings, which are all very nice, and right, and pleasant, will be made easier for you there than here: you will live so charmingly by rule and measure; not a moment in the day but will be allotted out for you, with its appropriate acts of devotion. True, now you are a man, standing face to face with God; then you will (believe one who knows) find yourself a machine, face to face, not with God, but with a priest and a system, and hosts of inferior deities, of which hereafter. Oh! sir, you, a free-born Englishman, brought up in that liberty for which your forefathers died on scaffolds and in battle-fields—that liberty which begot a Shakspeare, a Raleigh, a Bacon, Milton, Newton, Faraday, Brooke—will you barter away that inestimable gift because Italian pedants, who know nothing of human nature but from the books of prurient celibates, tell you that they have got a surer 'dodge' for saving your soul than those have, among whom God's will, not your own, has begotten and educated you? But you 'will be able to rise to a greater holiness there.' Holiness, sir? Devoutness, you mean. The 'will of God' is your holiness already, and you may trust Him to perfect His will in you here—for here He has put you—if by holiness you mean godliness and manliness, justice and mercy, honesty and usefulness. But if by holiness you mean 'saintliness,' I quite agree that Rome is the place to get *that*, and a poor pitiful thing it is when it is got—not God's ideal of a man. . . . And do not fancy that you will really get any spiritual gain by going over. The very devotional system which will educe and develope the souls of people born and bred up under it, and cast, constitutionally and by hereditary associations, into its mould, will only prove a dead leaden crushing weight on an Englishman, who has, as you have, tasted from his boyhood the liberty of the Spirit of God. You will wake, my dear brother, you will wake, not altogether, but just enough to find yourself not *believing* in Romish doctrines about saints and virgins, absolutions and

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indulgences, but only *believing in believing them*—an awful and infinite difference, on which I beseech you earnestly to meditate. You will find yourself crushing the voice of conscience, common-sense, and humanity—I mean the voice of God within you, in order to swallow down things at which your gorge rises in disgust. You will find the Romish practice as different from the Romish ideal as the English is from the English ideal, and you will find amid all your discontent and doubts, that the habits of religious excitement, and of leaning on priests whom you will neither revere nor trust for themselves, will have enchained you like the habits of a drunkard or an opium eater, so that you must go back again and again for self-forgetfulness to the spiritual laudanum-bottle, which gives now no more pleasant dreams, but only painful heartache, and miserable depression afterwards. You may answer—This may be all very fine, but if Rome be the only true Church, thither I must go, loss or gain. Most true. But take care how you get at this conviction that Rome is the true Church; if by a process of the logical understanding, that is most unfair, for you will have to renounce the conclusions of the understanding when you go to Rome. How then can you let it lead you, to a system which asserts *in limine* that it has no right to lead you any where at all?

"But I must defer this question, and also that of Romish æsthetics, to another letter. I make no apology for plain speaking; these are times in which we must be open with each other. And I was greatly attracted by the little I saw of you. I know there is a sympathy between us; and having passed through these temptations in my own person, God would judge me if I did not speak what He has revealed to me in bitter struggles. One word more. Pray, answer this, and pray *wait*. Never take so important a step without at least six months' deliberate waiting, not till, but after your mind is made up. Five-and-twenty years God has let you remain a Protestant. Even if you were wrong in being one, He will surely pardon your remaining one six months longer, in a world wherein the roads of error are so many and broad that a man may need to look hard to find the narrow way."

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Before resuming work again at Eversley, he went to London, and took up the old thread by attending a Chartist meeting and a workmen's meeting on the Land Colonization question, and from Chelsea he writes to his wife:

". . . . I could not write yesterday, being kept by a poor boy who had fallen off a truck at Croydon and smashed himself, whom I escorted to Guy's Hospital. I breakfasted with Bunsen, such a divine-looking man, and so kind. I have worlds to tell you. Met F. Newman last night. I had a long and interesting talk with Froude. . . . .

June 10.—"Went with Ludlow to Lincoln's-inn Chapel on Sunday afternoon—a noble sight. Maurice's head looked like some great, awful Giorgione portrait in the pulpit, but oh, so worn, and the face worked so at certain passages of the sermon. It was very pleasant, so many kind greetings there from old co-operative friends. To-night for the meeting. They expect to muster between one and two hundred. I am just going with my father and mother to Deptford to put Mary T. (an Eversley girl) on board an emigrant ship. . . . . Long and most interesting talk with Mons. C., a complete Red Republican and Fourrierist, who says nothing but Christianity can save France or the world. London is perfectly *horrible*. To you alone I look for help and advice—God and you,—else I think at times I should cry myself to death. . . . . There is a great Tailor's meeting on Friday. The women's shoe-makers are not set up yet. My Village sermons are being lent from man to man, among the South London Chartists, at such a pace that C. can't get them back again, and the Manchester men stole his copy of the 'Saint's Tragedy' . . . . I have just been to see Carlyle."

June 12.—"Last night will never be forgotten by many, many men. Maurice was—I cannot describe it. Chartists told me this morning that many were affected even to tears. The man was inspired—gigantic. No one commented on what he said. He stunned us! I will tell you all when I can collect

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myself. . . . . This morning I breakfasted with Dr. Guy, and went with him Tailor hunting, very satisfactory as yet. . . . . Yesterday afternoon with Professor Owen at the College of Surgeons, where I saw unspeakable things. . . . . I am afraid I must stay up till Thursday. I cannot get through my work else. Kiss our babes for me. . . . ."

He now settled at Eversley again, and threw himself into the full tide of parish work with the loving help of his first curate, the Rev. H. Percy Smith, of Balliol. The summer of 1849 was unhealthy; cholera was brooding over England, and a bad low fever broke out at Eversley, which gave him incessant work and anxiety. The parishioners got frightened. It was difficult to get nurses for the sick, so that he was with them at all hours; and after sitting up a whole night watching the case of a labourer's wife, the mother of a large family, that he might himself give the nourishment every half-hour on which the poor woman's life depended, he once more broke down, and London doctors advised a long sea voyage. But he dreaded the long loneliness, and went to Devonshire instead, hoping that a month's quiet and idleness would restore him. From thence he writes to his wife at Eversley:

APPLEDORE: *August* 10.—"Here I am. . . . . A delicious passage down, in which I fell in with a character, a Cornish shipowner and fruit-vessel captain, who has insisted on my drinking tea with him this evening, and on my coming to see him in September at Boscastle, near Padstow, where he will give me sailing in his little yacht, and take me to seal caves where they lie by dozens. He is, of course, like all Cornish men, a great admirer of your father. Strange, what a name your father seems to have made for himself. The man is a thorough Cornishman: shrewd, witty, religious, well informed, a great admirer of scenery; talks about light, and shadow, and

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colouring more like an artist than a brown-fisted merchant skipper, with a mass of brain that might have made anything had he taken to books. I feel myself already much better. The rich, hot, balmy air, which comes in now through the open window, off Braunton Burrows, and the beautiful tide river, a mile wide, is like an 'Elixir of life' to me. No night frosts here. It is as warm as day. I expect a charming sail to-morrow, and to catch mackerel on the way. The coast down here looked more lovely than ever; the green fern and purple heather have enriched the colouring since the spring; showers succeeded by gleams of sun, give a wonderful freshness and delicacy to all the tints. Dear old Lynmouth and Ilfracombe, I loved them, because they seemed so full of recollections of you and the children."

CLOVELLY.—"Safe settled at Mrs. Whitefield's lodgings. I am going out fishing to-day in the bay, if there is wind; if not, butterfly hunting. I was in and out of all the houses last night, like a ferret in a rabbit burrow—all so kind. I feel unjustifiably well, and often ask myself, What right have I to be here, while you are working at home? . . . . My room is about 12 ft. square, on the first floor, a jessamine and a fuchsia running up the windows. In front, towers the wall of wood, oak, ash and larch, as tender and green as if it were May and not August. I am near the top of the street, which lines the bottom of this gorge of woods. On the left, I see from my windows, piled below me, the tops of the nearest houses, and the narrow paved cranny of a street, vanishing downwards, stair below stair, and then above all, up in the sky it seems, from the great height at which I am, the glorious blue bay, with its red and purple cliffs. The Sand-Bar, and Braunton, the hills towards Ilfracombe, and Exmoor like a great black wall above all. The bay is now curling and writhing in white horses under a smoking south-wester, which promises a blessing, as it will drive the mackerel off the Welsh shore, where they now are in countless millions, into our bay; and then for fun and food for me and the poor fellows here, who are at their wits' end, because some old noodles of doctors have

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persuaded people that fish gives the cholera. . . . Friday I had a charming sail with a poor fellow, who thought 2*s.* too much, and would work it out by offering to give me a sail in his herring-boat, which is to come off shortly. Saturday I hired a pony for 1*s.* 6*d.* and went to Torridge just for the afternoon—caught my basket full, and among them one 2 lbs. ! ! Never was such a trout seen in Clovelly before.

. . . . . .

"We had a charming trip yesterday to Lundy; started at six, and were five hours going over—the wind being very light; but we went along very pleasantly to a continued succession of Wesleyan hymns, sung in parts most sweetly (every one sings here, and sings in tune, and well). We dined at the farm-house; dinner costing me 1*s.* 9*d.*; and then rambled over the island. I saw the old Pirate Moresco's Castle on the cliff—the awful granite cliffs on the west, with their peaks and chasms lined with sea fowl—the colouring wonderful—pink grey granite, with bright yellow lichen spots, purple heather, and fern of a peculiar dark glowing green. You wanted no trees; the beauty of their rich forms and simple green was quite replaced by the gorgeous brilliance of the hues. And beyond and around all, the illimitable Atlantic—not green—but an intense sapphirine black-blue, such as it never is inshore, and so clear, that every rock and patch of sea-weed showed plain four hundred feet below us, through the purple veil of water. Then I went back to the landing cove, where shoals of mackerel were breaking up with a roar, like the voice of many waters; the cove like glass; and one huge seal rolling his black head and shoulders about in the deep water—a sight to remember for ever. Oh, that I had been a painter for that day at least! And coming away, as the sun set behind the island, great flame-coloured sheets of rack flared up into the black sky from off the black line of the island top; and when the sun set the hymns began again, and we slipped on home, while every ripple off the cutter's bow fell down, and ran along the surface in flakes and sparkles of emerald fire; and then the breeze died, and we crawled under our own huge

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cliffs, through a *fiery sea*, among the dusky herring boats, for whom and their nets we had to keep strict watch, and landed, still through fire, at half-past two in the morning. We had to land on the boulder stones, which average a yard high, covered with slippery sea-weed at dead low water. How we got up I don't know yet. The rocks seemed endless . . . . but I did not tire myself too much to write a line to you before I got to bed, and slept till 11 A.M. I send you a little bit of dwarf centaury off the cliff above the Seal Caves, as a token. What am I to do with eight sketches of Hero and Leander, which I have been finishing very carefully, and are the best things I ever did? Shall I send them? This place is perfect—continued grey clouds night and day, just the same warmth. The air like a hot scented air-bath. But it all seems a dream, unreal as well as imperfect, without you. . . . . Kiss the darling children for me. How I long after them and their prattle. I delight in all the little ones in the street for their sake, and continually I start and fancy I hear their voices outside. You do not know how I love them; nor did I hardly till I came here. After all, absence quickens love into consciousness."

TORRIDGE MOORS.—"I have been fishing the Torridge to-day. Caught 1½ dozen—very bright sun, which was against me. Tennyson was down here last year, and walked in on Hawker, the West Country Poet, to collect Arthur legends. I feel quite lonely, and long to be home. And these Moors are very desolate, from ignorance and neglect only, for they might be made as fine land as the carse of Berwick and the Lothians. When will men see that God's laws are their interest? Talk of mankind being ruled by self-interest! Juggling fiend. It is its own bane. None are so blind to their own interest as the selfish. Witness the Torridge Moors. . . . ."

CLOVELLY: *August* 16.—"If I tell you that I am happy outwardly, you must not suppose that I am not just as lonely as you at heart. . . . . All the pleasure of perfect rest, and I am in perfect rest, and in a new-old and lovely place, does not take off the edge of my solitude. Already I feel it—how much more a month hence! . . . . The weather has been too stormy

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for trawling, but I have got a few nice shells. . . . . Last night I gave a tea-party with cream and your cake, to my landlady and Mr. and Mrs. Wimble, and we all agreed we only wanted you and my mother: as it was we were very merry, and finished with prayers. My landlady is an extraordinary woman, a face and figure as of a queen, but all thought, sensibility and excitement; a great 'dévote' and a true Christian; between grief and religion she has learnt a blessed lesson. Old Wim. potters in, like an old grey-headed Newfoundland dog, about three times a day to look after me. And I sit on the window seat and watch the wonderful colouring of the bay spread like a map below me, and just think of nothing but——home. To-day I am going out in one of the large herring boats; there is plenty of wind, and the herrings and mackerel are coming in. Tell Rose I will write her a letter, and thank her very much for hers. Say I am so pleased to hear she is a good girl. . . . .

". . . . Saturday I start. I am quite in spirits at the notion of the Moor. It will give me continual excitement; it is quite new to me—and I am well enough now to walk in moderation. I am doing you a set more drawings—still better I hope. 'The Artist's Wife,' seven or eight sketches of Claude Mellot and Sabina, two of my most darling ideals, with a scrap of conversation annexed to each, just embodying my dreams about married love and its relation to art. . . . ."

CLOVELLY.—"This place," he writes to his mother, "seems more beautiful than of old. Contrary to one's usual experience in visiting old scenes, the hills are higher, the vegetation more luxuriant, the colouring richer than I had fancied. I sail a great deal; the difficulty is, only to make the people take any money. I am kept in fish, gratis, by half the town; and at every door there are daily inquiries, loving and hearty, after you and my father. How these people love you both! . . . . . Happy and idle, I do not know how to get through the day, strange to say! It is too rough for trawling to-day, and too wet for entomologising. So I do nothing but smell the woods, and chat with W. Many thanks for frightening

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me away from America. This is the place. The wounded bird goes to the nest. . . . . I felt a new life, a renewing my youth like the eagle's, the day after I got here. The very smell of W.'s house is a fragrance (spiritually not physically) from the fairy gardens of childhood."

August 17.—"I am doing nothing," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, "but fish, sail, chat with old sailor and Wesleyan cronies, and read, by way of a nice mixture, Rabelais, Pierre Leroux [on Christianity and Democracy], and Ruskin. The second is indeed a blessed dawn. The third, a noble, manful, godly book, a blessed dawn too: but I cannot talk about them; I am as stupid as a porpoise, and I lie in the window, and smoke and watch the glorious cloud-phantasmagoria, infinite in colour and form, crawling across the vast bay and deep woods below, and draw little sketches of figures, and do not even dream, much less think. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being, whose every look and word and motion are the keynotes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. . . . . Fools! . . . ."

TO HIS WIFE.

"Here I am at Chagford in a beautiful old mullioned and gabled 'perpendicular' inn—granite and syenite everywhere—my windows looking out on the old churchyard, and beyond, a wilderness of lovely hills and woods—two miles from the Moor—fresh air and health everywhere. I went up into the Moor yesterday, and killed a dish of fish. Stay here for three days, and then move to Holne. Then home! home! home! How I thirst for it."

September 4.—"Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton—the old Druids' sacred place, to see Logan stones and cromlechs. Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life—scenery more lovely than tongue can tell. It brought out of me the following bit of poetry, with many happy tears:

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I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know in you too, a spirit doth live,
And a word in you this day.

The Word's Answer.

Oh, rose is the colour of love and youth,
And green is the colour of faith and truth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
The earth is fruitful, and faithful, and young,
And her bridal morn shall rise ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams,
And the laughing green-woods say!"

Two Bridges.—"Got on the Teign about three miles up, and tracked it into the Moor. About two miles in the Moor I found myself to my delight in the ruins of an old British town, as yet, I fancy, unknown. The circular town wall, circular gardens, circular granite huts, about twenty feet in diameter, all traceable. All round was peat-bog, indicating the site of ancient forests. For you must know that of old, Dart Moor was a forest—its valleys filled with alder and hazel, its hill-sides clothed with birch, oak, and 'care,' mountain ash. But these, like the Irish, were destroyed to drive out the Cymry, and also dwindled of their own accord, having exhausted the soil; and moreover, the scrub, furze, and heather which succeeded them, have been periodically burnt down for centuries, that grass for cattle may spring up. So that the hills now are covered with coarse pasture, or a peat soil, which wraps the hills round, and buries the granite rocks, and softens all the outlines till the Moor looks like an enormous alternation of

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chalk downs and peat bogs, only that the downs are strewn with huge granite stones and capped with 'tors,' which cannot be described—only seen. I sketched two or three this afternoon for you. Well, I got to Teign head—through a boggy glen. Out of the river banks, which were deep peat, I got a piece of fossil birch bark for you. Then I climbed a vast anticlinal ridge, and seeing a great tor close by, I could not resist the temptation, and went up. Oh! what a scene! a sea of mountains all round, and in the far east wooded glens, fertile meadows, twenty miles off—far—far below; and here and there through the rich country some spur of granite hill peeped up, each with its tor, like a huge ruined castle, on the top. Then, in the midst of a bog, on the top of the hill, I came on two splendid Druid circles, 'the grey wethers,' as I afterwards found out, five and thirty yards in diameter—stones about five feet above the bog—perhaps more still below it—evidently a sun temple in the heart of a great oak forest, now gone. I traced the bog round for miles, and the place was just one to be holy, being, I suppose, one of the loftiest woods in the Moor. After that, all was down, down, down, over the lawn and through deep gorges, to the East Dart. At Port Bridge, I meant to sleep, but found myself so lively that I walked on the four miles to this place—twenty miles about, of rough mountain, and got in as fresh as a bird. The day was burning bright, so I only killed a dozen or so of fish. Every valley has its beautiful clear stream, with myriad fish among great granite boulders. To-day I walked over, after breakfast, to Cherry Brook, the best fishing on the moor—the sharp easterly wind made the fish lie like stones—and down Cherry Brook and up Dart home, and I only killed seventeen. Then, after luncheon, I sallied to Wistmen's (Wisemen's) wood—the last remaining scrap of primeval forest. But I shall write all night to tell you all I saw and felt. I send you an oak leaf from the holy trees, and a bit of moss from them—as many mosses as leaves—poor old Britons! The grey moss is from the ruins of an old Cymry house near by—a Druid may have lived in it! The whortle berry is from the top of a wonderful rock three miles on, which

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I have sketched. Oh, such a place! I climbed to the top. I was alone with God and the hills—the Dart winding down a thousand feet below—I could only pray. And I felt impelled to kneel on the top of the rock—it seemed the only true state to be in in any place so primæval—so awful—which made one feel so indescribably little and puny. And I did pray—and the Lord's Prayer too—it seemed the only thing to express one's heart in. But I will tell you all at home! . . . . It is an infinite relief and rest to me to have seen even some little of the Moor. I was always from a child longing for it, and now, thank God, that is fulfilled. To-morrow I walk to Holne by Cator's Beam, *i.e.*, over the highest mountain on the South Moor, from which all the South Devon streams rise. Sunday I spend at Holne, and Thursday home! It seems—sometimes a day, sometimes a year since I saw you. I shall bring you home several drawings and sketches, both of figures and of the Moor scenery. Kiss the darling babes for me."

TO HIS FATHER.

EVERSLEY: *September*, 1849.—"I had purposed to have written to you from Holne, but being panic-struck at the increased ill-health of the parish, I hurried home where I am. What I saw of Holne more than justified your praises and drawings of it. Hazel Tor is to me the finest thing I have seen except the Upper Wye, which the whole place much resembles (I mean from Plinlimmon to Presteign). Of Benjay Tor I did not see as much as I wished. But of that kind of scenery I had seen much on the High Teign the preceding week, at Gidleigh, Drew's Teignton, which quite astonished me by its mingled lusciousness and grandeur. The distinctive and specific glory of Holne was the descent into cultivation down Holne Ridge, after four hours' awful silence and desolation from Fox Tor Mire, along the Titanic ridges of Cator's Beam, Aum Head, Peter in the Mount, and over the black bog which varies the primæval forest, the first gleam of spires, and woods, and chequered fields, first tinkle of the sheep bell, and creak of the plough, and halloo of boys, and the murmur of the hidden

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Dart. I could only pray and thank God for showing me such a thing. The people, all whom I saw, were full of you, and welcomed me as your son. Two fellows in the public-house were glorying in two books which you gave them the day you left. . . . . I shall be in London shortly, and shall 'tell' to you, usque ad nauseam. I am as well as ever I was in my life in health and spirits: quite strong and able to walk stoutly twenty miles and more a day over the bogs and the rocks. I need not say I shall be careful. Early to bed and to rise are now indeed a point of conscience with me. . . . ."

And now he returned to fresh labours in his parish. He added a Sunday evening service in a cottage at some distance from the church, which was crowded. "Alton Locke" was gradually getting into shape. His reviews in "Fraser's Magazine," principally on modern Poetry and Novels, helped him to pay his curate. Cholera was once more in England, and Sanitary matters absorbed him more and more. He preached three striking sermons at Eversley, on Cholera, "Who causes Pestilence?" (National Sermons). He worked in London and the country in the crusade against dirt and bad drainage. The terrible revelations of the state of the Water Supply in London saddened and sickened him, and with indefatigable industry he got up statistics from Blue Books, Reports, and his own observations, for an article in the "North British Review" on the subject. An eminent London physician, speaking of the opinion of the medical profession regarding his work, says, "We all knew well your noble husband's labours in the cause of the Public Health, when it was too little thought of by Statesmen. He led the way."

"It was this sense," said Dean Stanley, "that he was a thorough Englishman—one of yourselves, working, toiling, feeling with you and like you—that endeared him to you.

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Artisans and working men of London, you know how he desired, with a passionate desire, that you should have pure air, pure water, habitable dwellings, that you should be able to share the courtesies, the refinements, the elevation of citizens, and of Englishmen; and you may, therefore, trust him the more when he told you from the pulpit, and still tells you from the grave, that your homes and your lives should be no less full of moral purity and light. . . . ."

TO HIS WIFE.

CHELSEA: *October* 24, 1849.—"I was yesterday with George Walsh and Mansfield over the cholera districts of Bermondsey; and, oh, God! what I saw! people having no water to drink—hundreds of them—but the water of the common sewer which stagnated full of . . . . dead fish, cats and dogs, under their windows. At the time the cholera was raging, Walsh saw them throwing untold horrors into the ditch, and then dipping out the water and drinking it!! Oh, entreat Mr. Warre" (a Member of Parliament) "to read the account of the place in the 'Morning Chronicle' of last week, and try every nerve to get a model lodging-house *there;* why should people spend money and time in making a plaything model parish of St. Barnabas, where there are three rich to one poor, while whole square miles of other parts of London are in the same state as two or three streets only of Upper Chelsea? And mind, these are not dirty, debauched Irish, but honest hard working artizans. It is most pathetic, as Walsh says, it makes him literally cry—to see the poor souls' struggle for cleanliness, to see how they scrub and polish their little scrap of pavement, and then go through the house and see '*society*,' leaving at the back poisons and filth—such as would drive a lady mad, I think, with disgust in twenty-four hours. Oh, that I had the tongue of St. James, to plead for those poor fellows! to tell what I saw myself, to stir up some rich men to go and rescue them from the tyranny of the small shopkeeping landlords, who get their rents out of the flesh and blood of these men. Talk of the horrors of 'the middle passage.' Oh,

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that one-tenth part of the money which has been spent in increasing, by mistaken benevolence, the cruelties of the slave-trade, had been spent in buying up these nests of typhus, consumption, and cholera, and rebuilding them into habitations fit—I do not say for civilized Englishmen—that would be too much, but for hogs even! I will say no more. Remember it is not a question of alms. It is only to get some man to take the trouble of making a profitable investment, and getting six per cent. for his money. I will put him in communication with those who know all the facts if he will help us. Twenty pounds sent to us, just to start a water-cart, and send it round at once—at once—for the people are still in these horrors, would pay itself. I can find men who will work the thing. Ludlow, Mansfield, the Campbells, will go and serve out the water with their own hands, rather than let it go on. Pray, pray, stir people up, and God will reward you. Kiss my darlings for me.

"P.S.—Do not let them wait for committee meetings and investigations; while they will be maundering about 'vested interests,' and such like, the people are dying. I start to-morrow for Oxford to see the bishop about these Bermondsey horrors. Direct to me there. The proper account of Bermondsey is in the 'Morning Chronicle' of September 24, published a month ago, and yet nothing done, or likely to be!!"

OXFORD.—". . . . I saw the Bishop of Oxford yesterday. Most satisfactory interview. I am more struck with him than with any man, except Bunsen, I have seen for a long time. Also Archdeacon M— disappointed, but interested me. Had no notion that such specimens of humanity were still to be found walking about this nineteenth century England. But he looks a good man. How I long for your dear face and voice. . . . ."

EVERSLEY: *November.*—"My friends," he writes to Mr. Ludlow, "why tarry the wheels of your water carts, why are your stand pipes truly *stand still* pipes? Why are you so confoundedly merciful and tender hearted? Do you actually fancy that you can talk those landlords into repentance? Will men

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repent for being told? are men capable of repentance who will go on doing what they have been doing? and is their interest changed by the fact of your wanting them to lay on water? and do you trust the water company? You see they are trying to restrict, not to extend. You must go to the higher powers. 1st. To the Chairman of Bermondsey Improvement Commission. Now, what is this Commission? By what authority does it pretend to act? If it is one of the New Local Commissions under the Health of Towns Act it can serve nuisance notices, and make people obey them. Therefore the chairman is a twaddler, if he only talks of wanting to do what he can do if he likes. Therefore find out whether a majority of these Commissioners *will* serve nuisance notices, &c. 2. On whom. Whom does the ditch belong to? The Commissioners of Sewers or the Landlords? Find out that and tell me, and try for indicting the Commissioners of Sewers, whose names I saw painted up. Next. Just tell me what you have found out on these points, and I will write to Lord Carlisle and Lord John Russell, as the Bishop of Oxford told me, and ask for interviews. I write to Helps to-night. Lastly, have the pamphlets been sent round? People write that they will help when they know either what is the matter or how to mend it, but that no pamphlets have come to them. When I know that, I will go to Farnham and see the Bishop of Winchester. What has become of your public meeting plan? *I* am ready. Or your placards? *I* am ready to write them. Now just give me an answer, dear boys. . . . . I like Mansfield's notion of a Sanitary League. It will act like a wedge. Papers and preachments are 'as a man beholding his natural face in a glass,' &c. Still, we'll try them; tell me my work, and I will do it with God's help. . . . ."

December 30.—"I am shamed and sickened by the revelations in your article in 'Fraser's'; they were new to me except about the tailors. . . . . Put by my pamphlet and write one yourself; you would do it seven times as well. I send you up the rest of the MSS.; but they are not worthy of the cause. Perhaps you might make something of them

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by doctoring; but I cannot speak about Association; it is our only hope, but I know nothing about it, or about anything else. If I had not had the communion at church to-day, to tell me that Jesus does reign, I should have blasphemed in my heart, I think, and said the Devil is king! I come up Tuesday, and will see you at your rooms. I have a wild longing to do *something*. What—God only knows. You say, 'He that believeth will not make haste'; but I think he that believeth *must* make haste. But I will do anything that anybody likes. I have no confidence in myself, or in anything but God. I am not great enough for such times, alas! . . . ."

". . . . Such questions as these," he says (in an article on the Water Supply of London) "involving not merely profits, but health, sobriety, decency, life, are to be judged of, not by the code, or in the language of the market, but of the Bible. . . . . Even the hard and soft water controversy is not a mere matter of soap and tea expenditure, but of humanity and morality. . . .

"*We* may choose to look at the masses in the gross, as subjects for statistics—and of course, where possible, of profits. There is One above who knows every thirst and ache, and sorrow, and temptation of each slattern, and gin-drinker, and street boy. The day will come when He will require an account of these neglects of ours not in the gross. . . . ."

To Thomas Cooper.]—*December* 6.—". . . . I find the good cause living and growing fast—slowly enough, God knows, for all the evils which have to be removed, but wonderfully fast, considering the mountains of prejudice, selfishness, covetousness, and humbug, which it has to dig through. On one point I am a little pained and startled—I mean Mr. Cobden's Freehold Land Society speech. It seems to me that he openly avows the intention of setting up a number of small absentee proprietors, resident in towns, and holding land in the country. Now I would be just as glad to see a non-resident 40*s.* freeholder in the pillory, as a non-resident 40,000*l.* one. And I honestly declare, that the worst cases of tyranny, of neglect of property,

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and high rents taken for 'man-styes,' which I see, are on these little freeholds of poor landlords, who run up houses anyhow, to make the ground pay. 'A poor man who oppresses the poor,' says Solomon, 'is like a sweeping rain that leaveth no food,' and I say, 'True!' It does seem to me that this project would thus increase one of the very evils which has pressed on the working man, and made his dwellings unfit for human habitation; and I fear, too, that the greater part of these freeholds would become the property, *not* of workmen, but small retail tradesmen—a class which, as you and I know, are a curse to the workman. Pray enlighten me on these points. I am quite open to conviction if my fears are unfounded." . . . .

To J. M. L.—"I want to talk to you about 'Yeast,' and in doing so consolidate my own notions on it. It is not going to die, but re-appear under a different name and form, and in fresh scenes. Lancelot is to be ruined, go up to London and turn artist. In 'Yeast,' as its name implies, I have tried to show the feelings which are working in the age, in a fragmentary and turbid state. In the next part, 'The Artists,' I shall try to unravel the tangled skein, by means of conversations on Art, connected as they will be necessarily with the deepest questions of science, anthropology, social life, and Christianity. And looking at the Art of a people as at once the very truest symbol of its faith, and a vast means for its further education, I think it a good path in which to form the mind of my hero, the man of the coming age. He, and his friend Mellot, and his cousin Luke, who has just turned Romanist, will be typical of the three great schools. Mellot of the mere classic Pagan, and of the Fourierism which seems to me to be its representative in the world of doctrines; Luke of the Puginesque Manichæan, or exclusively spiritual school; and Lancelot who tries historic painting, and finding that there is nothing to paint about, falls back on landscapes and animals, on the simple naturalism of our Landseers and Creswicks, the only living school of art as yet possible in England. He is raised above his mere faith in nature by the simple Christianity of Tregarva, at the same time

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that he is taught by him that true democracy which considers the beautiful the heritage of the poor as well as of the rich; and Tregarva in his turn becomes the type of English Art-hating Puritanism, gradually convinced of the divine mission of Art, and of its being the rightful child, not of Popery, but of Protestantism alone. Thus, I think Lancelot, having grafted on his own naturalism, the Christianity of Tregarva, the classicism of Mellot, and the spiritual symbolism of Luke, ought to be in a state to become the mesothetic artist of the future, and beat each of his tutors at their own weapons, as the mesothet will always include a perfect each of the poles connected with it. But where will Argemone be all this time? You have your fears that she will be too like Lancelot: but I cannot help exhibiting in her the same restlessness and dissatisfaction with the present, as in him, because I see it equally common now-a-days in both sexes, and I take it as the painful, yet most hopeful sign of the times. There will still be a true polarity (a merely sexual one, being both ideals without any strongly marked peculiarities) between her and her lover. She will retain the virginal purity, the conscientious earnestness of will, the strong conservative ecclesiastical prejudices, which go to make the ideal Englishwoman. She will be his *complementum*, and consider on the ground of the affections, the same questions which he is examining on the ground of the intellect. She must be educating her head through her heart, he his heart through his head. She as heiress of Whitford must try all sorts of accredited methods for its improvement, and find them all fail, because unconnected with the great principles which God is manifesting in this age; and then when the lovers are at last united, and Whitford becomes their work field, he will supply her with social and anthropological principles on which to base her labours, and she will translate his theories for him into objects of passionate enthusiasm to be embodied in the charities of daily life. And so I think the two may become an ideal pair of pioneers toward the society of the future, the στοιχεῖα of which will be given in a third and last volume, to be written—when? This is a long preface.

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Whether I shall be able to fulfil my designs remains to be proved. Perhaps I am aiming at too much, perhaps I am meddling with matters I don't understand. But if one needs must go when the devil drives, how much more when One very different from him impels one to speak at all costs? And after all, 'it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak;' and I am in no hurry,—five years will not be too long to occupy in working out the plan, and I want, when 'Yeast,' and 'the Artists' have appeared in 'Fraser's,' to take them out, work them over and enlarge them, and then take my time over the last or *positive* volume. So ends a long letter all about myself. When will you come and see me? . . . ."

"Yeast," which as yet had only appeared in the pages of "Fraser," made a deep impression at Oxford, and from this time young men gathered more and more around him. Eversley Rectory now became a centre to inquiring spirits, and remained so to the end.

". . . . His personal power of appeal to young men," said a young London artist, who saw much of him during the last years of his life, "was very great: though, as I think, in a somewhat different direction to the one usually imagined. It was of a far more tender, strict, and refining nature than I have found it was popularly supposed to be. . . . . In the first half-hour of my knowing him, I found him listening to me with as much attention and kindness as he would have given to one of his own age and attainments. I felt that whilst and whenever I was with him he gave me his *best*. If I asked him anything he would tell me the best he thought, knew, or felt. Young men know how rare this is with men of Mr. Kingsley's age and ability; and none know better than they how delightful also it is when it is met with. It commanded my love and admiration more than I could say. He always seemed content with the society he was in; because, I think, he loved and educated himself to draw out the best of everyone, to touch on the stronger and not on the weaker points;

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and when I was with him I always felt as much at home as if I were with one of my own college friends." . . . .

Mr. C. Kegan Paul vividly recalls his first visit to the Rectory in 1849:

" . . . . The day after my arrival we dined at the Rectory. . . . . We went into the study afterwards while Kingsley smoked his pipe, and the evening is one of those that stand out in my memory with peculiar vividness. I had never then, I have seldom since, heard a man talk so well. His conversational powers were very remarkable. In the first place he had, as may be easily understood by the readers of his books, a rare command of racy and correct English, while he was so many-sided that he could take keen interest in almost any subject which attracted those about him. He had read, and read much, not only in matters which every one ought to know, but had gone deeply into many out-of-the-way and unexpected studies. Old medicine, magic, the occult properties of plants, folk-lore, mesmerism, nooks and bye-ways of history, old legends; on all these he was at home. On the habits and dispositions of animals he would talk as though he were that king in the Arabian Nights who understood the language of beasts, or at least had lived among the gipsies who loved him so well. The stammer, which in those days was so much more marked than in later years, and which was a serious discomfort to himself, was no drawback to the charm of his conversation. Rather the hesitation before some brilliant flash of words served to lend point to and intensify what he was saying; and when, as he sometimes did, he fell into a monologue, or recited a poem in his sonorous voice, the stammer left him wholly. . . . . When, however, I use the word monologue, it must not be supposed that he ever monopolized the talk. He had a courteous deference for the opinions of the most insignificant person in the circle, and was even too tolerant of a bore. With all his vast powers of conversation, and ready to talk on every or any subject, he was never superficial. What he knew he

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knew well, and was always ready to admit the fact when he did not know. . . . .

"To those who, in the years of which we speak, were constant guests at Eversley, that happy home can never be forgotten. Kingsley was in the vigour of his manhood and of his intellectual powers, was administering his parish with enthusiasm, was writing, reading, fishing, walking, preaching, talking, with a twenty-parson power, but was at the same time wholly unlike the ordinary and conventional parson. . . . His temperament was artistic and impulsive. . . . His physical frame was powerful and wiry, his complexion dark, his eye bright and piercing. Yet he often said he did not think that his would be a long life, and the event has sadly confirmed his anticipations. . . . . The picturesque bow-windowed Rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the garden —a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass-plat before the study, hedged off from the walk—and the tall, active figure of the Rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupil, treated like his own son, was working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil; from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife, or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plat in thought and with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco was to him a needful sedative. He always used a long and clean clay pipe, which lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul, and when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes, they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and

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new. This gave him a striking simile, which, in 'Alton Locke,' he puts into the mouth of James Crossthwaite. 'Katie here believes in Purgatory, where souls are burnt clean again, like 'bacca pipes.' When luncheon was over, and any arrears of the morning's work cleared up, a walk with Kingsley was an occasion of constant pleasure. . . . . I remember standing on the top of a hill with him when the autumn evening was fading, and one of the sun's latest rays struck a patch on the moor, bringing out a very peculiar mixture of red-brown colours. What were the precise plants which composed that patch? He hurriedly ran over the list of what he thought they were, and then set off over hedge and ditch, through bog and water-course, to verify the list he had already made. During these afternoon walks he would visit one or another of his very scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. . . . . Nothing was ever more real than Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls, but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. I was with him once when he visited a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bed-room was horrible, but before the Rector said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. His reading in the sick room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after-words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify. He would say, with the utmost modesty, that the patient endurance of the poor taught him day by day lessons which he took back again as God's message to the bed-side from which he had learnt them.

"One great element of success in his intercourse with his parishioners was his abounding humour and fun. What caused a hearty laugh was a real refreshment to him, and he had the

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strongest belief that laughter and humour were elements in the nature of God Himself. This abounding humour has with some its dangers. Not so with Kingsley. No man loved a good story better than he, but there was always in what he told or what he suffered himself to hear, a good and pure moral underlying what might be coarse in expression. While he would laugh with the keenest sense of amusement at what might be simply broad, he had the most utter scorn and loathing for all that could debase and degrade. And he was the most reverent of men, though he would say things which seemed daring because people were unaccustomed to hear sacred things named without a pious snuffle. This great reverence led him to be even unjust to some of the greatest humorists. I quoted Heine one day at his table. 'Who was Heine?' asked his little daughter. 'A wicked man, my dear,' was the only answer given to her, and an implied rebuke to me.

"A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper, yet undried, in his hand, and read us the 'Lay of the Last Buccaneer,' most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an arm-chair, known for its seductive properties as 'sleepy hollow,' roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard. . . . .

"Old and new friends came and went as he grew famous—not too strong a word for the feeling of those days—and the drawing-room evening conversations and readings, the tobacco parliaments later into the night, included many of the most remarkable persons of the day. . . . . I know that those evening talks kept more than one who shared in them from Rome, and weaned more than one from vice, while others had doubts to faith removed which had long paralyzed the energy of their lives. . . . ."

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CHAPTER VIII.

1850—1851.

AGED 31–32.

RESIGNS THE OFFICE OF CLERK IN ORDERS AT CHELSEA—PUPIL LIFE AT EVERSLEY—PUBLICATION OF "ALTON LOCKE"—LETTERS FROM MR. CARLYLE—WRITES FOR "CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST"—TROUBLED STATE OF THE COUNTRY—BURGLARIES—THE RECTORY ATTACKED—HEAVY CORRESPONDENCE—LETTERS ON THE ROMISH QUESTION.

"A lynx-eyed fiery man, with the spirit of an old knight in him; more of a hero than any modern I have seen for a long time. A singular veracity one finds in him; not in his words alone, which, however, I like much for their fine rough naïveté; but in his actions, judgments, aims; in all that he thinks, and does, and says—which indeed I have observed is the root of all greatness or real worth in human creatures, and properly the first (and also the rarest) attribute of what we call GENIUS among men."

T. CARLYLE, on Sir Charles Napier.

THE year 1850 was spent at home, in better health, with still fuller employment; for in addition to parish and writing, he had the work of teaching a private pupil, which was quite new to him. Times were bad, rates were high, rate-payers discontented, and all classes felt the pressure. The Rector felt it also, but he met it by giving the tenants back ten per cent. on their tithe payments, and thus at once and for ever he won their confidence. He had, since his marriage, held the office of Clerk in Orders in his father's parish of St.

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Luke's, Chelsea, which added considerably to his income, and in those days was not considered incompatible with non-residence; but though his deputy was well paid, and he himself occasionally preached and lectured in Chelsea, he had long regarded the post as a sinecure, and decided to resign it. The loss of income must however be met, and this could only be done by his pen. It was a heavy struggle just then, with Rector's Poor's Rates at £150 per annum, and the parish charities mainly dependent on him; but he set to work with indomitable industry, and by a gallant effort finished "Alton Locke." It was a busy winter, for the literary work was not allowed to interfere with the pupil work, or either with the parish; he got up at five every morning, and wrote till breakfast; after breakfast he worked with his pupil and at his sermons; the afternoons were devoted as usual to cottage visiting; the evenings to adult school, and superintending the fair copy of "Alton Locke" made by his wife for the press. It was the only book of which he ever had a fair copy made. His habit was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, out in the open air, either in his garden, on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words; after which, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered a word. For many years he dictated every composition to his wife, while he paced up and down the room.

When "Alton Locke" was completed, the difficulty was to find a publisher: Messrs. Parker, who had, or thought they had, suffered in reputation for publishing "Yeast" in the pages of "Fraser," and "Politics for the People," refused the book; and Mr. Carlyle kindly gave him an introduction to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who, on his recommendation, undertook to bring it out.

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"I have written to Chapman, and you shall have his answer on Sunday. . . . . But without any answer, I believe I may already assure you of a respectful welcome, and the new novel of a careful and hopeful examination from the man of books. He is sworn to secrecy too. This is all the needful to-day,—in such an unspeakable hurry as this present. And so, right glad myself to hear of a new explosion, or salvo of red-hot shot against the Devil's Dung-heap, from that particular battery. . . . . Yours always truly, "T. CARLYLE."

The book came out in August, and was noticed in the leading journals with scorn and severity. The best artisans, however, hailed it as a true picture of their class and circumstances, and thoughtful men and women of the higher orders appreciated its value. Mr. Martineau distinguishes it as his "noblest and most characteristic book—at once his greatest poem, and his grandest sermon, though containing, as it may, more faults, sweeping accusations, hasty conclusions, than any of his writings."

"I am quite astonished," he says himself, some months later in writing to a friend, "at the steady-going, respectable people who approve more or less of 'Alton Locke.' It was but the other night, at the Speaker's, that Sir * * * * * considered one of the safest Whig traditionists in England, gave in his adherence to the book in the kindest terms. Both the Marshals have done the same—so has Lord Ashburton. So have, strange to say, more than one ultra-respectable High-Tory squire—so goes the world. If you do anything above party, the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with you. And all I want to do is, to awaken the good men of all opinions to the necessity of shaking hands and laying their heads together, and to look for the day when the bad of all parties will get their deserts, which they will, very accurately, before Mr. Carlyle's friends, 'The Powers' and 'The Destinies' have done with them. . . . ."

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The following is Mr. Carlyle's verdict on Alton Locke:

CHELSEA: *October* 31*st*, 1850.—"It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me. 'Alton Locke' arrived in Annandale, by post, from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments. I believe the book is still doing duty in those parts; for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me, that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favour. Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from writing almost on any subject or to any person.

"Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like, and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude;* by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! 'Saunders Mackaye,' my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the 'Daughter of the Sun' she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with 'Saunders;' and the impres-

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sion is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic. That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white.

"Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist; like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea; and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamour of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory.

"Yours with true wishes,

"T. CARLYLE."

The writers for "Politics" about this time brought out a series of tracts, "On Christian Socialism." Among the most remarkable was "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty, by Parson Lot,"* exposing the sweating and slop-selling system, which was at the root of much of the distress in London and the great towns. The Tailors' Association was already formed, and a shop opened in Castle Street, to which the publication of "Cheap Clothes" took many customers. The opening sentences of this tract were—

"King Ryence, says the legend of King Arthur, wore a paletot trimmed with king's beards. In the first French Revolution (so Carlyle assures us) there were at Meudon tanneries of human skins. Mammon, at once tyrant and revolutionary, follows both these noble examples—in a more respectable way, doubtless, for Mammon hates cruelty; bodily pain is his devil—the worst evil of which he, in his effeminacy, can conceive. So he shrieks benevolently when a drunken soldier is flogged; but he trims his paletots, and adorns his legs, with the flesh of men and the skins of women, with

* Now republished in a new edition of "Alton Locke."

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degradation, pestilence, heathendom, and despair; and then chuckles, self-complacently, over the smallness of his tailor's bills. Hypocrite! straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel! What is flogging or hanging, King Ryence's paletot, or the tanneries of Meudon, to the slavery, starvation, waste of life, year-long imprisonment in dungeons narrower and fouler than those of the Inquisition, which goes on among thousands of English clothes-makers at this day? . . . . 'The man is mad,' says Mammon . . . . Yes, Mammon; mad as Paul before Festus; and for much the same reason too. Much learning has made us mad. From two articles in the *Morning Chronicle*, on the Condition of the Working Tailors, we learnt too much to leave us altogether masters of ourselves. . . . ."

In August the Rectory party had an addition, a young Cambridge man, arriving for three months to read for Holy Orders. It was a bold step in those days for any man to take, to read divinity with the author of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," but after twenty-six years' ministry in the Church, he can look back upon it without regret. With this pupil Mr. Kingsley read Strauss's "Leben Jesu;" for he considered Strauss then, as he did Comte eighteen years later, the great false prophet of the day, who must be faced and fought against by the clergy. The circulation of Strauss's "Life of Christ," which had been recently translated into English and the spread of infidel opinions among the working classes, gave him grave anxiety. A new penny periodical was projected to stem the torrent, and he writes to Mr. Ludlow:

"If you will join me in a speculation to get the thing started, I will run the chance of pecuniary loss, and work myself to the bone to resuscitate 'Politics for the People,' in a new form. . . . .

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"Lees and I are just going to begin Strauss, and I *will* write some sort of answer to him, if God gives me grace. . . . . Oh! do not fancy that I am not perplexed—'cast down, yet not in despair.'—No; Christ reigns, as Luther used to say, Christ reigns—and therefore I will not fear, 'though the mountains be removed (and I with them) and cast into the midst of the sea.' . . . ."

". . . . But there is something which weighs awfully on my mind,—the first number of Cooper's Journal, which he sent me the other day. Here is a man of immense influence, openly preaching Straussism to the workmen, and in a fair, honest, manly way, which must tell. Who will answer him? Who will answer Strauss? Who will denounce Strauss as a vile aristocrat, robbing the poor man of his Saviour—of the ground of all democracy, all freedom, all association—of the Charter itself? *Oh si mihi centum voces et ferrea lingua.* Think about *that*—talk to Maurice about that. To me it is awfully pressing. If the priests of the Lord are wanting to the cause now?—woe to us! . . . . Don't fire at me about smoking. I do it, because it does me good, and I could not (for I have tried again and again) do without it. I smoke the very cheapest tobacco. In the meantime I am keeping no horse—a most real self-sacrifice to me. But if I did, I should have so much the less to give to the poor. God knows all about that, John Ludlow, and about other things too. . . . . As for the subjects (for the periodical). It seems to me that, to spread the paper, you must touch the workman at all his points of interest. First and foremost at Association; but also at political rights as grounded both on the Christian idea of the Church and on the historic facts of the Anglo-Saxon race; then National Education, Sanitary and Dwelling-house Reform, the Free Sale of Land, and corresponding Reform of the Land-Laws, moral improvement of the Family relation, public places of Recreation (on which point I am very earnest); and I think a set of hints from History, and sayings of great men, of which last I have been picking up from Demosthenes, Plato, &c. . . . .

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". . . . Boyne-water day to-day ! ! ! glorious day—and what Psalms this morning (13th) ! *Omen accipio lubens !*"

* * * * * * *

". . . . Your letter makes me very sad. I cannot abide the notion of Branch Churches or Free (Sect) Churches. So help me God, unless my whole train of thought alters, I will resist the temptation as coming from the devil. Where I am, I am doing God's work, and when the Church is ripe for more, the Head of the Church will put the means in our way. You seem to fancy that we have a '*Deus quidam Deceptor*' over us after all. If I did, I'd go and blow my dirty brains out, and be rid of the whole thing at once, I would indeed. If God, when people ask Him to teach and guide them, does not—if, when they confess themselves rogues and fools to Him, and beg Him to make them honest and wise, He does not, but darkens them and deludes them into bogs and pitfalls—is He a father? You fall back on Judaism, friend.

"I shall write a Labour Conference Tract forthwith. As for hot water with the tailors—tell Cooper, no hot water, no tea. . . . . I had rather work in harness. *You tell me* what you want weekly, and you shall have it; else I shall have twenty irons in the fire at once, and none of them hot. I tell you, you or some one must act as my commanding officer in this. I have too much autocracy already to be bothered with autocracy in this too. Either I *must be king* of this paper, which I can't and wouldn't be, or I must be an under-strapper, and set the example of obedience."

During the autumn of 1850 the state of the country was ominous. In his own parish there was still low fever, and a general depression prevailed. Work was slack, and as winter approached gangs of housebreakers and men who preferred begging and robbery to the workhouse, wandered about Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex. No house was secure. Mr. Hollest, the rector of Frimley, was murdered in his own garden while pursuing burglars; and the little Rectory at Eversley,

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which had never hitherto needed protection, and had scarcely a strong lock on its doors, was armed with bolts and bars, fortunately before it too was attempted by the same gang. The Rector slept with loaded pistols by his bed-side, and policemen from Winchester watched in and about the quiet garden by night. The future of England looked dark, and he writes to Mr. Maurice:—

"My dearest Master,—I hear you are come home. If so, for God's sake come down and see me, if but for a day. I have more doubts, perplexities, hopes, and fears to pour out to you than I could utter in a week, and to the rest of our friends I cannot open. You comprehend me; you are bigger than I. Come down and tell me what to think and do, and let Fanny as well as me, have the delight of seeing your face again. I would come to you, but I have two pupils, and business besides, and also don't know when and how to catch you. The truth is, I feel we are all going on in the dark, toward something wonderful and awful, but whether to a precipice or a paradise, or neither, or both, I cannot tell. All my old roots are tearing up one by one, and though I keep a gallant 'front' before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror. Pray for me; I could lie down and cry at times. A poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout. If it were not for the Psalms and Prophets, and the Gospels, I should turn tail, and flee shamefully, giving up the whole question, and all others, as *ægri somnia*."

* * * * * * *

"Jeremiah is my favourite book now. It has taught me more than tongue can tell. But I am much disheartened, and am minded to speak no more words in this name (Parson Lot). Yet all these bullyings, teach one, correct one, warn one, show one that God is not leaving one to go one's own way. 'Christ reigns,' quoth Luther."

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To J. LEES, ESQ.: *December* 4.—" . . . . We have commenced night schools, and a weekly lecture on English history, which I started last night with twenty hearers, on the Saxon conquest, and I hope made the agricultural eyes open once or twice, by showing that they did not grow out of the earth originally, like beetles, but came from somewhere else, and might probably have to go somewhere else, and make room for their betters, if they continued so like beetles, human manure-carriers, and hole-grubbers, much longer. The weather has been trying its hand at everything. Frantic gales, frantic frosts, now frantic mists. I go to Bramshill cottage lecture to-night, and expect to finish in a ditch—but this rain has made it soft lying, so that is of no consequence. The Doctor is, as you may suppose, Wiseman-foolish; so, for that matter, are his betters. The dear 'Times' is making strong play on the papal aggressions; and on the whole the fool-crop seems as good this year as last. The 'Christian Socialist' sells about 1500, and is spreading; but not having been yet cursed by any periodical, I fear it is doing no good. Pray let us hear from you again. You will see a letter of mine in last week's 'Spectator,' 'Evidence against the Universities.' Don't say who wrote it: I have quite enough dogs barking at me already. . . . . I wish I was in bed, which, after all, is the only place of rest on earth for a parson. . . . ."

His correspondence increased year by year, as each fresh book touched and stirred fresh hearts. Officers, both in the army and navy—all strangers—would write; one to ask his opinion about duelling; another to beg him to recommend or write a rational form of family prayer for camp or hut; another for suitable prayers to be used on board ship in her Majesty's navy; others on more delicate social points of conscience and conduct, which the writers would confide to no other clergyman; and all to thank him for his books. The sceptic dared tell him of his doubts; the profligate of his fall; young

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men brought up to go into Holy Orders, but filled with misgivings about the Articles, the Creeds, and, more than all, the question of endless punishment, would pour out all their difficulties to him; and many a noble spirit now working in the Church of England would never have taken orders but for Charles Kingsley.

To this, Mr. Boyle, Vicar of Kidderminster, alludes, in speaking of "some inestimable letters, on orders," and the duties of clergymen, which were lent and lost.

"Some years later," he adds, "I ventured to recall myself to him in a time of great perplexity, as to inspiration and the work of the ministry, and no casuist could ever have entered into the doubts and difficulties of one anxious to work and yet shrinking from unfaith, more lovingly than he did. It has always been to me a very deep regret that we met so seldom, for I felt what J. C. Hare says somewhere of Arnold, that to talk with him was like stepping out of the odours of an Italian Church to the air and breath of a heathery moor. One sentence in one letter is graven on my mind. 'You dislike the tone of officiality of the clergy now. When you have been eighteen years in orders you will detest it. But is that a reason for skulking from the war which all men should wage, but which Christ's servants can do better than others? It is a comfort often to feel there is one little spot, the parish, to which one's thoughts and prayers are for ever turning.' . . . ."

In the religious world the Anglican question occupied one large section of the Church, and the tide set Romewards. Clergymen wrote to ask him to advise them how to save members of their flock from Popery; mothers to beg him to try and rescue their daughters from the influence of Protestant confessors; while women hovering between Rome and Anglicanism, between the attractions of a nunnery and the monotonous duties of family life, laid their difficulties before the author of the

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"Saint's Tragedy;" and he who shrank on principle from the office of father-confessor had the work thrust upon him by numbers whom he dared not refuse to help, but whom he never met face to face in this world.

The labour was severe to one who felt the responsibility of giving counsel, as intensely as he did; and those only who saw the mass of letters on his study table knew what the weight of such a correspondence must be to a man of his powerful sympathies, who had in addition sermons to prepare, books to write, a parish to work, and a pupil to teach. But his iron energy, coupled with a deep conscientiousness, enabled him to get through it. "One more thing done," he would say, "thank God," as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of a sermon dictated to his wife; "and oh! how blessed it will be when it is all over, to lie down together in that dear churchyard."

The following extracts from some letters to a country rector, personally unknown to him, who wrote to consult him about social politics and the Romish question, are placed together, though written at intervals:—

EVERSLEY: *January* 13, 1851.—"I will answer your most interesting letter as shortly as I can, and, if possible, in the same spirit of honesty as that in which you have written to me. 1st. I do not think the cry 'get on,' to be anything but a devil's cry. The moral of my book ['Alton Locke'] is, that the working man who tries to get on, to desert his class and rise above it, enters into a lie, and leaves God's path for his own—with consequences.

"2nd. I believe that a man might be, as a tailor or a costermonger, every inch of him a saint and scholar, and a gentleman, for I have seen some few such already. I believe hundreds of thousands more would be so, if their businesses were put on a Christian footing, and themselves given by

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education, sanitary reforms, &c., the means of developing their own latent capabilities. I think the cry, 'rise in life,' has been excited by the very increasing impossibility of being anything but brutes while they struggle below. I know well all that is doing in the way of education, &c., but I do assert that the disease of degradation has been for the last forty years increasing faster than the remedy. And I believe, from experience, that when you put workmen into human dwellings, and give them a Christian education, so far from wishing discontentedly to rise out of their class, or to level others to it, exactly the opposite takes place. They become sensible of the dignity of work, and they begin to see their labour as a true calling in God's church, now that it is cleared from the *accidentia* which made it look in their eyes, only a soulless drudgery in a devil's workshop of a world.

"3rd. From the advertisement of an 'English Republic' you send, I can guess who will be the writers in it, being behind the scenes. It will come to nought; everything of this kind is coming to nought now. The workmen are tired of idols; ready and yearning for the church and gospel. . . . . We live in a great crisis, and the Lord requires great things of us. The fields are white to harvest. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers.

"4th. As to the capacities of working men, I am afraid that your excellent friend will find that he has only the refuse of working intellects to form his induction on. The devil has got the best long ago. By the neglect of the Church, by her dealing (like the Popish church, and all weak churches) only with women, children, and beggars, the cream and pith of working intellect is almost exclusively self-educated, and therefore, alas! infidel. If he goes on as he is doing, lecturing on history, poetry, science, and all things which the workmen crave for, and can only get from such men as * * * and * * * mixed up with Straussism and infidelity, he will find that he will draw back to his Lord's fold, and to his lecture-rooms, slowly, but surely, men whose powers would astonish him, as they have astonished me.

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"5th. The workmen whose quarrels you mention, are not Christians, or socialists either. They are of all creeds and none. We are teaching them to become Christians by teaching them gradually that true socialism, true liberty, brotherhood, and true equality (not the carnal, dead level equality of the communist, but the spiritual equality of the Church idea, which gives every man an equal chance of developing and using God's gifts, and rewards every man according to his work, without respect of persons) is only to be found in loyalty and obedience to Christ. They do quarrel, but if you knew how they used to quarrel before association, the improvement since would astonish you. And the French associations do not quarrel at all. . . . .

"6th. May I, in reference to myself, and certain attacks on me, say, with all humility, that I do not speak from hearsay now, as has been asserted. . . . . From my cradle, as the son of an active clergyman, I have been brought up in the most familiar intercourse with the poor in town and country. My mother is a second Mrs. Fry, in spirit and act. For fourteen years my father has been the rector of a very large metropolitan parish—and I speak what I know, and testify that which I have seen. With earnest prayer, in fear and trembling, I wrote my book, and I trust in Him to whom I prayed, that He has not left me to my own prejudices or idols, on any important point relating to the state of the possibilities of the poor for whom He died. . . . ."

January 26, 1851.—". . . . In * * *, and in all that school, there is an element of foppery—even in dress and manner; a fastidious, maundering, die-away effeminacy, which is mistaken for purity and refinement; and I confess myself unable to cope with it, so alluring is it to the minds of an effeminate and luxurious aristocracy; neither educated in all that should teach them to distinguish between bad and good taste, healthy and unhealthy philosophy or devotion. I never attempted but once to rescue a woman out of ——'s hands, and then I failed utterly and completely. I could not pamper her fancies as he could; for I could not bid her be more than a woman, but

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only to be a woman. I could not promise a safe and easy royal road to lily crowns, and palms of virginity, and the especial coronet of saints. I have nothing especial to offer anyone, except especial sorrow and trouble, if they wish to try to do especial good. I wish for no reward, no blessing, no name, no grace, but what is equally the heritage of potboys and navvies, and which they can realize and enjoy just as deeply as I can, while they remain potboys and navvies, and right jolly ones too. Now this whole school (though there is very much noble and good in it, and they have re-called men's minds—I am sure they have mine—to a great deal of catholic and apostolic truth which we are now forgetting) is an aristocratic movement in the fullest and most carnal sense. . . . "

". . . . This road, then, as a fact, leads Romewards. Now do you wish me to say to your friend what I think? Do you wish me to ask her the questions I must ask, or speak no word to her? . . . . 'I want proof whether you really believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. If you do not—if you only *believe in believing in them*, if you believe that they are present only in some Church or system; or ought to be present there, and may be put back again there, by art and man's device, by more rigid creeds, and formulæ, more church goings, more mediæval architecture, more outward ceremonies, or more private prayers, &c., &c., and religious acts of the members: if you believe that God used to guide the world, or one nation of it, in the Jews' time: if you believe that God takes care of Episcopal churches, and the devil has the rest of the world to himself: if you believe that God takes care of souls, and not of bodies also; of Churches, and not of States also; of ecclesiastical events, and not of political and scientific ones also; of saints, and not of sinners also; of spiritual matters, and not of crops and trades and handicrafts also—then I cannot, cannot say that you believe in the creeds or the sacraments, or those of whose Eternal being, presence and power they witness. Madam,' I would say, 'if you really believe the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the Sacraments, and the witness of the Priesthood: if you really believe that you have

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a Father in heaven, in any real sense of that king of words, *Father*: if you believe that He who died on the Cross for you, and for your children, and for the whole earth, is really now King and Lord of the Universe, King and Lord of England, and of your property, and of your body and mind and spirit: if you really believe that the Holy Spirit proceeds from Him as well as from His Father and your Father, and that He and your Father are ONE:—why should you go to Rome? Did God make Rome and not England? He has chosen to teach Rome one way and England another. He has chosen to make you an English woman, a member of the Church of England, English in education, character, brain, feelings, duties: you cannot unmake yourself. You are already a member of that Spiritual One body, called the English nation: you cannot make yourself anything else. A child cannot choose its own mother: the fact of your being born in a certain faith and certain circumstances, ought to be to you a plain proof, if you believe in a Living Father at all, that that faith and those circumstances are the ones by which He means to teach you, in which you are to work. You may answer, What if I find the faith is wrong? I answer, Prove first that you know what the faith is! You must exhaust the meaning of the Church of England, before you have any right to prefer any other church to it. For there is always an *à priori* probability that you are right where you are, because God has put you where you are. But I am not going to rest the question on probabilities. I only ask you to pause for their sake, while you consider whether you know what the Church of England is, what God's education of England has been, and whether the one or the other are consistent with each other. I say they are. I say that the Church of England is wonderfully and mysteriously fitted for the souls of a free Norse-Saxon race; for men whose ancestors fought by the side of Odin, over whom a descendant of Odin now rules. And I say that the element which you have partially introduced, and to drown yourself in which you must go to Rome, is a foreign element, unsuited to Englishmen, and to God's purposes with England. How far it may be the best

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for the Italian or Spanish spirit I cannot judge. I can only believe that if they had been capable of anything higher, God would have given them something higher. And if you ask me, why I think we are capable of something higher, I say, because the highest idea of man is to know his Father, and look his Father in the face, in full assurance of faith and love; and that out of that springs all manful energy, self-respect, all self-restraint, all that the true Englishman has, and the Greek and Spaniard have not. And I say this is what that inspired demagogue, St. James, means when he speaks of "the perfect law of liberty." I say that this Protestant faith, which teaches every man to look God in the face for himself, has contributed more than anything else to develop family life, industry, freedom in England, Scotland, and Sweden; and that if any one wishes to benefit the poor whom God has committed to their charge, they must do any thing and every thing rather than go to Rome—to a creed which by substituting the Confessor for God, begins by enslaving the landlord's soul, and will infallibly teach him to enslave the souls of his tenants, make them more incapable than they are now, of independence, self-respect, self-restraint; make association and co-operation impossible to them, by substituting a Virgin Mary, who is to *nurse* them like infants, for a Father in whom they are men and brothers; and end by bringing them down to the level of the Irish or Neapolitan savage.'

"This I would say; and then I would say, 'If you are dissatisfied with the present state of the Church of England, so am I. Stay in it, then, and try to mend it. But let your emendations be consistent with the idea of the part which is yet pure. To Romanize the Church is not to reform it. To unprotestantize is not to reform it. Therefore take care that the very parts in the Prayer Book which you would alter, be not just the really Catholic and Apostolic parts; that you would give, without intending it, exactly the same Sectarian and Manichæan tone to its present true catholicity which the Puritan party would, if they were allowed to tamper with the

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Baptismal or Ordination Service.' This I would say, if God gave me utterance and courage. . . . .

"Make any use whatsoever which you choose of this letter. Mind, my dear sir, that I have been here putting the arguments themselves in strong relief. In what words it might be right to embody them, would depend upon the temper and peculiar trials and advantages of the person herself."

. . . . . .

February 5.—". . . . I am convinced of one thing more and more, by experience, that the whole question is an anthropological one. 'Define a human being,' ought to be the first query. It is thence that the point of departure, perhaps unconsciously, takes place. Perhaps I shall not bore you, if I speak a little on this point. I do not speak from book, for I have no great faith in controversial books—they never go to the hearts of the doctrines or those who hold them. 'Measure for Measure' taught me more than oceans of anti-men polemics could have done, or pro-men either. But, to tell you the truth in private, I have been through that terrible question of 'Celibacy versus Marriage' once already in my life. And from what I have felt about it in myself, and seen others feel, I am convinced that it is the cardinal point. If you leave that fortress untaken, your other batteries are wasted. It is to religion, what the Malthusian doctrine is to political economy—the *crux in limine*, your views of which must logically influence your views of everything afterwards.

"Now, there are two great views of men. One as a spirit embodied in flesh and blood, with certain relations, namely, those of father, child, husband, wife, brother, as necessary properties of his existence. No one denies that the relations of father and child are necessary, seeing that man is the son of man. About the necessity of the others there is a question with some; but not with the class of whom I speak, viz., the many, Christian as well as heathen, in all ages and countries. To them, practically, at least, *all* the relations are considered as standing on the same basis, viz., the actual constitution which God has given man, and the necessity of continuing his race.

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"Those of them who are spiritually enlightened, have learnt to believe that these relations to man are the symbols of relations to God. That God is our Father. That Christ is the husband of the one collective and corporate person, called the Church. That we are brothers and sisters, in as far as we are children of the same Heavenly Father. And, finally, that these human relations are given us to teach us their divine antitypes; and therefore that it is only in proportion as we appreciate and understand the types that we can understand the antitypes. They deny that these relations are carnal, *i.e.*, animal, in essence. They say that they are peculiar to the human race. That being human, they are spiritual, because man *quâ* man is not an animal, but a spirit embodied in an animal. Therefore they more or less clearly believe these relations to be everlasting; because man is immortal, and therefore all which pertains to his spirit (as these do) is immortal also. How these relations are to be embodied practically in the future state, they do not know: for they do not know how they themselves are to be embodied. But seeing that these relations are in this life the teachers of the highest truths, and intimately and deeply connected with their deepest and holiest feelings and acts, they believe that they will in the next life teach them still more, be still more connected with their inmost spirits, and therefore have a more perfect development and fulfilment, and be the forms of a still more intimate union with the beloved objects, whom they now feel and know to be absolutely parts of themselves. This I hold to be the Creed of the Bible, both of the Old Testament and the New. And if any passages in the New Testament seem to militate against it, I think that they only do so from our reading our popular manichæism or gnosticism into them; or from our not seeing that the Old Testament doctrine of the absolute and everlasting humanity, and therefore sanctity, of these relations is to be taken for granted in the New Testament as an acknowledged substratum to all further teaching.

"The second class, who have been found in large numbers, principally among the upper classes, both among Christians

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and heathens at various eras of the world, hold an entirely different anthropology. In their eyes man is not a spirit necessarily embodied in, and expressed by an animal; but a spirit accidentally connected with, and burdened by an animal. The animal part of them only is supposed to be human, the spiritual, angelic or diabolic, as the case may be. The relations of life are supposed to be properties only of the animal part, or rather adjuncts of them. The ideal of man, therefore, is to deny, not himself, but the animal part which is not himself, and to strive after a non-human or angelic state. And this angelic state is supposed, of course, to be single and self-sustained, without relations, except to God alone; a theory grounded first on the belief of the Easterns and Alexandrians, and next, on the supposed meaning of an expression of our Lord's in Mark xii. 25. Now this may be a true anthropology, but I object to it, *in limine*, that it denies its own ground. If, as all will allow, we can only know our relations to God through our relations to each other, the more we abjure and despise those latter relations, the less we shall know of the former, the less ground we shall have for believing that they are our relations to God; and, therefore, in practice, the less we shall believe that they are. It has been said that to be alone only means to have nothing between us and heaven. It may mean that, but it will also mean to ignore God as our Father, men as our brothers, Christ as the Bridegroom of the Church.

"That this is the case is evident from history; and history is a fair test. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' A fair test of doctrines, though not of individuals. Every man is better and worse than his creed. Even the most heretical are happily inconsistent (as I believe, because the light which lighteth every man, the eternal idea of pure humanity, which is the image of the Lord God, is too strong for them, and makes their acts more right—because more human—than their theories). But we may judge of the truth of a doctrine both from its fruits in the general faith and practice of an age, and from its manifestations in those stronger souls who dare carry things consistently out wherever they may lead them.

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"Now this anthropology was held and carried out by the Neo-Platonists, by Plotinus, Libanius, Hypatia, Isidore, Proclus, and others, and we know whither it led them. To aristocratic exclusiveness; to absolute hatred of anything which looked like a gospel for the merely human masses; to the worship of the pure and absolute intellect, and the confusion of it with the understanding; to the grossest polytheism, and image worship, as a means of supplying that void which they themselves had made, by trying to have nothing between themselves and heaven! To theurgy, and all such sorts of spasmodic attempts at miracle-working, in order to give themselves, when they had thrown away the evidence and teaching which they thought gross and material, some sort of evidence and teaching, any mere signs and wonders to assure their exhausted faculties, tired of fluttering in the vacuum of 'pure devotion,' that the whole was not a dream; and finally—utter scepticism. I appeal to history whether my account is not correct. And I appeal also to history whether exactly the same phases, in exactly the same order, but with far more fearful power, did not develop themselves in the mediæval Church, between the eleventh and sixteenth century, ending in the lie of lies—the formulised and organised scepticism of Jesuitry. And I do assert, that the cause of that development was the same in both—the peculiar anthropologic theory which made an angel the ideal of a man, and therefore celibacy his highest state. I only ask you to read carefully the life of St. Francis of Assisi, in old Surius, and you will, as I do, love, reverence, and all but adore the man; but you will see that all which made him unmanly, superstitious, and everything which we abhor, sprang evidently, and in his case (being a genius) consciously, from his notion of what a man was, and what he ought to be. And from these grounds I venture a prediction or two. God knows I have seen enough of all this to see somewhat at least where it leads. For several years of my life it was the question which I felt I must either conquer utterly or turn papist and monk. If I give you some little light, I can assure you I bought it dear. I, too, have held, one by one, every doctrine of

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the extreme High Church party, and faced their consequences.

"It does seem to me, then, that if that party persist in their adoption of the Romish and Neo-Platonist anthropology, they must, at least the most noble spirits of them, follow it out to the same conclusions. There will be a lessening sense of God as a Father—or of that word Father meaning anything real—till we shall see, as we do in Romish books of devotion, and in Romish practice, the Fatherhood of God utterly forgotten, and the prayer which declares it turned into a parrot-like charm—as if for the very purpose of *not* recollecting its blessed news. And in proportion as their own feelings towards their children become less sacred in their eyes, they will be less inclined to impute such feelings in God towards them; they will not be able to conceive forgiveness, forbearance, tender patience and care on His part, and will receive the spirit of bondage again unto fear. In proportion as they think their relation to their own children is not an absolute and eternal one, they will find a difficulty in conceiving their relation to God to be so. They will conceive it possible to lose the blessing even of the name of God's children. They will resort to prayers and terrors to recover a lost relationship to God, which, if their own children employed towards them, they would consider absurd in reason, and insulting to parental love. Do I say they will? Alas! may I not say they do so already?

"Then there will be an increasing confusion about our Blessed Lord. They will, thanks be to His Spirit, and the grace of the sacraments, which are never in vain, still regard Him as the ideal of humanity. But they will only see as much of that ideal as their sense of the term humanity allows them. It will be, therefore, those passages of our Lord's life, those features of His temporary stay on earth, which seem most *angelic*, or non-human, which will be most prized. In all in which He approaches the Romish saint, they will apprehend and appreciate Him. But they will not appreciate Him as the Word who said to Adam and Eve, 'Increase and multiply

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and replenish the earth;' as the tutelary God of the patriarchs, with their rich animal life; as the Lord of the marrying, farming, fighting Jews, with their intense perception of the sanctity of family, hereditary and national ties, and the dependence of those on the very essence of the Lord; as the Lord of Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, the Lord of all the nations of the earth, who is the example and the sanction, the ideal fulfiller, not merely of the devotee, but of every phase of humanity. They will less and less appreciate the gospel of 'Husbands love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.' Not that they will not hold the doctrine of the Blessed One being the Bridegroom. But having forgotten what a bridegroom means, they will not shrink with horror from calling Him the 'Bridegroom of each individual soul'—an unscriptural and illogical doctrine (I will not use the words which I might about it, for the sake of His name which it involves)—common to mystics, both Romish and Puritan, the last phase of which may be seen in Frank Newman's Unitarian book, 'The soul, *her* sorrows and aspirations!' You are as well aware as I, that the soul is talked of as a bride—as feminine by nature, whatever be the sex of its possessor. This is indeed only another form of the desire to be an angel. For if you analyse the common conception of an angel, what is it, as the pictures consistently enough represent it, but a woman, unsexed?

"But in the mean time, there will be revulsions from the passionate, amatory language which mystics apply to our Lord, as irreverent, if not worse. There will be recollections that He is Lord and God. The distance between His angelic, and therefore incomprehensible humanity, and the poor, simple, struggling, earth-bound soul of the worshipper, already painful enough, will widen more and more, till He becomes the tremendous Judge of Michael Angelo's picture—not a God-man, but a God-angel—terrible thought—'Who shall propitiate Him—the saintly, the spotless, the impassable? He would feel for us if He could comprehend us, for He loved us to the death; but how can He comprehend us poor mean creatures?

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How dare we tell Him the meannesses we hardly dare confess to ourselves? Oh! for some tender ear, into which we should not be ashamed to pour our tale. One like us in all things—of like passions with ourselves. It must be a woman. We so weak and woman-like—we who call our souls "she," we dare not tell man—at least till he is unsexed by celibacy; for even the priest is cold, is uncertain, is sinful like ourselves. Oh! for a virgin mother, in whose face we should never see anything but a pitying smile!'

"'Go to the blessed Virgin,' said a Romish priest, to a lady whom I love well. 'She, you know, is a woman, and can understand all a woman's feelings.' Ah! thought I, if your head had once rested on a lover's bosom, and your heart known the mighty stay of a man's affection, you would have learnt to go now in your sore need, not to the mother but to the Son—not to the indulgent virgin, but to the strong *man*, Christ Jesus—stern because loving—who does not shrink from punishing, and yet does it as a man would do it, '*mighty* to save.'

"My dear sir, there is the course which that party must run—to Mariolatry; and the noblest and tenderest hearts of them will plunge most deeply, passionately, and idolatrously into it. Not that they will find it sufficient. They, too, will have to eke out the *human* mediation which the soul of man requires, by saints, and their relics. They, too, will find accesses of blank doubt! . . . . 'Nothing between them and heaven.' True; but heaven will in that case look far far off at times. There must be 'signs,' 'evidences,' 'palpable proofs' of something invisible and spiritual. If their children, their parents, their country are none—perhaps images may be, or still better, miracles, if one would but appear! 'The course of nature does not testify of God.' Then something supernatural may. 'The laws of nature are not the pure eternal children of the pure eternal Father.' 'Oh! for something to break them—to show that there is something besides ourselves, and our own handiwork, in the universe.' Oh! for an ecstatica, a weeping image, a bleeding picture!' . . . . God help them—and us! . . . ."

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CHAPTER IX.

1851.

AGED 32.

LETTERS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM—TEETOTALISM—OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION—INFLUENCE OF "YEAST"—ATTACK IN THE "GUARDIAN" AND REPLY—LECTURE ON AGRICULTURE—OCCURRENCE IN A LONDON CHURCH—VISIT TO GERMANY—LETTER FROM MR. JOHN MARTINEAU.

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
He is secure! and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain."

SHELLEY.

"We should be wary what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men; how we spill the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be committed, sometimes a martyrdom."

MILTON.

THE year of the Great Exhibition, which began with distress and discontent in England, and ended with a Revolution in Paris, was a notable one in the life of Charles Kingsley. His parochial work was only varied by the addition of new plans of draining the parish at the points where low fever had prevailed. He occasionally attended the Conferences of the Promoters of Association. He crossed the Channel for the first

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time. His friendship and correspondence with Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, and with Miss Mitford, date from this year. "Yeast, a Problem," was reprinted and came out in a volume anonymously. "Hypatia" was begun as a serial in "Fraser's Magazine." "Santa Maura" and several shorter poems were written. He contributed to the "Christian Socialist" eight papers on "Bible Politics, or God justified to the People," four on the "Frimley Murder," three entitled "The Long Game," a few ballads and sonnets, and the story of "The Nun's Pool," which had been rejected in 1848 by the publishers of "Politics." He preached two sermons in London, one of which made him notorious. He carried on a correspondence in the "Spectator," on the state of the Universities, urging the necessity of a Commission, &c., &c., which made him many enemies and plunged him into a fresh sea of private letters.

"As to the temper and tone of what I wrote," he writes, to a Fellow of Trinity, "whereon folks are fierce, I have nothing to say, but that, if half my theory was true, it would excuse my writing passionately. . . . . I expected to be reviled. . . . Only I believe an old superstition, that things are either right or wrong, and that right means what God commands, and loves, and blesses; and wrong what He forbids and hates, and makes a curse and a road of ruin to those who follow it; and therefore no language is too strong to warn men from the road to ruin, because you cannot tell into what fearful 'descensus Averni' it may lead them. I had a superstition that the universities were going down that descent. . . . . I had hoped that some here and there would listen to me. I have no proof that none will not; but still, if such men as you think me wrong, I take it as a sign that I have tried to pick green fruit, that the time is not come, and retire to chew the cud, and try again some day, when I know more about the matter. As for hard words, they neither make for me or against me.

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There never was any one who spoke out the truth yet on the earth, who was not called a 'howling idiot' for his pains—*at first*. . . . My conclusion is, being on all points a 'superstitious man,' that God does not choose me to meddle in this matter, being not wise and good enough; that He has therefore allowed me to fall into a slight mistake of fact, [as to the influence of Strauss's books at Cambridge,] in order to cripple me, and that therefore I must mind other work for the present; whereof I have plenty." . . . .

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY: *January* 16, 1851.—"A thousand thanks for all your advice and information, which encourages me to say more. I don't know how far I shall be able to write much for the 'Christian Socialist.' Don't fancy that I am either lazy or afraid. But, if I do not use my pen to the uttermost in earning my daily bread, I shall not get through this year. I am paying off the loans which I got to meet the expenses of repairing and furnishing; but, with an income reduced this year by more than 200*l.*, having given up, thank God, that sinecure clerkship, and having had to return ten per cent. of my tithes, owing to the agricultural distress, I have also this year, for the first time, the opportunity, and therefore the necessity, of supporting a good school. My available income, therefore, is less than 400*l.* I cannot reduce my charities, and I am driven either to give up my curate, or to write; and either of these alternatives, with the increased parish work, for I have got either lectures or night school every night in the week, and three services on Sunday, will demand my whole time. What to do unless I get pupils I know not. Martineau leaves me in June. My present notion is to write a historical romance of the beginning of the fifth century, which has been breeding in my head this two years. But how to find time I know not. And if there is a storm brewing, of course I shall have to help to fight the Philistines. Would that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest! I have written this selfish and egotistical letter to ask for your counsel; but I do not

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forget that you have your own troubles. My idea in the romance is to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. Such has been my opinion for a long time, and what I have been reading lately confirms it more and more. Even Synesius, 'the philosophic' bishop, is an aristocrat by the side of Cyril. It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed!' Of English subjects I can write no more just now. I have exhausted both my stock and my brain, and really require to rest it, by turning it to some new field, in which there is richer and more picturesque life, and the elements are less confused, or rather, may be handled more in the mass than English ones now. I have long wished to do something antique, and get out my thoughts about the connection of the old world and the new; Schiller's 'Gods of Greece' expresses, I think, a tone of feeling very common, and which finds its vent in modern Neo-Platonism—Anythingarianism. But if you think I ought not, I will not. I will obey *your* order."

The "Christian Socialist" movement had been severely attacked in the "Edinburgh" and in the "Quarterly Reviews;" in both articles Communism and Socialism were spoken of as identical, and the author of "Alton Locke" was pointed at as the chief offender. He writes to Mr. Brimley, of Trinity:

"The article [in the 'Quarterly'] I have not seen, and don't intend to. There is no use for a hot-tempered and foul-mouthed man like myself praying not to be led into temptation, and then reading, voluntarily, attacks on himself from the firm of Wagg, Wenham, and Co. But if you think I ought to answer the attack formally, pray tell me so.

"Hypatia grows, little darling, and I am getting very fond of her; but the period is very dark, folks having been given to

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lying then, as well as now, besides being so blind as not to see the meaning of their own time (perhaps, though, we don't of ours), and so put down, not what we should like to know, but what they liked to remember. Nevertheless there are materials for a grand book. And if I fail in it, I may as well give up writing—perhaps the best thing for me; though, thanks to abuse-puffs, my books sell pretty steadily."

"Though" (says Mr. Hughes), "Charles Kingsley faced his adversaries bravely, it must not be inferred that he did not feel the attacks and misrepresentations very keenly. In many respects, though housed in a strong and vigorous body, his spirit was an exceedingly tender and sensitive one. I have often thought that at this time his very sensitiveness drove him to say things more broadly and incisively, because he was speaking as it were somewhat against the grain, and knew that the line he was taking would be misunderstood, and would displease and alarm those with whom he had most sympathy. For he was by nature and education an aristocrat in the best sense of the word, believed that a landed aristocracy was a blessing to the country, and that no country would gain the highest liberty without such a class, holding its own position firmly, but in sympathy with the people. He liked their habits and ways, and keenly enjoyed their society. Again, he was full of reverence for science and scientific men, and specially for political economy and economists, and desired eagerly to stand well with them. And it was a most bitter trial to him to find himself not only in sharp antagonism with traders and employers of labour, which he looked for, but with these classes also. On the other hand, many of the views and habits of those with whom he found himself associated were very distasteful to him. In a new social movement, such as that of association as it took shape in 1849-50, there is certain to be great attraction for restless and eccentric persons, and in point of fact many such joined it. . . . . 'As if we shall not be abused enough,' he used to say, 'for what we must say and do, without being saddled with mischievous nonsense of this kind.' To less sensitive men the effect of eccentricity upon him was

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almost comic. Many of the workmen, who always rise to the top at first, who were most prominent in the Associations were almost as little to his mind—windy inflated kind of persons, with a lot of fine phrases in their mouths which they didn't know the meaning of. But in spite of all that was distasteful to him in some of its surroundings, the co-operative movement (as it is now called) entirely approved itself to his conscience and judgment, and mastered him so that he was ready to risk whatever had to be risked in fighting its battle. Often in those days, seeing how loath Charles Kingsley was to take in hand much of the work which Parson Lot had to do, and how fearlessly and thoroughly he did it after all, one was reminded of the old Jewish prophets, such as Amos the herdsman of Tekoa,—'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdsman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said unto me, Go, prophesy unto my people Israel.'"

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

". . . . And if I had £100,000, I'd have, and should have staked and lost it all in 1848-50. I should, Tom, for my heart was and is in it, and you'll see it will beat yet. Still, some somedever, it's in the fates, that association is the pure caseine, and must be eaten by the human race if it would save its soul alive. . . . I have had a sorter kinder sample day. Up at five, to see a dying man; ought to have been up at two, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous!!! and didn't make row enough; was from 5.30 to 6.30 with the most dreadful case of agony—insensible to me, but not to his pain. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at eight. Found him insensible to his own pain, with dilated pupils, dying of pressure of the brain—going any moment. Prayed the commendatory prayers over him, and started for the river with W. Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful agonized face between me and the river, pondering on *The* mystery. Killed eight on 'March brown,' a 'governor,' by drowning the flies, and taking

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'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a north-easter. 'Cause why? The water is warmer than the air—*ergo*, fishes don't like to put their noses out o' doors, and feeds at home down stairs. It is the only wrinkle, Tom. The captain fished a-top, and caught but three all day. They weren't going to catch a cold in their heads to please him or any man. Clouds burn up at 1 p.m. I put on a minnow, and kill three more; I should have had lots, but for the image of the dirty hickory stick, which would 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' just ahead of my minnow. Mem. never fish with the sun in your back; it's bad enough with a fly, but with a minnow it's strychnine and prussic acid. My eleven weighed together four and a-half pounds, three to the pound; not good, considering I had passed many a two-pound fish, I know. Corollary.—Brass minnow don't suit the water. Where is your wonderful minnow? Send me one down, or else a horn one, which I believes in desperate. One pounder I caught to-day on the 'March brown,' womited his wittles, which was rude, but instructive; and among worms was a gudgeon three inches long and more. Blow minnows—gudgeon is the thing. Came off the water at three. Found my man alive, and, thank God, quiet. Sat with him, and thought him going once or twice. What a mystery that long, insensible death-struggle is! . . . Then had to go to Hartley Row for an Archdeacon's Sunday-school meeting—three hours speechifying. Got back at 10.30, and sit writing to you. So goes one's day. All manner of incongruous things to do, and the very incongruity keeps one beany and jolly. Your letter was delightful. I read part of it to W., who says you are the best fellow on earth, to which I agree. So no more from your sleepy and tired,

"C. KINGSLEY."

TO HIS WIFE.

EVERSLEY RECTORY: *Whit Monday.*—"A most successful Club Day. Weather glorious—roasting hot. Preached them a sermon on the 2nd Lesson (1 Cor. xii.), the Church of the World. World as the selfish competitive isolating form of

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society—Church as the uniting one . . . . Spoke of the Millenium and the realization of the Kingdom of God—showed the intimate connection of the whole with Whitsuntide, and especially the Whit Monday services, and was greeted after church by the band striking up 'the good time coming.' I know nothing which has pleased me so much for a long time. The singing was excellent, and altogether all went charmingly. We dine with them by request.

"*Whit Tuesday.* I have been planting vigorously. This glorious heat makes me lively and happy in the body in spite of myself; but if a chill whiff of a cloud comes, I feel all alone at once—a crab without his shell, a cock without his tail, a dog-fish with a nail through his nose—all are nothing in want and helplessness to my feelings. Kiss the darlings for me. Thank God only five days more alone, please God! please God!

"*Friday.* Such a ducking! such a storm! I am glad you were not at home for that only. We were up fishing on the great lake at Bramshill: the morning soft, rich, and lowering, with a low, falling glass. I have been prophesying thunder for two or three days. Perch would not bite. I went to see E. H.; and read and prayed with her. How one gets to love consumptive patients. She seems in a most happy, holy state of mind. Then I went on to L. G.; sat a long time with her, and came back to the lake—day burning, or rather melting, the country looking glorious. The day as hot without sun, as it generally is with. There appeared a black storm over Reading. I found J. had hooked a huge jack, which broke everything in a moment, and went off with all his spinning tackle. Then the storm began to work round in that mysterious way storms will, and gather from every quarter, and the wind which had been dead calm S. E., blew N. E., N., W., and lastly, as it is doing now, and always does after these explosions, S.W. And then began such a sight, and we on the island in the middle of the great lake! The lightning was close, and seemed to strike the ground near Sandhurst again and again, and the crackle and roar and spit and grumble over our heads was awful. I have not been in such a storm for four years. . . . . We

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walked home after an hour's ducking. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed a great deal during the storm, for we were in a very dangerous place in an island under high trees; and it seemed dreadful never to see you again. I count the hours till Monday. Tell the chicks I found a real wild duck's nest on the island, full of eggs, and have brought one home to hatch it under a hen! We dined out last night, and after dinner went bird's nesting in the garden, and found plenty. Tell Rose a bullfinch's, with eggs, and a chaffinch's, and an oxeye's, and a thrush's, and a greenfinch's; and then B. and I climbed to the top of the highest fir tree there, to hang our hats on the top.

The opening of the Great Exhibition was a matter of deep interest to him, not only for its own sake, but for that of the Great Prince who was the prime mover in the undertaking. On entering the building he was moved to tears; to him it was like going into a sacred place, not a mere show as so many felt it, and still less a gigantic shop, in which wares were displayed for the sake of selfish trade competition. The science, the art, the noble ideas of universal peace, universal brotherhood it was meant to shadow forth and encourage, excited him intensely; while the feeling that the realization of these great and noble ideas was as yet so far off, and that these achievements of physical science were mere forecastings of a great but distant future, saddened him as profoundly. Four days after the opening, in preaching at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Psalm lxviii. 18: "*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for His enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them,*" he startled his hearers by contrasting the widespread unbelief of the present day, in God as the Fount of all science, all art, all the intelligence of the nation, with the simple faith of our forefathers.

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"If," he said, "a thousand years ago a congregation in this place had been addressed upon the text I have chosen, they would have had little difficulty in applying its meaning to themselves, and in mentioning at once the innumerable instances of those gifts which the King of men had received for men, innumerable signs that the Lord God was really dwelling among them. But among those signs, I think, they would have mentioned several which we are not now generally accustomed to consider in such a light. They would have pointed not merely to the building of churches, the founding of schools, the spread of peace, the decay of slavery, but to the importation of foreign literature, the extension of the arts of reading, writing, painting, architecture, the improvement of agriculture, and the introduction of new and more successful methods for the cure of diseases.* . . . . If these forefathers of ours could rise from their graves this day they would be inclined to see in our hospitals, in our railroads, in the achievements of our physical science, confirmation of that old superstition of theirs, proofs of the kingdom of God, realizations of the gifts which Christ received for men, vaster than any of which they had dreamed . . . . And they would say sadly to us, 'Sons, you ought to be so near to God. He seems to have given you so much, and to have worked among you as He never worked for any nation under heaven. How is it that you give the glory to yourselves and not to Him.' . . . For do we give the glory of our great scientific discoveries to God in any real, honest, practical sense? . . . . True, we keep up something of the form and tradition of the old talk about such things; we join in prayer to God to bless our Great Exhibition; but we do not believe—we do not believe, my friends—that it was God who taught men to conceive, build, and arrange this great exhibition. And this, in spite of words which were spoken by one whose office it was to speak them as the representative of the highest and most sacred personage in these realms—words which deserve to be written in letters of gold on the high places of this city, in which he spoke of

* The sermon was for the Westminster Hospital. (National Sermons.)

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this exhibition 'as an approach to a more complete fulfilment of the great and sacred mission which man has to perform in the world,'* and that 'man's reason being created in the image of God, he has to discover the laws by which Almighty God governs this creation; and by making those laws the standard of his action, to conquer nature to his use, himself a divine instrument;—' when he spoke of 'thankfulness to Almighty God for what He has already *given*' as the first feeling which that Exhibition ought to excite in us; and as the second, 'the deep conviction that these blessings can only be realized in proportion to'—not, as some would have it, the rivalry of selfish competition—, but, 'in proportion to the *help* which we are prepared to render to each other; and therefore, by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between all nations of the earth.' . . . ."

Among the topics discussed in the columns of the "Christian Socialist" this year was Teetotalism; and Mr. Kingsley wrote a remarkable letter, which was not inserted, treating the movement on its ascetic side. While "deeply sympathising," he says, "with the horror of our English drunkenness that produced it, and honouring every teetotaller, as I honour every man who proves by his actions that he possesses high principle, and manful self restraint;" yet he confesses his anxiety lest Teetotalism should grow into an eleventh commandment, and become a root of bitterness and dissociation between men who ought to love, respect, and work with each other, ending some fifty years hence, in a great socialist split between water-drinkers and beer-drinkers, each party despising and reviling the other: and so encouraging "that subtlest of sins, spiritual pride and Pharisaism."

* Speech of H.R.H. The Prince Consort, at the opening of the Great Exhibition.

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"The true remedies against drunkenness," he adds, "are two. First, to agitate and battle for that about which the working classes are so culpably and blindly lukewarm,—proper Sanitary Reform, which, by improving the atmosphere of their dwellings, will take away the morbid craving of their stomachs for stimulants, and render temperance easy and pleasant; and, secondly, the establishment of small associate home-breweries, in which a dozen workmen's families, for a fixed capital of three or four pounds, may brew themselves the best of malt-and-hop-ale at a far lower price (thanks to free trade), than they can buy the salt and grains of Paradise, and cocculus indicus of the scoundrel publicans, and may free themselves at once from all that wretched public-house tyranny, and neglect of their families, to which, those who represent Association as too pure to consort with John Barleycorn, wish in their tender mercies to deliver them over without escape."

But while arguing against teetotalism, and for the right of the poor man to *wholesome* beer, he was for ever urging on landlords and magistrates to refuse to grant fresh licences, above all, to withhold spirit licenses; and thus to make a stand against the demoralizing drunkenness which paralyzes the work of the clergy in town and country. He saw no hope for the future unless the number of public houses could be legally restricted by the area of the parish and the amount of population, to the lowest possible number. He urged that these should be placed under the most vigilant police superintendence; especially in outlying districts, where they are nests of poachers and bad characters, and ruinous to the boys and girls who frequent them, alas! from the moment they leave school.

Early this year he republished "Yeast," with the addition of an Epilogue. It was a bold stroke, but he had counted the cost.

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"Whatever obloquy," he said, "it may bring upon me, I shall think that a light price to pay, if by it I shall have helped, even in a single case, to turn the hearts of the parents to the children, and the hearts of the children to the parents, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come—as come it surely will, if we persist much longer in substituting denunciation for sympathy, instruction for education, and Pharisaism for the Good News of the Kingdom of God."

In the month of May it was reviewed anonymously in the "Guardian" by a well-known Oxford graduate, a strong partizan of the Anglican party, who brought very grave charges against the book and its writer—of "heresy,"—of "encouraging profligacy, of despising doctrines consecrated by the faith of ages . . . . if they tend to check the wildest speculations of the intellect, or restrain the most entire indulgence of the passions," &c. The review was so worded as to leave a general impression on the reader's mind that the book inculcated the vilest principles, and most pernicious doctrines. Mr. Kingsley had hitherto made it a rule not to answer newspaper attacks, especially those of the religious press, but these charges were beyond all precedent, and he repudiated them indignantly in the following letter :—

"SIR,—Having lived for several years under the belief that the Editor of the 'Guardian' was a gentleman and a christian, I am bound to take for granted that you have not yourself read the book called 'Yeast,' which you have allowed to be reviewed in your columns. This answer therefore is addressed, not to you, but to your reviewer; and I have a right to expect that you will, as an act of common fairness, insert it.

"I most thoroughly agree with the reviewer that he has not misunderstood me; on the contrary, he sees most clearly the gist of the book, as is proved by his carefully omitting any mention whatsoever of two questions connected with a character

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whose existence is passed over in silence, which form the very pith and moral of the whole book. I know well enough why he has ignored them; because they were the very ones which excited his wrath. But he makes certain allegations against me which I found it somewhat difficult to answer, from their very preposterousness, till, in *Pascal's Fifteenth Provincial Letter*, I fell on an argument which a certain Capuchin Father, Valerian, found successful against the Jesuits, and which seems to suit the reviewer exactly. I shall therefore proceed to apply it to the two accusations which concern me most nearly as a churchman. 1. He asserts that I say that 'it is common sense and logic to make ourselves children of God by believing that we are so when we are not.' Sir, you and your readers will hardly believe me when I tell you that this is the exact and formal opposite to what I say, that the words which he misquotes, by *leaving out the context and the note of interrogation*, occur in a scornful *reductio ad absurdum* of the very doctrine which he wantonly imputes to me, an appeal to common sense and logic *against* and not for the lie of the Genevan School. I have a right to use the word 'wantonly,' for he cannot say that he has misunderstood me; he has refused to allow me that plea, and I refuse to allow it to him. Indeed, I cannot, for the passage is as plain as daylight, no schoolboy could misunderstand it; and every friend to whom I have shown his version of it has received it with the same laughter and indignation with which I did, and felt, with me, that the only answer to be given to such dishonesty was that of Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

"2. So with the assertion, that the book 'regards the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity as the same thing with that of the Vedus Neo-Platonists,' &c. &c.; or considers 'a certain amount of youthful profligacy as doing no real and permanent harm to the character—perhaps strengthening it—for a useful and even a religious life; and that the existence of the passions is a proof that they are to be gratified.' Sir, I shall not quote passages in disproof of these calumnies, for if I did I should have to quote half the book. I shall simply reply, with Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

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"I shall enter into no further defence of the book; I have no doubt of there being many errors and defects in it. I shall be most thankful to have them pointed out, and to correct them most patiently. But one thing I may say, to save trouble hereafter, that whosoever henceforth, either explicitly or by insinuation, says that I do not hold and believe *ex animo*, and in the simple and literal sense, all the doctrines of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England, as embodied in her Liturgy or Articles, shall have no answer from me but Father Valerian's *Mentiris impudentissimé*.

"I am, Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'YEAST.'"

These misrepresentations, absurd as they may seem now, as to the tendency of his teaching in "Yeast," and at a later period in "Hypatia," assuming as they did a want of *moral* principle in himself, and his encouragement of immorality in others, touched Mr. Kingsley on his tenderest point. But when the first feeling and expression of righteous indignation was over, he had a wonderful power of putting his reviewers and their hard words out of his mind, and going on his way bearing no malice. "Life is too short and too full of hard work," he would say, "to give one time to hate and suspect people." The facts, however, are recalled here to show those who know what the results of his work have been, and the different tone taken since towards him by the religious press, what sore battles he had at one time to fight, what bitter insults he had to stand, while labouring day and night in the cause of purity and godliness. The "Guardian" replied again, reiterating its charges; the best answers to which might be found in the many testimonies he received to the moral influence of "Yeast" on those whose hearts could not be touched by teachers of a

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narrower school: and in the fact that more than one "fast man" came down from London to open his heart to its author. "To him," (to use his own words of Mr. Maurice,) "as to David in the wilderness, gathered those who were spiritually discontented, and spiritually in debt; and he was a captain over them, because, like David, he talked to them, not of his own genius, or his own doctrines, but of the Living God, who had helped their forefathers, and would help them likewise." . . . .

"I have just finished 'Yeast'" writes a stranger, "and, fresh from the book, I cannot resist communicating to you my heart-felt thanks for it. You will not care about whether *I* thank you or not; never mind, I shall relieve myself by writing. . . . . I believe you have taken up the right ground in standing firmly by the spirit of Christianity, and the divineness of Christ's mission, and showing the people how they are their best friends and the truest reformers. I have been as far as most people into the Kingdom of the Everlasting No, and had nearly, in my intellectual misery, taken up with blank Atheism; and should have done so, had not my heart rebelled against my head, and flooding in upon me reflections of earlier, purer, brighter days of Faith, bade me pause. For six months I have been looking back to Christianity, my heart impelling me towards it; my head urging me into farther cimmerias. I wanted some authoritative word to confirm my heart, but could not meet with it. I read orthodox books of argument, of persuasion, of narrative, but I found they only increased my antagonism to Christianity. And I was very miserable—as I believe all earnest men must be when they find themselves God-abandoned in times like these—when, picking up your 'Christian Socialist,' I read your 'God justified to the People,' and felt that here now was a man, not a mere empty evangelical tub-thumper (as we of the North call Ranters), but a *bonâ fide man* with a man's intellect, a man of genius, and a scholar, and yet who did not spit upon his Bible, or class it with Goethe and Dante, but could have sympathies with all the ferment of the age; be a

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Radical Reformer without being a vague denier, a vaguer 'Spiritualist,' or an utter Atheist. If this man, on further acquaintance, prove what I suspect him to be, here is the confirmation I desire. Impelled by this, and by the accounts I gathered of you from Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, I devoured 'Yeast;' and 'Alton Locke,' I am now in the middle of; . . . and having, day and night, meditated on what you have to say, I feel that the confirmation I have got from you is sufficient. But I have another better confirmation in my own heart. I feel as if I had emerged from a mephitic cavern into the open day. In the midst of worldly reverses, I feel a mental serenity I never before knew; can see life and my *rôle* in life, clear and definite for the first time, through all manner of intervening entanglements. I know not by what right I make you my father confessor, but I feel strangely drawn towards you, and must send this to thank you and to bless you for having helped in the light and the leaven to a sad yeasty spirit hitherto."

A Wesleyan minister thus also gives his testimony:

"I have read your book 'Yeast: a Problem;' and cannot refrain from thanking you on my own behalf, and on behalf of the millions of poor, for whom, with a warm heart, a clear head, and a modest tongue, you have pleaded. For years I have ardently longed to see the cause of the needy advocated by one who knew their real condition, as well as their undoubted rights. And, for one, I thank you most heartily for your priceless delineation of a sceptical mind *feeling after* the Almighty. Alas! there are few, yet, of my fellow working-men who can follow you through the open door you set before them, however ready they may be to lose themselves in the first labyrinth of doubt which presents itself. . . . I hope I shall be able to induce some of my well-meaning, but injudicious, brethren (I am a Wesleyan Local Preacher) to look more attentively, and with more humility, at the wounds they strive to heal." . . .

On the 28th of May, his controversy about "Yeast" scarcely over, he had to deliver one of a series of lectures

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on behalf of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations, on The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture. He gave it, as he said, with the greatest diffidence; and its effect on those who heard it, is described by a London barrister:

"I was engaged till so late yesterday condensing your husband's lecture for the 'Christian Socialist,' that I was not able to write to you as I intended. I can only say that I feel what everybody else feels whom I have spoken with on the subject, that no other man in England could have done what he did; I say *man* emphatically, because if I were to seek a word to express my opinion of it, I would say it was the *manliest* thing I had ever heard. Such a right bold honest way of turning from side to side, looking everything straight in the face, and speaking out all the good and all the ill that could be said of it, in the plainest way, was surely never seen before; and certainly never was audience kept for nearly two hours and a half so attentive, by the mere weight of the subject, and the force with which it was wielded. . . . . I can call the thing but by one name—a triumph."

In the summer he was asked to help in a course of sermons specially addressed to the working men who came up to London to see the Great Exhibition. His subject was—The message of the Church to labouring men.

"Kingsley" (to quote Mr. T. Hughes) "took his text from Luke iv. verses 18 to 21: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,' &c. What then was that gospel? Kingsley starts at once with—'I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is, to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning of those three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work with His Lord's blessing on him; that in as far as he does not he is no priest at all, but

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a traitor to God and man;' and again, 'I say that these words express the very pith and marrow of a priest's business; I say that they preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, to rich and poor for ever and ever.' Then he goes on to warn his hearers how there is always a counterfeit in this world of the noblest message and teaching. Thus there are two freedoms —the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought. Two equalities—the false, which reduces all intellects and all characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; the true, wherein each man has equal power, to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more. This is the divine equality which the church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does. Two brotherhoods—the false, where a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; the true, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they all are alike. The Church has three special possessions and treasures. The Bible, which proclaims man's freedom, Baptism his equality, the Lord's Supper his brotherhood. . . . ."—(Preface to 'Alton Locke.')

The sermon was listened to with profound attention by a large congregation. But at its close, just as the preacher was about to give the blessing, the incumbent rose in the reading-desk and declared, that while he agreed with much that had been said, it was his painful duty to add that he believed much to be dangerous and much untrue. The excitement of the congregation was intense: the working men could with difficulty be kept quiet, and to a man of Mr. Kingsley's vehement temperament it required a great effort to make no reply. He only bowed his head, and with deepened solemnity gave the blessing, came down from the pulpit,

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and passing straight through the crowd that thronged him with out-stretched hands, and an eager "God bless you, sir," on their lips, went into the vestry, where his friends gathered round him to express their sympathy, and to take possession of the sermon that it might be printed at once.

He returned to Eversley exhausted and depressed, and in the meantime the storm burst. A leading morning paper began the attack, with an article, full of inaccuracies, which made the intended impression on those who were already strongly prejudiced against the "Apostle of Socialism." This was followed by a letter from Bishop Blomfield, who, hearing of the disturbance, wrote to Mr. Kingsley to express his displeasure, and to forbid him to preach in London. Mr. Kingsley in answer most respectfully requested the Bishop to suspend his judgment till he had read the sermon. Meanwhile letters of sympathy poured in from all quarters, from a few of the clergy, from many of the laity, and from numbers of working men. There was a meeting of working men on Kennington Common, who sent him an expression of their warm allegiance and sympathy. A proposal was also made before the bishop's prohibition was withdrawn, to induce Mr. Kingsley to start a free church independent of episcopal rule, with the promise of a huge following. It is needless to say he did not entertain this proposal for a moment. Before the meeting on Kennington Common, the secretary of the John Street Lecture Hall, where the audience was mostly composed of Chartists, free-thinkers, and followers of Strauss, some of whom had heard his sermon, wrote to offer Mr. Kingsley and his friends the use of their Hall, which he declined thus:—

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June 26, 1851.—"I have conferred with my friends on their willingness to give lectures in John Street, and find it to be their unanimous opinion, that to do so, would be interpreted by the public into an approval, more or less, of other doctrines which are taught there, from which I, of all men in England, differ most strongly, and from which I hold myself bound most strongly to protest. As a churchman, such a suspicion would be intolerable to me, as it would be gratuitously incurred. Those who wish to know my opinions will have plenty of opportunities elsewhere; and I must therefore, in common with my friends, distinctly, but most courteously, decline your kind offer of the John Street lecture rooms."

In the meantime the sermon was printed, and a copy sent to the Bishop, who wrote at once to ask Mr. Kingsley to come up and see him; and after receiving him kindly gave him full permission to preach in his diocese again.

He was now so much worn with the work and the controversies of the last eight months, that his parents, seeing the importance of his having thorough change, persuaded him to leave his parish in the care of a curate and go abroad with them. It was the first time he had crossed the water, and he enjoyed it, as thoroughly as he could enjoy anything which took him from his home. But even in new scenes his fiery spirit could not rest; and the cause of the Church and the People pressed heavily on him.

TO HIS WIFE.

EMS: *August* 1, 1851.—"Actually at Ems at last. As for what I have seen and felt I cannot tell you. My comfort is that you have seen it already, though, alas! you have not seen that glass by Kaulbach at Cöln, which is most magnificent. Grand pictures in painted glass, with far distances, which let the eye *out* of the building, instead of confining and crushing it inwards, as painted glass generally does. I cried like a

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child, at the head of the Virgin in that great triptych of Koloffs, the Adoration; that head is the most wonderful female head I ever saw yet from the hand of man. Then I had my first sight of the Rhine and vineyards—such a strange new feeling—and the Drachenfels, which is fine; but I was not overpowered as I was by Rolandseck and Nonnenwerth, *and that story;*—it seemed quite awful to find oneself in presence of it. Ehrenbreitstein disappointed me. . . . . But it is all beautiful—beautiful. That vast rushing silent river, those yellow vine slopes, and azure hills behind, with the thunder clouds lowering over their heads—beautiful; and the air! I have felt new nerves, as well as new eyes, ever since Cologne, the wonderful freshness and transparency of the colouring, and the bracing balminess of the atmosphere, make me understand now at once why people prefer this to England; there is no denying it. It is a more charming country, and that is the best of reasons one has for thanking God that one has not the means of escaping to it from *work*. . . . . How strange that my favourite Psalm about 'the hills of the robbers' should have come the very day I went up the Rhine. . . . . The other day we walked over the hills and caught unspeakable butterflies, and found—conceive my delight—some twenty-five species of plants, new to me! I cannot tell you the enjoyment of it. The scenery is certainly most lovely in every direction; and it is so delightful to think that you know it all! That thought recurs to me continually. Tell the darling children that I will bring them each home something pretty, and that the woods are full of great orange slugs, and great green lizards, and great long snakes which bite nobody, and that I will bring them home some red and blue locusts out of the vineyards. . . . . Another dear letter, and with such good news too! (about the Needlewoman's and other associations). I am so lifted up, and thankful for it! I am sure the cause is spreading; and as the Psalms for this morning say—Those who fear God will be turned to us; let the proud lie as they will. . . . .

"I have worlds to tell you. I have been to Bingen. We walked down the right bank to St. Goar, and back again. . . .

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I scrambled up the face of the Lurlei to the Nymph's own seat, and picked you a little bouquet. . . . . You told me I should be disappointed. It is past all telling—beautiful—wonderful. Three things above all—Oberwesel—the Sonneck Schloss, worth (as a beau ideal of the robber's nest) all the other castles put together—and the opening out of the Rhine at Bingen into infinite unknown distances, and calm, and glory, and wealth. I never shall, or hope I never shall, forget that one thing as long as I live. As for new plants, I should think I passed fifty new species in that one day. Keeping them was no good, so I just picked specimens, and looked at them till I knew them thoroughly, and went on regretful. On Monday we start for the Eifel. I have been writing a good deal of poetry; you shall have it all when I get home; and that getting home is really too delicious to think of. Tell the dear children I am getting lots of stories for them. The Eifel tramp will set me up, with God's blessing, utterly. . . . ."

". . . . I take a knapsack and plaid, a change of garments, paper to write to you twice a week, my pipe, fishing-tackle, German Testament, word-book, note-book, and map of the Eifel. And so we start, and in a fortnight appear at Bonn, with beards, I suppose, as shaving is out of the question. I get better and better, and have written lots more poetry. Here is a sonnet for you:

The Baby sings not at its mother's breast."

. . . . . .

The other poems which he sent home to his wife, were: "The Ugly Princess;" "Oh thou hadst been a wife for Shakespeare's self;" "Ask if I love thee? oh, smiles cannot tell;" "The world goes up and the world goes down;" and "The Eagle."

MENDERSCHEID: *August* 7.—"I write from the loveliest place you can imagine, only how we got here I know not; having lost our way between some 'feld' or other to here. We found ourselves about 8 P.M. last night at the top of a cliff 500 feet high, with a roaring river at the bottom, and *no* path. So

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down the cliff-face we had to come in the dark, or sleep in the forest to be eaten by wild boars and wolves, of which latter, one was seen on our route yesterday 'as high as the table.' And down we came, knapsacks, fishing-rods, and all; which process must not be repeated often if we intend to revisit our native shores. I have seen such wonders, I don't know where to begin. Craters filled sometimes with ghastly blue lakes, with shores of volcanic dust, and sometimes, quaintly enough, by rye-fields and reapers. The roads are mended with lava; the whole country the strangest jumble, alternations of Cambridgeshire ugliness (only lifted up 1,200 feet high) with all the beauties of Devonshire. The bed of the Issbach, from the baths of Bertrich, up which we came yesterday, was the most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw; such rocks —such baths—such mountains covered with huge timber—not mere scrub, like the Rhine forests. Such strips of lawn here and there between the stream and the wood. All this, of course, you get on a grander scale on the Moselle, which was perfectly exquisite; yet there is a monotony in its luscious richness and softness, and I was right glad to find myself on my legs at Alf. Weather glorious. I have just had my first sight of the basalt opposite the Kurhaus of all Kurhauses—so lovely, one longs to kiss it. At two or three points one felt only inclined to worship. Bertrich is just as beautiful as everything else, too. Tell Rose I have got her some volcano-dust from the crater of the Pulver-Maar. To-day we go to a great Maar with cones of slag round it, and then a-fishing for trout. I am exceedingly well and strong, though we did dine yesterday off raw ham, and hock at 9*d.* a bottle. My knapsack and plaid weigh about two stone, which is very heavy, but I go well enough under it, having got a pair of elastic cross-straps, which divide the weight over the breast-bone. . . . .

GEROLSTEIN: *August* 10.—"The most wonderful place I ever was in in my life, and during the last three days I have been stunned with wonders. Mountains fallen in, and making great lakes in the midst of corn-land; hills blown up with the wildest perpendicular crags, and roasted into dust; craters

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with the lips so perfect, that the fire might have been blazing in them twelve months ago; heaps of slag and cinder 2,500 feet above the sea, on which nothing will grow, so burnt are they; lava streams pouring down into the valley, meeting with brooks drying them up, and in the fight foaming up into cliffs, and hurling huge masses of trachyte far into the dells; mysterious mineral springs boiling up, full of carbonic acid, by the roadside—all, as Beatrice says, 'wonderful, wonderful, and yet again wonderful, past all whooping!' When I shall get to Treves and your letter I know not, for there is so much to see here that I cannot tell when we move; and the living is ridiculously cheap, about *2s. 6d.* or *3s.* a day for one person, and we could not spend more if we would, for there is nothing to spend on. This is the most memorable thing I have ever seen, and when one adds, too, all the flowers, and the castles, and the vales—why it will take me three months to tell you all. Kiss my darlings, and tell Rose I have got for her all sorts of curious lava-stones from the volcanoes, and shall carry them 200 miles on my back before she gets them. What fun we shall have arranging and classifying them when I get home. God be thanked that I ever came here to see so much."

BIRREBORN: *August* 13.—"I write to you out of the quaintest place, with a mineral spring which kills dogs and birds, and a landlady who talks good French and bad German, and a husband who is a dirty pothouse-keeper, with a casting net over his arm; and yet, speaking of Kaulbach's stained glass at Cologne, gives it as his opinion (in these very words), that 'they say that Art (die Kunst) is decayed, but my opinion is, that it widens and deepens every day.' (!!!) Really this Germany is a wonderful country—though its population are not members of the Church of England—and as noble, simple, shrewd, kindly hearts in it, as man would wish to see. I cannot tell you what moral good this whole journey has done me. I am learning hourly so much, that I do not know how much I have learnt. Exceedingly well and strong; as lean as a lath, as any one would be, who carried two stone of baggage daily increasing in weight from the minerals and fossils I find

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on his back through broiling suns. We are both worse than the 'hollow, pampered jades of Asia, that cannot go but thirty miles a-day,' for with our knapsacks we can only make fifteen, and then a sight-seeing walk in the evening. Yesterday we had indeed a day. We walked from Hillesheim past the Dreiser Weiher—a mountain fallen into a crater, as is their habit here—and on the back among the volcanic dust-mountains we found such minerals—olivine, augite, and glassy felspar. One could have filled a cart—as it was I could only fill a pair of socks. Then we went from Daun up to the Schalcken Maaren. Three crater lakes in one mountain, which, being past all words beautiful and wonderful and awful, I will say no more. Every night I dream of you and the children, and everywhere I go I pick you flowers für denkmäler."

TREVES: *August* 17.—"Here we are at Treves, having been brought there under arrest, with a gensdarme from the Mayor of Bittsburg, and liberated next morning with much laughter and many curses from the police here. However, we had the pleasure of spending a night in prison, among fleas and felons, on the bare floor. It appears the barbarians took our fishing-rods for 'todt-instrumenten'—deadly weapons—and our wide-awakes for Italian hats, and got into their addle pates that we were emissaries of Mazzini and Co. distributing political tracts, for not a word of politics had we talked. Luckily the police-inspector here was a gentleman, and his wife and daughter ladies, and they did all they dare for us, and so about ten next morning we were set free with many apologies, and the gensdarme (who, after all, poor fellow, was very civil) sent back to Bittsburg with a reprimand. We are the lions of Treves at present, for the affair has made a considerable fuss. We leave this to-morrow after having seen all the wonders—and what wonders there are to see! I need not tell you all I have felt here and at Fleissem. But at first the feeling that one is standing over the skeleton of the giant iniquity—Old Rome—is overpowering. And as I stood last night in that amphitheatre, amid the wild beasts' dens, and thought of the Christian martyrdoms and the Frank prisoners, and all the hellish scenes of

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agony and cruelty that place had witnessed, I seemed to hear the very voice of the Archangel whom St. John heard in Patmos, crying, 'Babylon the Great is fallen;'—no more like the sound of a trumpet, but only in the still whisper of the night breeze, and through the sleeping vineyards, and the great still smile of God out of the broad blue heaven. Ah! and you were not there to feel it with me! I am so longing to be home!". . . .

Before going abroad, he had parted with the beloved pupil who was dear to him and his wife as a son. Mr. John Martineau's graphic words and tender recollections give a true picture of the home life at Eversley.

"I first knew him in January, 1850. I entered his house as his pupil, and was for nearly a year and a half his constant companion. He was then in his thirty-first year, in the fulness of his strength; I a raw receptive school-boy of fifteen; so that his mind and character left their impression upon mine as a seal does upon wax. He was then, above all things and before all things else, a parish clergyman. His parish work was not indeed so laborious and absorbing as it had been six years before, when he was first made Rector. The efforts of these six years had told, the seed was bearing fruit, and Eversley would never again be as it had been. He had now a curate to help him, and give him the leisure which he needed for writing. Still, even so, with a large and straggling though not very populous parish, with his share of three services on Sunday and cottage lectures on two week-day evenings in winter, there was much for him to do, throwing himself into it, as he did, with all his intensity and keen sense of responsibility. These were the days when farm-labourers in Hampshire got from eight to ten shillings a week, and bread was dear, or had not long ceased to be so. The cholera of 1849 had just swept through the country, and though it had not reached Eversley, a severe kind of low fever had, and there had been a season of much illness and many deaths, during which he had, by his constant, anxious, tender care of the sick poor,

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won their confidence more than ever before. The poor will not go to the relieving officer if they can get their needs supplied elsewhere; and the Eversley poor used to go for relief, and something more than relief, to the Rectory. There were few mornings, at that time, that did not bring some one in distress, some feeble woman, or ailing child, or a summons to a sick-bed. Up to that time he had allowed no man or woman in his parish to become an inmate of the work-house through infirmity or old age, except in a few cases where want had been the direct consequence of indolence or crime. At times, too, other poor besides those of his parish, might be seen at his door. Gipsies were attracted to him from all the country round. He married and christened many of them, to whom such rites were things almost unknown. I cannot give any description of his daily life, his parish work, which will not sound commonplace. . . . . But there never was a man with whom life was less monotonous, with whom it was more full to overflowing, of variety, and freshness. Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish. Earth, air, and water, as well as farm-house and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends. By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. He caught and noted every breath, every sound, every sign. With every person he met he instinctively struck some point of contact, found something to appreciate—often, it might be, some information to ask for—which left the other cheered, self respecting, raised for the moment above himself; and whatever the passing word might be, it was given to high or low, gentle or simple, with an appropriateness, a force, and a genial courtesy, in the case of all women, a *deferential* courtesy, which threw its spell over all alike, a spell which few could resist.

"So many-sided was he that he seemed to unite in himself more types and varieties of mind and character, types differing as widely as the poet from the man of science, or the mystic

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from the soldier; to be filled with more thoughts, hopes, fears, interests, aspirations, temptations than could co-exist in any one man, all subdued or clenched into union and harmony by the force of one iron will, which had learnt to rule after many a fierce and bitter struggle. His senses were acute to an almost painful degree. The sight of suffering, the foul scent of a sick-room—well used as he was to both—would haunt him for hours. For with all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered; a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart; to call out, sometimes almost at first sight (what he of all men least sought), the inmost confidences of men and women alike in all classes of life. And he had sympathy with all moods from deepest grief to lightest humour—for no man had a keener, quicker perception of the humorous side of anything—a love and ready word of praise for whatever was good or beautiful, from the greatest to the least, from the heroism of the martyr to the shape of a good horse, or the folds of a graceful dress. And this wide-reaching hearty appreciation made a word of praise from him sweeter, to those who knew him well, than volumes of commendation from all the world besides.

"His every thought and word was penetrated with the belief, the full assurance, that the world—the world of the soldier or the sportsman, as well as the world of the student or the theologian—was God's world, and that everything which He had made was good. 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto,' he said, taught by his wide human sympathies, and encouraged by his faith in the Incarnation. And so he rejected, as Pharisaic and unchristian, most of what is generally implied in the use of such words as 'carnal,' 'unconverted,' 'worldly,' and thereby embraced in his sympathy, and won to faith and hope, many a struggling soul, many a bruised reed, whom the narrow and exclusive ignorance of schools and religionists had rejected.

"No human being but was sure of a patient, interested

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hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen kindly way with question and look. With as great a horror of pauperism and almsgiving as any professed political economist, it was in practice very hard to him to refuse anyone. The sight of unmistakable misery, however caused, covered, to him, the multitude of sins. I recollect his passing backwards and forwards again and again—the strong impulsive will for once irresolute—between the breakfast-room and a miserable crying woman outside, and I cannot forget, though twenty-five years have passed since, the unutterable look of pain and disgust with which, when he had decided to refuse the request, he said, 'Look there!' as he pointed to his own well-furnished table. Nothing roused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate. He had at that time great physical strength and activity, and an impetuous, restless, nervous energy, which I have never seen equalled. All his strength, physical, mental, and moral seemed to find expression in his keen grey eyes, which gazed with the look of an eagle, from under massive brows, divided from each other by two deep perpendicular furrows—at that time, together with the two equally deep lines from nostril to mouth, very marked features in his face. One day, in a neighbour's yard, a large savage dog flew out at him, straining at its chain. He walked up to it, scolding it, and by mere force of eye, voice, and gesture, drove it into its kennel, close to which he stopped, keeping his eye on the cowed animal, as it growled and moved uneasily from side to side. He had done the same thing often before, and even pulled an

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infuriated dog out of its kennel by its chain, after having driven it in.

"By boyish habits and tastes a keen sportsman, the only sport he ever enjoyed at this time was an occasional day's trout or pike-fishing, or throwing a fly for an hour or two during his afternoon's walk over the little stream that bounded his parish. Hunting he had none. And in later years, when he did hunt occasionally, it was generally a matter of two or three hours on an old horse, taken as a relaxation in the midst of work, not, as with most other men, as a day's work in itself. Fond as he was of horses, he never in his life had one worth fifty pounds, so little self-indulgent was he.

"Though exercising intense self-control, he was very restless and excitable. Constant movement was a relief and almost a necessity to him. His study opened by a door of its own upon the garden, and most of his sermons and books were thought out and composed as he paced up and down there, at all hours and in all weathers, his hands behind his back, generally smoking a long clay pipe; for tobacco had, as he found by experience—having once tried a year's total abstinence from it—an especially soothing beneficial effect upon him. He ate hurriedly, and it was an effort to him to sit still through a meal. His coat frequently had a white line across the back, made by his habit of leaning against the whitened chimney-piece of the dining-room during breakfast and dinner.

"Of society he had then very little, and it was rarely and unwillingly that he passed an evening away from home. He did not seek it, and it had not yet begun to seek him. Indeed, at no time was general society a congenial element to him; and those who knew him only thus, did not know him at his best. A few intimate friends, and now and then a stranger, seeking his advice on some matter, would come for a night or a Sunday. Amongst the former, and honoured above all, was Mr. Maurice. One of his visits happened at a time when we had been startled by a burglary and murder at a parsonage a few miles off, and had armed ourselves and barricaded the rambling old Rectory in case of an attack. In the middle of

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the night an attempt was made to force open the back door, which roused us all, and we rushed down stairs with pistols, guns, and blunderbuss, to expel the thieves, who, however, had taken alarm and made off. Mr. Maurice, the only unarmed and the coolest man amongst us, was quietly going out alone, in the pitch darkness, into the garden in pursuit of them, when Mr. Kingsley fortunately came upon him and stopped him; and the two passed the rest of the night together talking over the study-fire till morning came.

"Many a one has cause to remember that Study, its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door, studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick floor covered with matting; its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod, or landing-net, or insect-net leaning against them: on the table, books, writing-materials, sermons, manuscript, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay-pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps—the brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and gently-agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion—a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race. When the rest of the household went to bed, he would ask his guest in, ostensibly to smoke. The swing-door would be flung open and slam heavily after him, as it always did, for he would never stop to catch and close it. And then in the quiet of night, when no fresh face could come, no interruption occur to distract him, he would give himself wholly to his guest, taking up whatever topic the latter might suggest, whatever question he might ask, and pouring out from the full stores of his knowledge, his quick intuitive sagacity, his ready sympathy. Then it was, far more than in the excitement and distraction of many voices and many faces, that he was himself, that the true man appeared; and it was at times such as these that he came to be known and trusted and loved, as few men ever have been, as no man has been whom I ever knew.

"He had to a wonderful degree the power of abstraction and concentration, which enabled him to arrange and elaborate a whole sermon, or a chapter of a book, while walking, riding,

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or even fly-fishing, without making a note, so as to be able on his return to write or dictate it in clear terse language as fast as pen could move. He would read a book and grasp its essential part thoroughly in a time so short that it seemed impossible that his eyes could have traversed its pages. Compared with other men who have written or thought much, he worked for few hours in the day, and without much system or regularity; but his application was so intense that the strain upon his vital powers was very great. Nor when he ceased could his brain rest. Except during sleep,—and even that was characteristic, so profound was it,—repose seemed impossible to him for body or mind. So that he seemed to live three days, as it were, while other men were living one, and already foresaw that there would be for him no great length of years.

"Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons, and of words lightly spoken or written, and withal an impulsive and almost reckless generosity, and fear of giving pain, which sometimes placed him at an unfair disadvantage, and put him formally in the wrong when substantially he was in the right. It led him, too, to take too hastily a favourable estimate of almost every one with whom he came personally into contact, so that he was liable to suffer from misplaced confidence: while in the petty matters of daily life it made him a bad guardian of his own interests, and but for the wise and tender assistance that was ever at his side would almost have overwhelmed him with anxieties.

"In the pulpit, and even at his week-day cottage-lectures, where, from the population of his parish being so scattered, he had sometimes scarcely a dozen hearers, he was at that time eloquent beyond any man I ever heard. For he had the two essential constituents of eloquence, a strong man's intensity and clearness of conviction, and a command of words, not easy or rapid, but sure and unhesitating, an unfailing instinct for the one word, the most concrete and pictorial, the strongest and the simplest, which expressed his thought exactly. Many

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have since then become familiar with his preaching, many more with his published sermons, but few comparatively can know what it was to hear him, Sunday after Sunday, in his own church and among his own people, not preach only, but read, or rather pray, the prayers of the Church-service. So completely was he in harmony with these prayers, so fully did they satisfy him, that with all his exuberance of thought and imagination, it seemed as if for him there was nothing to be asked for beyond what they asked for. So that in his cottage-lectures, as in his own household worship, where he was absolutely free to use any words he chose, I scarcely ever heard him use a word of prayer other than the words of the Prayer-book.

"In conversation he had a painful hesitation in his speech, but in preaching, and in speaking with a set purpose, he was wholly free from it. He used to say that he could speak for God but not for himself, and took the trial—and to his keenly sensitive nature it was no small one,—patiently and even thankfully, as having by God's mercy saved him from many a temptation to mere brilliancy and self-seeking. The successful effort to overcome this difficulty increased instead of diminishing the impressiveness of his voice, for to it was partly due the strange, rich, high-pitched, musical monotone in which he prayed and preached, the echo of which, as it filled his church, or came borne on the air through the open window of a sick room, seems to travel over the long past years and kindle his words afresh, as I read them in the cold, dead page.

"And as it was an unspeakable blessing to Eversley to have him for its Rector, so also it was an inestimable benefit to him to have had so early in life a definite work to do which gave to his generous sympathetic impulses abundant objects and responsibilities and a clear purpose and direction. Conscious, too, as he could not but be, of great powers, and impatient of dictation or control, the repose and isolation of a country parish afforded him the best and healthiest opportunities of development, and full liberty of thought and speech, with sufficient leisure for reading and study.

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"Great as was his love of natural science, in so many of its branches, his genius was essentially that of a poet. Often a time of trouble and sadness—and there was in him a strong undercurrent of sadness at all times,—would result in the birth of a lyrical poem or song, on a subject wholly unconnected with that which occupied him, the production of which gave him evident relief, as though in some mysterious way his mind was thereby disburdened and set free for the reception of new thoughts and impressions. In June 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to working men in a London church, which was denounced by the incumbent. It was a painful scene, which narrowly escaped ending in a riot, and he felt keenly—not the insult to himself—but the discredit and scandal to the Church, the estrangement that it would be likely to increase between the clergy and the working men. He came home the day after, wearied and worn out, obliged to stop to rest and refresh himself at a house in his parish during his afternoon's walk. That same evening he brought in a song that he had written, the 'Three Fishers,' as though it were the outcome of it all; and then he seemed able to put the matter aside, and the current of his daily life flowed as before. Not that he at this time—or indeed at any time—wrote *much* verse. Considering that what the world needed was not verse, however good, so much as sound knowledge, sound reasoning, sound faith, and above all, as the fruit and evidence of the last, sound morality, he did not give free rein to his poetical faculty, but sought to make it his servant, not his master, to use it to illuminate and fix the eyes of men on the truths of science, of social relationship, of theology, of morality. The letters which he received in countless numbers, often from utter strangers who knew nothing of him but from his books, seeking counsel on the most delicate and important matters of life, testify how great a gift it was, how truly and tellingly it was used. In reading all his writings, on whatever subject, it must not be forgotten that he was a poet,—that he could not help thinking, feeling, and writing as a poet. Patience, industry he had, even logical and inductive power of a certain intuitive intermittent

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kind, not sustained, indeed, or always reliable, for his was not a logical mind, and surface inconsistencies are not hard to find in his writings; but as a poet, even if he saw all sides, he could not express them all at once. The very keenness of his sympathy, the intensity with which he realized all that was passing around him, made it impossible for him to maintain the calm unruffled judgment of men of a less fiery temperament, or to abstract and devote himself to the pursuit of any one branch of study without being constantly distracted from it, and urged in some new direction by the joys and sorrows of the surging world around, to seek if by any means he might find a medicine to heal its sickness. Hence it may, perhaps, be that another generation will not fully realize the wide-spread influence, the great power, he exercised through his writings. For, in a sense, it may be said that, as to some of them, not their least merit is that in part they will *not* live, except as the seed lives in the corn which grows, or water in the plant which it has revived. For their power often lay mainly in the direction of their aim at the special need of the hour, the memory of which has passed, or will pass, away. As his 'Master,' as he affectionately and humbly called Mr. Maurice, was a theologian, and, in its original sense, a 'Prophet,' so Mr. Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, gloried in interpreting, expanding, applying him. 'I think this will explain a good deal of Maurice,' was the single remark I heard him make when he had completed 'Yeast.'

"In later years, as his experience widened, his judgment ripened, his conclusions were more calmly formed. But his genius was essentially of a kind that comes to maturity early, when the imagination is still vivid, the pulses of life beat fastest, and the sympathies and affections are most passionately intense. . . . . With the great outside world, with the world of politicians and the press, and still more with the religious world, so called, as represented by the religious newspapers, he was in those years at open war. Popular as he afterwards became, it is difficult now to realize how great was the suspicion, how bitter the attacks, especially from the religious newspapers,

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which his books and sermons drew down upon him. Not that he in general cared much for praise or blame from the newspaper press, so venal and unprincipled did he—not without reason—consider most of it, Whig, Tory, Radical, and religious. At that time he did not take in any daily paper.

"It was then about two years after the events of 1848, and for him the one all-important and absorbing question of Politics was the condition, physical and mental, of the working classes and the poor in town and country. On that question he considered that all the leading parties of the legislature had alike shown themselves indifferent and incapable. This conviction, and a deep sympathy with the suffering poor, had made him a Radical. Nay, on at least one occasion, he publicly and deliberately declared himself a Chartist—a name which then meant a great deal,—and for a clergyman to do this was an act the boldness of which it is difficult to appreciate now. . . . .

"Looking back upon his daily life and conversation at that time, I believe he was democratic in his opinions rather than in his instincts, more by force of conviction than by natural inclination. A doctrinaire, or a lover of change for the sake of change, he never was; and when he advocated democratic measures, it was more as a means to an end than because he altogether liked the means. From the pulpit, and with his pen, he claimed brotherhood with all men. No man in his daily intercourse respected with more scrupulous courtesy the rights, the dignity of the humblest. But he instinctively disliked a 'beggar on horseback.' *Noblesse oblige*, the true principle of feudalism, is a precept which shines out conspicuously in all his books, in all his teaching, at this period of his life as at all others.

"In later years his convictions became more in accord with this natural tendency of his mind, and he gradually modified or abandoned his democratic opinions, thereby, of course, drawing down upon himself the reproach of inconsistency from those who considered that he had deserted them. To me, looking back at what he was when he wrote 'Yeast,' and 'Alton Locke,' the change seems rather the natural development of

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his mind and character under more or less altered circumstances, partly because he saw the world about him really improving, partly because by experience he found society and other existing institutions more full of healthy life, more available as instruments of good, more willing to be taught, than he had formerly thought. But, at that time, in his books and pamphlets, and often in his daily familiar speech, he was pouring out the whole force of his eager, passionate heart, in wrath and indignation, against starvation wages, stifling workshops, reeking alleys, careless landlords, roofless and crowded cottages, hard and canting religion. His 'Poacher's Widow' is a piercing, heart-rending cry to heaven for vengeance against the oppressor. 'There is a righteous God,' is its burthen, 'and such things cannot, and shall not, remain to deface the world which He has made. Laws, constitutions, churches, are none of His if they tolerate such; they are accursed, and they must perish—destroy what they may in their fall. Nay, they *will* perish in their own corruption.'

"One day, as he was reading with me, something led him to tell me of the Bristol Riots of 1832. He was in that year a schoolboy of thirteen, at Bristol, and had slipped away, fascinated by the tumult and the horror, into the midst of it. He described—rapidly pacing up and down the room, and, with glowing, saddened face, as though the sight were still before his eyes,—the brave, patient soldiers sitting hour after hour motionless on their horses, the blood streaming from wounds on their heads and faces, waiting for the order which the miserable, terrified mayor had not courage to give; the savage, brutal, hideous mob of inhuman wretches plundering, destroying, burning; casks of spirits broken open and set flowing in the streets, the wretched creatures drinking it on their knees from the gutter, till the flame from a burning house caught the stream, ran down it with a horrible rushing sound, and, in one dreadful moment, the prostrate drunkards had become a row of blackened corpses. Lastly, he spoke of the shamelessness and the impunity of the guilty; the persecution and the suicide of the innocent. 'That sight,' he said, suddenly turning to me,

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'made me a Radical.' 'Whose fault is it,' I ventured to ask, 'that such things can be?' 'Mine,' he said, 'and yours.' I understood partly then, I have understood better since, what his Radicalism was.

"From his home life I scarcely dare, even for a moment, try to lift the veil. I will only say that having had the priceless blessing of admission to it, the daily sight of him in the closest of his home relations has left me a deeper debt of gratitude, and more precious memories, created higher hopes and a higher ideal, than all other manifestations combined of his character and intellect. To his marriage—so he never shrunk from affirming in deep and humble thankfulness—he owed the whole tenor of his life, all that he had worth living for. It was true. And his every word and look, and gesture of chivalrous devotion for more than thirty years, seemed to show that the sense of boundless gratitude had become part of his nature, was never out of the undercurrent of his thoughts. Little thinking that he was to be taken first, and with the prospect of a long agony of loneliness imminent from hour to hour, the last flash of genius from his breaking heart was to gather into three simple, pregnant words, as a last offering to her, the whole story of his life, of the Faith he preached and lived in, of his marriage, blessed, and yet to be blessed. He was spared that agony. Over *his* grave first are written his words:

'Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.'" *

* We have loved—we love—we shall love.

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CHAPTER X.

1852.

Aged 33.

Correspondence—Strike in the Iron-Trade—Letters on Political Parties, on Prayer, on Metaphysical Questions—Parson Lot's last Words—Letters to Mr. Ludlow—Hexameters—Poetry.

"I do not like to decline bearing my share of the odium, thinking that what many men call 'caution' in such matters, is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would never gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease . . . . is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety or the pleasure of argument."

Dr. Arnold.

The short holiday of the past year had so far invigorated him that he worked without a curate for a time. The literary work was hampered by the heavy correspondence, principally with strangers, who little knew what labour each letter cost him: but to whom he said "Never apologize for writing. This is my business, and I learn from the many such letters I have, far more than I teach. I consider myself indebted most deeply to any man who will honestly tell me the workings of his own mind. How can a physician learn pathology without studying cases?" One very valuable series of letters to the son of a clergyman, a young man

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of atheistical opinions, who died a professed Christian, was by the wish of their owner destroyed at his death, as referring to a phase in his life which it would be painful to his family to recall. Extracts will be made from another series, to Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, which spread over this and several years. His literary work consisted of "Hypatia," "Phaeton," and several magazine articles. In the summer he amused himself by trying his hand at hexameters, and began "Andromeda." His parish work prevented his helping personally in the Co-operative Movement in London; but he was consulted from time to time by the Council of Promoters, and in the great lock-out of the Iron Trade in January he wrote a letter which "will show," as Mr. Hughes truly says, "how far Kingsley was an encourager of violent measures or views."

EVERSLEY: *January* 28, 1852.—"You may have been surprised, dear Tom, at my having taken no part in this Amalgamated Iron Trades' matter. And I think that I am bound to say why I have not, and how far I wish my friends to interfere in it. I do think that we, the Council of Promoters, shall not be wise in interfering between masters and men; because—1. I question whether the points at issue between them can be fairly understood by any persons not conversant with the practical details of the trade. . . . .

"2. Nor do I think they have put their case as well as they might. For instance, if it be true that they themselves have invented many, or most, of the improvements in their tools and machinery, they have an argument in favour of keeping out unskilled labourers, which is unanswerable, and yet what they have never used—viz.: 'Your masters make hundreds and thousands by these improvements, while we have no remuneration for this inventive talent of ours, but rather lose by it, because it makes the introduction of unskilled labour more easy. Therefore the only way in which we can get anything

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like a payment for this inventive faculty of which we make you a present over and above our skilled labour, for which you bargained, is to demand that we, who invent the machines, if we cannot have a share in the profits of them, shall at least have the exclusive privilege of using them, instead of their being, as now, turned against us.' That, I think, is a fair argument; but I have seen nothing of it from any speaker or writer.

"3. I think whatever battle is fought, must be fought by the men themselves. The present dodge of the Manchester school is to cry out against us, as Greg did, 'These Christian Socialists are a set of mediæval parsons, who want to hinder the independence and self-help of the men, and bring them back to absolute feudal maxims;' and then, with the most absurd inconsistency, when we get up a Co-operative workshop, to let the men work on the very independence and self-help of which they talk so fine, they turn round and raise just the opposite yell, and cry, 'The men can't be independent of capitalists; these associations will fail *because* the men are helping themselves'—showing that what they mean is, that the men shall be independent of every one but themselves—independent of legislators, parsons, advisers, gentlemen, noblemen, and every one that tries to help them by moral agents; but the slaves of the capitalists, bound to them by a servitude increasing instead of lightening with their numbers. Now, the only way in which we can clear the cause of this calumny, is to let the men fight their own battle; to prevent any one saying, 'These men are the tools of dreamers and fanatics,' which would be just as ruinously blackening to them in the public eyes, as it would be to let the cry get abroad, 'This is a Socialist movement destructive of rights of property, Communism, Louis Blanc, and the devil, &c.' You know the infernal stuff which the devil gets up on such occasions—having no scruples about calling himself hard names when it suits his purpose, to blind and frighten respectable old women. Moreover, these men are not poor distressed needlewomen or slop-workers. They are the most intelligent and best educated workmen, receiving incomes often higher than

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a gentleman's son whose education has cost 1000*l.*; and if they can't fight their own battles, no men in England can, and the people are not ripe for association, and we must hark back into the competitive rot heap again. All, then, that we can do is, to give advice when asked—to see that they have, as far as we can get at them, a clear stage and no favour, but not by public, but by private influence.

"But we can help them in another way, by showing them the way to associate. That is quite a distinct question from their quarrel with their masters, and we shall be very foolish if we give the press a handle for mixing up the two. We have a right to say to masters, men, and public, 'We know, and care nothing about the iron strike. Here are a body of men coming to us, wishing to be shown how to do that which is a right thing for them to do—well or ill off, strike or no strike, namely, associate; and we will help and teach them to do *that* to the very utmost of our power.'

"The Iron Workers' co-operative shops will be watched with lynx eyes, calumniated shamelessly. Our business will be to tell the truth about them, and fight manfully with our pens for them. But we shall never be able to get the ears of the respectabilities and the capitalists, if we appear at this stage of the business. What we must say is, 'If you are needy and enslaved, we will fight for you from pity, whether you be associated or competitive. But you are neither needy, nor, unless you choose, enslaved; and therefore we will only fight for you in proportion as you become associates. Do that, and see if we can't stand hard knocks for your sake.'"

A few months later, having heard that a Bill for legalizing Industrial Association was about to be introduced into the House of Commons, and that a cabinet minister might undertake it, he writes to Mr. Hughes:—

"Let him be assured that he will by such a move do more to carry out true Conservatism, and to reconcile the workmen with the real aristocracy, than any politician for the last twenty years has done. The truth is, we are in a critical situation,

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here in England. Not in one of danger—which is the vulgar material notion of a crisis, but at the crucial point, the point of departure of principles and parties which will hereafter become great and powerful. Old Whiggery is dead, old true blue Toryism of the Robert Inglis school is dead too—and in my eyes a great loss. But as live dogs are better than dead lions, let us see what the live dogs are.

"1.—The Peelites, who will ultimately, be sure, absorb into themselves all the remains of Whiggery, and a very large proportion of the Conservative party. In an effete unbelieving age, like this, the Sadducee and the Herodian will be the most captivating philosopher. A scientific laziness, lukewarmness, and compromise, is a cheery theory for the young men of the day, and they will take to it *con amore*. I don't complain of Peel himself. He was a great man, but his method of compromise, though useful enough in particular cases when employed by a great man, becomes a most dastardly '*schema mundi*' when taken up by a school of little men. Therefore, the only help which we can hope for from the Peelites is, that they will serve as ballast and cooling pump to both parties: but their very trimming and moderation make them fearfully likely to obtain power. It depends on the wisdom of the present government, whether they do or not.

"2.—Next you have the Manchester School, from whom Heaven defend us. . . . . To pretend to be the workmen's friends, by keeping down the price of bread, when all they want thereby is to keep down wages, and increase profits, and in the meantime to widen the gulf between the working man and all that is time-honoured, refined, and chivalrous in English society, that they may make the men their divided slaves, that is—perhaps half unconsciously, for there are excellent men amongst them—the game of the Manchester School.

". . . . I have never swerved from my one idea of the last seven years, that the real battle of the time is—if England is to be saved from anarchy and unbelief, and utter exhaustion caused by the competitive enslavement of the masses—not Radical or Whig against Peelite or Tory (let the dead bury

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their dead), but the Church, the gentleman, and the workman, against the shopkeepers and the Manchester School. The battle could not have been fought forty years ago, because, on one side, the Church was an idle phantasm, the gentleman too ignorant, the workman too merely animal; while, on the other, the Manchester cotton-spinners were all Tories, and the shopkeepers were a distinct class interest from theirs. But now these two latter have united, and the sublime incarnation of shop-keeping and labour-buying in the cheapest market shines forth in the person of Nebuchadnezzar and Son, and both cotton-spinners and shop-keepers say, 'This is the man!' and join in one common press to defend his system. Be it so: now we know our true enemies, and soon the working men will know them also. But if the present Ministry will not see the possibility of a coalition between them and the workmen, I see no alternative but just what we have been straining every nerve to keep off—a competitive United States, a democracy before which the work of ages will go down in a few years. A true democracy, such as you and I should wish to see, is impossible without a Church and a Queen, and, as I believe, without a gentry. On the conduct of statesmen it will depend whether we are gradually and harmoniously to develop England on her ancient foundations, or whether we are to have fresh paralytic governments succeeding each other in doing nothing, while the workmen and the Manchester School fight out the real questions of the day in ignorance and fury, till 'culbute générale' comes, and gentlemen of ancient family betake themselves to Canada, to escape, not the Amalgamated Engineers, but their 'masters,' and the slop-working savages whom their masters' system has created, and will by that time have multiplied tenfold."

TO LORD ——.

April 25, 1852.—"I am answering your letter, only just received, I fear, at a disadvantage; for first, you seem to fancy me an older man than I am. I am only two-and-thirty; and shall not be surprised if you or any other person consider me on further enquiry too young to advise them.

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"Next, I have not knowledge enough of you to give such advice as would be best for you. I have no nostrum for curing self-will and self-seeking; I am aware of none. It is a battle, I suspect a life-long battle, which each man must fight for himself, and each in his own way, and against his own private house-fiend—for in each man the evil of self-seeking takes a different form. It must do so, if you consider what it is. Self is not evil, because self is you, whom God made, and each man's self is different from his neighbour's. Now God does not make evil things, therefore He has not made self evil or wrong; but you, or self, are only wrong in proportion as you try to be something in and for yourself, and not the child of a father, the servant of a lord, the soldier of a general. So it seems to me. The fault of each man who thinks and studies as you seem to have done, in the confession with which you have honoured me, is the old fault of Lucifer. The planet is not contented with being a planet; it must be a sun; and forthwith it falls from heaven. I have no nostrum for keeping the planet in its orbit. It must keep there itself and obey the law which was given it, and do the work which it was set to do, and then all will be well. Else it will surely find by losing the very brightness in which it gloried, that that brightness was not its own but a given and reflected one, which is not withdrawn from it as an arbitrary punishment for its self-seeking, but is lost by it necessarily, and *ipso facto*, when it deflects from the orbit in which alone the sun's rays can strike full on it. You will say, this is a pretty myth or otherwise. . . . . You have said boldly, in words which pleased me much, though I differ from them—that I ought not to ask you to try to cure self-seeking by idle prayer—as if a man by taking thought could add one cubit to his stature. I was pleased with the words; because they show me that you have found that there is a sort of prayer which is idle prayer, and that you had sooner not pray at all than in that way. Now of idle prayer I think there are two kinds: one of fetish prayer, when by praying we seek to alter the will of God concerning us. This is, and has been, and will be common enough and idle enough.

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For if the will of Him concerning us be good, why should we alter it? If bad, what use praying to such a Being at all? Prometheus does not pray to Zeus, but curses and endures. Another, of praying to oneself to change oneself; by which I mean the common method of trying by prayer to excite oneself into a state, a frame, an experience. This too is common enough among protestants and papists, as well as among unitarians and rationalists. Indeed some folks tell us that the great use of prayer is 'its reflex' action on ourselves, and inform us that we can thus by taking thought add certain cubits to our stature. God knows the temptation to believe it is great. I feel it deeply. Nevertheless I am not of that belief; nor, I think, are you. But if there were a third kind of prayer —the kind which is set forth to us in the Lord's Prayer as the only one worth anything—a prayer, not that God's will concerning us or anyone else may be altered, but that it may be done; that we may be kept out of all evil and delivered from all temptation which may prevent our doing it; that we may have the *αρτον ἐπιούσιον* given to us in body, soul, spirit, and circumstance, which will just enable us to do it and no more; that the name of Him to whom we pray may be hallowed, felt to be as noble and sacred as it is, and acted on accordingly. And if that name were the simple name of Father, does it not seem that prayer of that kind—the prayer, not of a puling child but of a full-grown or growing son, to his father; a prayer to be taught duty, to be disciplined into obedience, to be given strength of will, noble purpose, carelessness of self, delight in the will and the purpose of his father—would be the very sort of prayer which—supposing always, as I do from ten years' experience, that Father to exist, and to hear, and to love, and to have prepared good works for us to walk in—to each man his own work, and his own education for that work—Does it not seem to you, I say, granting the hypothesis, that that would be a sort of prayer which would mightily help a man striving to get rid of his self-seeking, and to recover his God-appointed place in the order of the universe, and use, in that place, the attainments which his Father has given him to be used? It

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seems to me that such a man might look up to God and feel himself most strong when he was confessing his own weakness, and then look down at himself and all his learning, and see that he was most weak when he was priding himself on his own strength—that such a man would be certain of having his prayers for light, strength, unselfishness, answered, because then, indeed, his will would be working with God's will. He would be claiming to be a fellow-worker with God; to be a son going about his father's business—in deep shame and sorrow, no doubt, for having stolen God's tools, to use for his own aggrandisement for so long, but with no papist (or rather jesuit) notion of making a sacrifice to God—giving a present to Him who has already given to us what we pretend to make a merit of giving Him. And such a man, it seems to me, would have no difficulty in finding out what God intended him to do; for if he really believed himself a son, under a Father's education, he would believe everything which happened to be a part of that education—every opportunity of doing good, trivial as well as grand, a duty set him by his father to do. He would not be tempted to rush forth fanatically from the place where God had put him, to try some mighty act of self-sacrifice. If the thing which lay nearest him was the draining of a bog, or the giving employment to a pauper, or the reclaiming of a poacher, he would stay where God had put him and try to do it; and believe that God had given him his nobility, or his learning, or his gentleman's culture, just that he might be able the better to do that part of his father's business there and then and no other. He would consider over what he knew, what he could do, and would determine to make all his studies, all his self-training bear upon the peculiar situation in which God had put him; not fanatically reprobating, but still considering as of less importance whatsoever did not bear on that situation. In all things, in short, he would do the duty which lay nearest him, believing that *God* had put it nearest him.

"And such a man, I believe, so praying, and so working, keeping before him as his lode-star—'Our Father, hallowed be

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Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!' and asking for his daily bread for that purpose, and no other, would find, unless I am much mistaken, selfishness and self-seeking die out of him, and active benevolence grow up in him. He would find trains of thought and subjects of inquiry which he had pursued for his private pleasure, not to mention past sorrows and falls, turned unexpectedly to practical use for others' good; and so discover to his delight, that his Father had been educating him, while he fancied that he was educating himself. And while he was so working, and so praying, he would have neither leisure nor need to torment himself about the motives of his actions, but simply whatever his hand found to do, would do it with all his might. . . . ."

TO THE SAME.

June 15.—" . . . . Now, as to Time. I think, if you would try time Socratically, by the same method as I have tried space, you would find that the attribution of it to God would involve analogical absurdities. I say this out of mere laziness; conscience tells me that I ought to set it down and do it for you, having started the question: but will you have patience with a man who has a child nine days old?

"It shall be done as soon as I can. Nevertheless, pray be vexed no more at taking up any time of mine. Letters like these are a recreation after book-writing and parish-visiting when I am at work; and just now, when the former is stopped by family circumstances, they are a sacred duty. I have finished fifteen pages of Harriet Martineau's book . . . . after an afternoon's pike-fishing, to which I took out of mere inability to sit quiet at home without a wife down stairs. I liked to hear that you were teaching a carpenter boat-building. Men ought to know how to do such things; and gentlemen and noblemen ought to find an honour in teaching them. . . . . I confess myself a Platonist; and my aim is to draw men, by showing them that the absolute 'God the Father,' whom no man hath seen is beyond all possible in-

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tellectual notions of ours—to feel the necessity of believing in a 'God the Son' in whom that indefinable absolute will and morality is manifested in space and time, under a form—not human till He took flesh, but still, as the Bible tells us from beginning to end, the archetype of humanity. Moreover, I want to make men feel that the merely intellectual cognition of either of the three persons of the Trinity is *ipso facto* void; because all intellectual cognition on such points must start from the assumption of self and of the universe as the fixed datum—that the former must lead to Pantheism, under which I class the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria, and the Neo-Platonico-Eclectism of Emerson, Fichte, and the whole of the German, American, English, spiritualists (not excluding Goëthe himself, in his *ultimate* teaching), and that the latter must lead, as with Atkinson, and Harriet Martineau, to materialist atheism. When I say *must* lead, I mean logically. Everyone, thank God, is better than his creed—I mean his real heart's belief. Humanity and common sense are too mighty even for H. Martineau and Atkinson; but they will not be so for their disciples. Their disciples will formulise, systematise, carry out—persecute; and then find themselves ending, in a generation or two, o tthe astonishment of their Atkinsonian and Emersonian papas and mammas, in all manner of fetish-worship; out-popery-ing popery itself. Honestly believing this horoscope from all induction from history which I can collect, I want as long as life, and as far as wisdom is given to me, to put the anthropology of men of my own generation on as sound a footing as I can, that their children and grandchildren may have some fixed ideas concerning God, and man, and the universe, to fall back on, and fight from, when the evil day comes—as come, unless the tide turns, it surely will. And when a man of your position writes to me about such matters, I feel no labour too great which may help him even in the least to see and to teach the good old way by which St. Paul and Augustine struggled out of mists and quagmires, to which any in these days are, after all, shallow and transparent. . . . . Read those confessions of St. Augustine, and see if they do

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not help you. . . . . Pray read Maurice's 'History of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy'; a little golden book. It is a new world of thought and revelation in the true sense. . . ."

TO —— ——, ESQ.*

"Sad as your letter was, it gave me much pleasure: it is always a pleasure to see life springing out of death—health returning after disease, though, as doctors know, the recovery from asphyxia or drowning is always as painful as the temporary death itself was painless. . . . . Faith is born of doubt. 'It is not life but death where nothing stirs.' I take all these struggles of yours as simply so many signs that your Father in heaven is treating you as a father, that He has not forsaken you, is not offended with you, but is teaching you in the way best suited to your own idiosyncrasy, the great lesson of lessons. 'Empty thyself, and God will fill thee.' I am not a man of a mystical or romantic turn of mind; but I do say and know, both from reason and experience, that we must be taught, even though it be by being allowed for a while to make beasts of ourselves, that we are of ourselves, and in ourselves, nothing better than—as you see in the savage—a sort of magnified beast of prey, all the more terrible for its wondrous faculties; that neither intellect nor strength of will can save us from degradation; that they may be just as powerful for evil as for good; and that what we want to make us true *men*, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right, and the true, and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our own weakness a strength, in the subjection of our own will a freedom, in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before. Do not—do not fancy that any confession of yours to me can lower you in my eyes. My dear young man, I went

* A young man of nineteen, brought up as a Unitarian, to whom he was personally a stranger, but who wrote to him laying bare his whole heart, having woke up from a course of sin and unbelief in black despair.

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through the same devil's sewer, with a thousand times the teaching and advantages which you have had. Who am I, of all men, to throw stones at you? But take your sorrows, not to me, but to your Father in heaven. If that name, Father, mean anything, it must mean that He will not turn away from His wandering child, in a way in which you would be ashamed to turn away from yours. If there be pity, lasting affection, patience in man, they must have come from Him. They, above all things, must be His likeness. Believe that He possesses them a million times more fully than any human being. St. Paul knew well, at least, the state of mind in which you are. He said that he had found a panacea for it; and his words, to judge from the way in which they have taken root, and spread, and conquered, must have some depth and life in them. Why not try them? Just read the first nine chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and write me your heart about them. But never mind what any body, Unitarian or Trinitarian, may say they mean. Read them as you would a Greek play—taking for granted that they mean the simplest and most obvious sense which can be put upon them. Let me hear more—I long for another letter. I need not say that I consider your confidence an honour, and shall keep it sacred."

"The Christian Socialist" came to an end this year, and "Parson Lot" spoke his "last words":

". . . . Let us say little and work the more. We shall be the more respected, and the more feared too for it. People will begin to believe that we really know what we want, and really do intend to get it, and really believe in its righteousness. And the spectacle of silent working faith is one at once so rare and so noble, that it tells more, even on opponents, than ten thousand platform pyrotechnics. In the mean time it will be no bad thing for us if we are beaten sometimes. Success at first is dangerous, and defeat an excellent medicine for testing people's honesty—for setting them earnestly to work to see what they want, and what are the best methods of attaining it.

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Our sound thrashings as a nation in the first French war were the making of our armies; and it is good for an idea, as well as for a man, to 'bear the yoke in his youth.' The return match will come off, and many, who are now our foes, will then be our friends; and in the meantime,

'The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.'

"PARSON LOT."

"If you want an Epicedium," he writes to the editor, "I send one. It is written in a hurry.

"So die, thou child of stormy dawn,
Thou winter flower, forlorn of nurse;
Chilled early by the bigot's curse,
The pedant's frown, the worldling's yawn.

Fair death, to fall in teeming June,
When every seed which drops to earth
Takes root, and wins a second birth
From steaming shower and gleaming moon;

Fall warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain;
Thou rain of God, make fat the land;
That roots, which parch in burning sand,
May bud to flower and fruit again,

To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mighty lands beyond the sea,
While honour falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn,

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of loving science, holier laws,
Bless us, faint heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious way.

Failure? while tide-floods rise, and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?

"CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"*June* 9, 1852."

In the summer of 1852, Judge Erskine, with his

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family, settled in Eversley to be a blessing to the parish for fifteen years. He was friend and counsellor to the rector in all matters, besides relieving him of a heavy load of expense and anxiety in the matter of the local charities. With this fresh help he worked on cheerfully, and had the heart to turn his thoughts to poetry once more.

His youngest daughter was born in June, and the day following he resumes his letters to Mr. Ludlow, from which the following extracts are made:—

"Too tired, confused, and happy to work, I sit down for a chat with you. 1. About the last number of 'Hypatia.' I dare say you are right. I wanted, for artistic purposes, to keep those two chapters cool and calm till just the very end of each; and it is very difficult to be quiet without also being dull. But this, you know, is only after all rough copy; and such running criticisms are of the very greatest help to me. About the 'Saga': I sent it to Max Müller, who did not like it at all, he said; because, though he highly approved of the form (and gave me a good deal of learned advice *in re*), it was too rational and moral and rounded, he said, and not irrational and vast, and dreamy, and hyperbolic—like a true saga.

"As for the monks: 'pon honour they are slow fellows—but then they *were* so horribly slow in reality. And I can't see but that Pambo's palaver in my tale is just what I find in Rosweyde's 'Vitæ Patrum,' and Athanases' 'Life of Anthony.' Almost every expression of Pambo's is a crib from some one, word for word. And his instances are historic ones. Moreover, you must recollect that Arsenius was no mere monk, but a finished gentleman and court intriguer—taken ill with superstition. . . . . As for the Sermons,* I am very glad you like any of them. About what you don't like, I will tell you honestly, I think that I have not said anything too strong. People must be cured of their horrible notions of God's arbi-

* National Sermons, First Series.

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trary power—His 'satisfaction' in taking vengeance—His inflicting a permanent arbitrary curse as a penalty—His being the author of suffering or evil in any way. I have been driven to it by this. It is easy enough in the case of a holy person to use the stock phrase of its having 'pleased God to afflict them,' because one sees that the affliction is of use; but you can't and daren't say that God is pleased, *i. e.*, satisfied, or rejoiced to afflict poor wretched heathens in St. Giles's, to whom, as far as we can see, the affliction is of no use, but the very reverse. . . . .

"If, however, I found it in Scripture, I should believe it: what I want is—plain inductive proof from texts. The 'it has pleased the Lord to bruise Him,' is just the very opposite. The pith and marrow of the 53rd of Isaiah being, that He of whom it speaks is afflicted, not for the good of His own soul, but for others—that He is ennobled by being sacrificed. It seems to me, that the only way to escape the dilemma really, is, to believe that God is what He has revealed Himself to be —'A Father.' If a child said, 'I was naughty, and it pleased my father to whip me for it,' should we not feel that the words were hollow and absurd? And if F. died to-morrow, God forbid that I should say of my Father in heaven, it *pleased* Him to take her from me. If the Lord Jesus is the express image of His Father's glory, then His Father cannot be like that. For could I dare believe that it would not pain the Blessed Lord infinitely more than it would pain me, if He was compelled by my sins, or by any other necessity of His government of this rebellious world, to inflict on me, not to mention on the poor little children, that bitter agony? In the face of such real thoughts, school terms vanish, and one has to rest on realities; on the belief in a human-hearted, loving, sorrowing Lord, and of A Father whose image He, in some inexplicable way is—— or one would go mad. And I have always found, in talking to my people in private, that all second-hand talk out of books about the benefits of affliction, was rain against a window-pane, blinding the view—but never entering. But I *can* make a poor wretch believe—'the Lord Jesus is just

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as sorry as you that you have compelled Him for a while to deliver you over to Satan for the punishment of the flesh, that your soul may be saved thereby.' Till you can make them believe that God is not pleased, but *dis*pleased to afflict them, I never found them any the better for their affliction. They take either a mere hypocritically fatalist view of their sorrow, or else they are terrified and despairing, and fancy themselves under a curse, and God angry with them, and are ready to cry, 'Let us curse God and die! If God be against me, what matter who is for me?' And so with * * * * . . . .

"I have been trying to tell him, as I do every one—'If God be for you, what matter who is against you?' . . . . If I can make him feel that first, then, and then only, I can go on to say, 'But He will not lift you out of it till it has taught you the lesson which He intends you to learn;' because then (instead of canting generalities, which, God forgive me, I too often use, and feel ready to vomit my own dirty soul out the next minute) I can tell him *what* lesson God intends him to learn by affliction, namely, the very lesson which I have been trying to teach him,—the very lesson which I preached in the three sermons on the cholera—that God is the foe of all misery and affliction; that He yearns to raise us out of it, and to show us that in His presence is the fulness of life and joy, and that nothing but our own wilfulness and imperfection keep us in it for an instant. I dare not say this of A. or B. I leave them to impute sin to themselves: but I will impute to myself, and not to God's will, the cause of every finger ache I have, because I know that I never had a sorrow which I did not cause myself, or make necessary for myself by some sin of my own; and I will stand by the service of the 'Visitation of the Sick,' which represents the man's sins as the reason of the sickness, and his recovery as God's will and desire. 'He doth not afflict willingly or grieve the children of men,' is a plain Scripture, and I will not explain it away to suit any theory whatsoever about the origin of evil; but believe that the first chapter of Job, and the two accounts of David's numbering the people, tell us all we can know about it. Thus, so far

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from allowing that what I say of God's absolute love of our happiness and hatred of our misery is the half-truth, which must be limited by anything else, I say it is the whole truth, the root truth, which must limit all theories about the benefit of suffering, or any other theories, and must be preached absolutely, nakedly, unreservedly first, as the Lord Jesus preached it, to be of any real benefit to men. I know all this is incoherent; but I don't pretend to have solved this or any other problem. If you prove to me seven large self-contradictions* in my own harangue, it won't matter. All you will do, will be to drive me to a Socratic dialogue, which is the only way I can argue."

. . . . . .

.... "Thank God that there is one more man in the world who has found out the great metaphysicotheologic law, that if a man sees me, he sees me, whether he happens to know my name or not!!! How has the 'religious world' fallen into the notion that no one believes in Christ, who does not call Him by the same appellation as themselves? 1. From the dogma-olatry of the last two centuries (Popish and Protestant), Christ has not seemed to them a Living Man, or God either, but a black formula on white paper. 2. Because, as old Fox and Naylor told them all, they have been believing in a dead Christ, not in the live one of the 'Revelations'—a historic Christ, absent since A.D. 33. And it seems to me as if The Blessed One was just saying *no* to that,—saying (I speak with reverence, but surely He wishes us to search out His dealings with man)—'The knowledge of Me as a present King and friend is far more important to you than knowledge of the facts of my life eighteen hundred years ago, because that last is only the cause, the root; the former is the effect, the fruit. I was born, crucified, rose, that I might be what I AM.' Then,

* "I remember," said a friend, who complained of there being a certain inconsistency about his theology, and asked him how *this* was to go with *that*, "C. K.'s answering—'You logical Scotchmen must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not.'"

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Christ seems (I speak humbly) to be now-a-days trying the Church as He did the disciples on the road to Emmaus, appearing in disguise and anonymous. Cannot He do what he likes? Is *He* bound by the Thirty-nine Articles, or Robinson's 'Christian System'? Then those who do not know Him, but only facts about Him, will prove their ignorance by denying His presence; those who have Him in their hearts, who personally know and love Him, will know Him without a label; whether in * * * * * *'s heart, or in any other verbal heresiarch's. So far I seem to see. But there is more belonging to this—in my eyes the great theological revelation of the day, first started to me by Maurice in Peterborough Cathedral, which I want to talk over with you."

. . . . . .

"In three weeks' time, we shall be delighted to see thee. My beloved roses will be just in glory, the fish will be just in season; thanks to the late spring. My old hunter [a horse which a friend had lately lent him,] will be up from grass, and proud to carry you and me—per gig—to see the best of men, John Paine, saint and hop-grower, of Farnham, Surrey. Also we will talk of all matters in heaven and earth. That is, unless I am so deeply unthankful, as indeed I am, for all my blessings that the Giver finds it necessary, against His will, to send some bitter among my paradise of sweets. . . . What you say about my 'ergon' being poetry is quite true. I could not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I can write poetry . . . . there is no denying it: I do feel a different being when I get into metre—I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore. He can run fast enough ashore, and keep the hounds at a tearing gallop, as my legs found this spring in Snowdonia, but when he takes water, then indeed he becomes beautiful, full of divine grace and freedom, and exuberance of power. Go and look at him in the Zoological Gardens, and you'll see what I mean. When I have done 'Hypatia' I will write no more novels. I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong

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faculty is that sense of *form*, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing, but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one."

. . . . . .

". . . . I wonder what makes me so chatty this morning—mere idleness, I do believe; never mind. I can't settle again for a few days, and I can't work hard, because I can't play hard, on account of this mighty rain; and unless I get frantic exercise of body, my mind won't work. I should like to have a 'Nicor' to slay every afternoon; wouldn't I write eight hours a day then! As it is, my only nicor to-day has been a rabbit about as long as this sheet of paper, which I, my man, and my dog valiantly captured half-an-hour ago in the middle of the flower-beds! 'But slew him not; awe kept our souls from that,' as Andromache remarks in a certain novel.

> 'Therefore we took him by the silver ears,
> And made for him a hutch with iron hoops,
> And put him in the tool-house; and around
> The children of the baby-nursing dame,
> The imps who haunt the garden, danced and yelled.'

"What do you think of that for a parody? F. remains very, very well, and so does the infant."

. . . . . .

"I send you more Andromeda. . . . . You will see at once the difference in style between this opening and the latter part—right or wrong, it was instinctive. I felt myself on old mythic, idolatrous ground, and went slowly and artificially, feeling it unreal, and wishing to make readers feel it such. Then when I get into real *human* Greek life, I can burst out and rollick along in the joy of existence. . . . .

"You know that Andromeda myth is a very deep one. It happened at Joppa, and she must have been a Canaanite; and I cannot help fancying that it is some remnant of old human sacrifices to the dark powers of nature, which died out throughout Greece before the higher, sunnier faith in *human* gods; and that I shall just bring out, or bring in, enough to make it felt without hurting the classicality, by contrasting her tone

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about the gods with that of Perseus, whom she is ready to worship as a being of a higher race, with his golden hair and blue eyes. Oh, my dear man, the beauty of that whole myth is unfathomable; I love it, and revel in it more and more the longer I look at it. If I have made one drawing of Perseus and Andromeda I have made fifty, and burnt them all in disgust. If I conceive a thought (objective, that is, of course), I almost always begin by drawing it again and again, and then the incompleteness of the pencil (for paint I can't) drives me to words to give it colour and chiaroscuro. . . . .

"When you come to me I have a poem (Santa Maura) to show you. I can hardly bear to read it myself; but it is the deepest and clearest thing I have yet done. I send a scrap more rough copy. Perseus rushing on the Orc—

'As when an osprey, aloft, dark eyebrowed, royally crested . . . .

* * * * * * *

Stunning with terrible heel the life of the brain in the hind head.'

* * * * * * *

Mind the 'terrible *heel*.' That is right, a hawk strikes with his heel, and after grips with his whole foot. A fish or duck killed by a hawk is always scored up the neck and hind head; sometimes ripped up right along the back. If you'll consider; striking his prey at immense speed from behind, he couldn't drive his front claws in. The dark eyebrowed is Homer's 'melanophrus,' and is the thing which struck me as most magnificent in a large osprey which I came upon ten yards from me in the Issthal. For the same reason, doubt not, 'the wind rattling in his pinions.' A falcon does not, as the herd think, rush silently down head foremost, but drives himself noisily down heels foremost by a succession of preternatural flaps, the philosophy of which I could never make out. A gull does the same, though he strikes with his beak when he wants to force himself under water; anything a top he takes as an owl does, by sliding down—or not quite—for an owl's silent fall is more mysterious still. He catches with his beak, and then takes the mouse out of his mouth with his hand, like a Christian.

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But there's enough natural history for the nonce. There's a hawk 'stooping' (sketch enclosed). . . . .

"I don't agree with you about not polishing too much.* If you are a verse maker, you will, of course, rub off the edges and the silvering; but if you are a poet, and have an idea and one key-note running through the whole, which you can't for the life define to yourself, but which is there out of the abysses, defining you,—then every polishing is a bringing the thing nearer to that idea, and there is no more reason in not polishing, than there is for walking about with a hole or a spot on your trousers, a thing which drives me mad. If I have a spot on my clothes, I am conscious of nothing else the whole day long, and just as conscious of it in the heart of Bramshill Common, as if I were going down Piccadilly. . . . . Dear man, did you ever ride a lame horse, and wish that the earth would open, and swallow you, though there wasn't a soul within miles? Or did you ever sit and look at a

* Speaking once of the finish and perfection of Tennyson's poetry, he says:—"And how are such effects produced but by labour? Labour severe, self-restraining, patient; labour without which the diamond itself is dark. The Venus or the Apollo might possess the most exact proportion of limb, the most perfect grace of attitude, yet who would have called them beautiful while the surface of the marble was still rough and knotty? It is not the size, but the finish of the picture which proves the painter's art—proves that he has worked, to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase, by the light of 'The Lamps of Sacrifice and of Obedience.' . . . . If metre and melody be worth anything at all, let them be polished to perfection: let an author 'keep his piece nine years,' or ninety and nine, till he has made it as musical as he can. . . . . The thought must be struck off in the passion of the moment; the sword-blade must go red-hot to the anvil, and be forged in a few seconds; true: but after the forging, long and weary polishing and grinding must follow, before your sword-blade will cut. And melody is what makes poetry cut, what gives it its life, its power, its magic influence, on the hearts of men. It must ring in their ears; it must have music in itself; it must appeal to the senses, as well as to the feelings, the imagination, the intellect: then, when it seizes at once on the whole man, on body, soul, and spirit, will it 'swell in the heart, and kindle in the eyes, and constrain him, he knows not why, to believe and to obey.'"

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handsome or well-made man, and thank God from your heart for having allowed you such a privilege and lesson? Oh, there was a butcher's nephew playing cricket in Bramshill last week, whom I would have walked ten miles to see, in spite of the hideous English dress. One looked forward with delight to what he would be 'in the resurrection. . . . .'

". . . . I want to aim at the clearest and sharpest objectivity, and even in the speeches of Perseus and Andromeda, the subjective element must come out in sententiousness, not in sentiment. I shall read up the Œdipus Coloneus, and the Antigone, before I do them, to catch the sententiosity. But I never had dreamed of daring to write hexameters. I should write them merely by ear, as I firmly believe Homer wrote his, and make a word scan two different ways, as he does, whenever I chose, minding always to make accent and metre coincide. As for hexameters being foreign to our language, if you will mind the cæsura, and split your sense at that as often as convenient, you can talk prose in hexameters just as easily as in blank verse. Look (it is Coleridge's hint) at the great quantity of the Bible and Prayer-book which is actually unconscious hexameter already. . . . . I enclose my last:—

" I and my gardener George, and my little whelp Maurice and Dandy,
Went out this afternoon fishing; a better night nobody could wish,
Wind blowing fresh from the west, and a jolly long roll on the water,
After a burning day and the last batch of May-flies just rising—
Well, I fished two or three shallows and never a fish would look at me.
Then I fished two or three pools, and with no more success, I assure you.
'I'll tell you what, G.,' said I, 'some rascal's been "studdling" the water;
Look at the tail of that weed there, all turned up and tangled—Tim Goddard's
Been up the stream before us, or else Bonny Over, and sold us!'
'Well, sir,' says he, I'll be sworn, some chap's gone up here with a shove-net!
Pack up our traps and go home, is the word!' and by jingo we did it.
As I sit here, word for word, that was mine and G.'s conversation."

". . . I wish you would show this Prologue to Maurice. It is as deep a thing—though not very smooth—as I have said yet, and I mean what I say,

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'Linger no more, my beloved, by abbey and cell and cathedral;
Mourn not for holy ones mourning of old—them who knew not the Father,
Weeping with fast and scourge, when the bridegroom was taken from them.
Drop back awhile through the years, to the warm rich youth of the nations,
Childlike in virtue and faith, though childlike in passion and pleasure,
Childlike still, and still near to their God, while the day-spring of Eden
Lingered in rose-red rays on the peaks of Ionian mountains.
Down to the mothers, as Faust went, I go, to the roots of our manhood.
Mothers of us in our cradles; of us once more in our glory.
Newborn, body and soul, in the great pure world which shall be
In the renewing of all things, when man shall return to his Eden
Conquering evil, and death, and shame, and the slander of conscience,
Free in the sunshine of Godhead, and fearlessly smile on his Father.
Down to the mothers I go—yet with thee still!—be with me, thou purest!
Lead me, thy hand in my hand; and the dayspring of God go before us.'

"P.S.—What I have said of ballads is this: that they must be objective, dealing with facts and not feelings—or with feelings as manifested in actions. The union of the objective ballad or epic (for they only differ in size) with the subjective ode, elegiac and satire, makes the drama. The present age writes subjective ballads, and fails of course.

"Your best specimens are 'Johnnie of Breadislee;' 'Sir Patric Spens:' Lady Maistry, perfectly awful—

'She carried the peats in her apron lap
To burn herself withal.'

One or two Danish ballads: Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad;' 'Wee Croodledoo;' 'Auld Robin Gray;' Lord Willoughby in Percy's 'Reliques;' 'Hosier's Ghost;' 'When in Porto-bello lying,' a noble speech; 'Would you hear a Spanish Lady?' Campbell's 'Hohenlinden;' Uhland's 'Drei Burschen;' Goethe's 'Beggarman and Erl-King.' But the Germans have hundreds."

To T. HUGHES, ESQ.—". . . . I had just done my work, and dinner was coming on the table yesterday—just four o'clock,—when the bow-wows appeared on the top of the Mount, trying my patch of gorse; so I jumped up, left the cook shrieking, and off. He wasn't there, but I knew where he was, for I keep a pretty good register of foxes (ain't they my parishioners, and

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parts of my flock?); and, as the poor fellows had had a blank day, they were very thankful to find themselves in five minutes going like mad. We had an hour and a half of it—scent breast-high as the dew began to rise (bleak north-easter—always good weather), and if we had not crossed a second fox, should have killed him in the open; as it was we lost him after sunset, after the fiercest grind I have had this nine years, and I went back to my dinner. The old horse behaved beautifully; he is not fast, but in the enclosed woodlands he can live up to any one, and earned great honour by leaping in and out of the Loddon; only four more doing it, and one receiving a mucker. I feel three years younger to-day. . . . . The whip tells me there were three in the river together, rolling over horse and man! What a sight to have lost even by being a-head. . . . Have you seen the story of the run, when Mr. Woodburne's hounds found at Blackholme, at the bottom of Windermere, and ended beyond Helvellyn, more than fifty miles of mountain. After Applethwaite Crag (where the field lost them) they had a ring on High Street (2700 feet) of an hour unseen by mortal eye; and after that were seen by shepherds in Batterdale, Brotker Water, top of Fairfield (2900) Dunnaird Gap; and then over the top of Helvellyn (3050); and then to ground on Birkside Screes—I cannot find it on the maps. But what a poetic thing! Helvellyn was deep in frost and snow. Oh, that I could write a ballad thereanent. The thing has taken possession of me; but I can't find words. There was never such a run since *we* were born; and think of hounds doing the last thirty miles *alone!*"

One of his many correspondents at this time was Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, who, in the previous autumn, had paid a visit to Eversley Rectory. She had come to England to see the Great Exhibition, but she expressed one still stronger desire, which was to see Charles Kingsley, whose writings had struck a deep chord in her heart. It would be needless to say that he thought her one of the most highly cultivated women he had ever conversed with, and her sweet gentleness and

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womanliness attracted him still more than her intellect. After she left Eversley, she sent him a copy of Esaia Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," with this inscription: "To the Viking of the New Age, Charles Kingsley, this story of the Vikings of the Old, from a daughter of the Vikings, his friend and admirer, Frederika Bremer;" and writes :—

"My Young Friend.—Will you allow me to call you in writing, in plain words, what I have called and do call you in my mind and heart? You must think then it is a baptismal of the spirit and you must understand it. I have received your books. They shall go with me over the sea to my fatherland, and there in my silent home, I shall read them, live in them, enjoy them deeply, intensely. I know it, know it all the better since I have been with you. I have had a dream sometimes of a young brother like that one that was snatched away from me in his youth; like him but more ardent, a young mind that I could like, love, sympathise with, quarrel with, live with, influence, be influenced by, follow, through the thorny path, through tropical islands, through storm and sunshine, higher and higher ascending in the metamorphosis of existence. I had that dream, that vision again when I saw you, that made me so sad at parting. But let that pass. With much we must part. Much must pass. More will remain. The communion of related souls will remain to be revived again and again. I shall hear from you, and I will write to you. Meantime my soul will hover about you with the wings of blessing thoughts. I send a copy of my last book, the 'Midnight Sun.' As you are fond of Natural History, the sketch of the people and provinces of Sweden in the introduction may interest you; this much belongs to the natural history of a country. The voyage up to the mountains of the midnight sun, the scenery there is perfectly true to nature; I have seen and lived it through myself. Frithiof's Saga I take peculiar pleasure in asking you to accept, as a true follower of Scandinavian mind and life, and as the story of a spirit to whom your own is nearly related. The universal, the tropical mind seems more embodied in man in the rigid zones of the north,

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than in those of tropical nature. It is strange, but it seems to me to be so, the old Viking's greatness was that he wanted to conquer the whole world and make it his own. The mission of the spiritual Viking seems to me the higher one to conquer the world to God. So is yours. God speed you! and He will! God bless you and yours, your lovely wife first among those, and lastly—me as one of yours in sisterly love."

A proposal was made this year to open the Crystal Palace on Sundays—a step towards stemming the tide of Sunday drunkenness, and he wrote to Mr. George Grove, who had asked him to help:—

October 28.—"I am in sad perplexity about your letter. I have been talking it over with Maurice. He says he shall take the matter in hand in his Lincoln's Inn Sermons, and that it is a more fit thing for a London than for a country parson, being altogether against my meddling. . . . . I use freely a pamphlet, by the Rev. Baldwin Brown,* which I think the wisest speech, save Maurice's, which I have seen on the matter. . . . . The Church of England knows nothing of that definition of the Sabbath as a fast, which the Puritans borrowed from the Pharisees and Rabbins of the most fallen and hideous period of Judaism, and which the Lord denounced again and again as contrary to, and destructive of, the very idea and meaning of the Sabbath. The Church of England calls Sunday a feast-day, and not a fast; and it is neither contrary to her ritual letter, nor to her spirit, to invite on that day every Englishman to refresh himself with the sight of the wonders of God's earth, or with the wonders of men's art, which she considers as the results of God's teaching and inspiration.

"The letter, moreover, as well as the spirit of the Bible, is directly in favour of the arguments brought forward by the Crystal Palace Company's advocates. The Sabbath, it declares, was made for man. And man, it declares to be, not a mere

* Author of "The Higher Life," "The Home Life," and "The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love."

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'soul to be saved' (an expression nowhere used in Scripture, in its modern sense of a spirit, to be got safely through to some future state of bliss), but as consisting of body, soul, and spirit —meaning by soul what we call intellect and feelings. And therefore any institution, which, like the Crystal Palace, tends to give healthy and innocent rest and refreshment to body, mind, and tastes, is in accordance, in a lower sphere certainly, but still directly in accordance with the letter of the Sabbatical institution, as a day of rest made for man as man. . . . ."

In 1856, he writes on this topic to Mr. Maurice:—

"I have read through your pamphlet forthwith, and with very great delight. I agree with every word. I feel with you that *the only ground on which Sunday amusements can be really defended, is as a carrying out of the divineness of the Sabbath, and not as a relaxation of it.* . . . . I do not see how to lay down the ground of the Sabbath better than you have done, so I do not see how to dogmatize about practical applications any farther than the hints you have given. I have often fancied I should like to see the great useless naves and aisles of our cathedrals turned into museums and winter gardens, where people might take their Sunday walks, and yet attend service; but such a plan could only grow up of itself, round a different service than ours, or at least round a service interpreted and commented on by very different preaching; and till the Tartarus and Elysium superstition, which lies as really at the bottom of this question as at the bottom of all, is settled, I see no hope for that. . . . . You have made me see more than I ever did, the dignity of work and rest, and their analogy with God's—so justifying all that Parker, Emerson, or Carlyle have said about it, by putting it on a ground which they deny. Yet if the problem of human existence be to escape the impending torture—*cui bono?* Who need care for rest, or work either, save to keep the body alive till the soul is saved? Till that doctrine vanishes, no one will feel any real analogy between his life and God's life, and will be as selfish and covetous in his work, and as epicurean in his rest, as men are

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now. It was their ignorance of this superstition, I suppose, which enabled the *old* Jews to keep their Sabbath (as they seem to have done from the few hints we have) as a day of 'rejoicing before the Lord,' in attempts more or less successful to consecrate to Him the simple enjoyments of life—in feasting, singing, and dancing. 'In the midst go the damsels playing with the timbrels.' But this would be absurd *here*, and therefore I suppose it is, that the all-wise Book keeps the practical details so in the background, leaving each future nation to actualise the Sabbath according to its own genius. I think what you have said on that quite admirable. Nevertheless, we (after we are dead and alive for evermore) shall see *that* conception carried out on earth.

"'In mighty lands beyond the sea,
While honour falls to such as *thee*,
From hearts of heroes yet unborn.'

* * * * *

"Men drink, and women too, remember," he says, elsewhere, "not merely to supply exhaustion; not merely to drive away care; but often simply to drive away dulness. . . . . The publican knows too well where thousands of the lower classes, simply for want of any other place to be in, save their own sordid dwellings, spend as much as they are permitted of the Sabbath day. . . . . Let us put down 'Sunday drinking' by all means. And let us see—in the name of Him who said He had made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath—if we cannot do something to prevent the townsman's Sabbath being, not a day of rest, but a day of mere idleness; the day of most temptation, because of most dulness in the whole seven."—("Health and Education," p. 64.)

. . . . . .

"Have you any objection," (he asks the Dean of Westminster, before preaching in the Abbey for the Temperance Society in 1873) "to my speaking in favour of opening the British Museum and National Gallery to the public on Sunday afternoons? . . . . I have held very strong and deliberate opinions on this matter for many years; and think that the

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opening of these Institutions would stop not only a good deal of Sunday and therefore of Monday drunkenness—but would, if advocated by the clergy—enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning but ignorant Sunday league—and prove herself—what she can prove herself in other matters if she has courage,—the most liberal religious body in these isles. . . . ."

TO ADOLPH SAPHIR, ESQ. (then a student in Edinburgh).

November 1, 1852.—"If I am surprised at your writing to me, it is the surprise of delight at finding that my writings have been of use to any man, and above all to a Jew. For your nation I have a very deep love, first because so many intimate friends of mine—and in one case a near connexion—are Jews, and next, because I believe as firmly as any modern interpreter of prophecy, that you are still '*The Nation*,' and that you have a glorious, as I think a culminating part to play in the history of the race. Moreover, I owe all I have ever said or thought about Christianity as the idea which is to redeem and leaven all human life, 'secular' as well as 'religious,' to the study of the Old Testament, without which the New is to me unintelligible; and I cannot love the Hebrew books without loving the men who wrote them. My reason and heart revolt at that magical theory of inspiration which we have borrowed from the Latin Rabbis (the very men whom we call fools on every other subject), which sinks the personality of the inspired writer, and makes him a mere puppet and mouthpiece; and therefore I love your David, and Jeremiah, and Isaiah, as men of like passions with myself—men who struggled, and doubted, and suffered, that I might learn from them; and loving them, how can I but love their children, and yearn over them with unspeakable pity?

"You seem to be about to become a Christian minister. In that capacity your double education, both as a German and as a Hebrew, ought to enable you to do for us what we sadly need having done, almost as much as those Jews among whom your brother so heroically laboured—I mean to teach us the

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real meaning of the Old Testament and its absolute unity with the New. For this we want not mere 'Hebrew scholars,' but Hebrew spirits—Hebrew men; and this must be done, and done soon, if we are to retain our Old Testament, and therefore our New. For if we once lose our faith in the Old Testament, our faith in the New will soon dwindle to the impersonal 'spiritualism' of Frank Newman, and the German philosophasters. Now the founder of German unbelief in the Old Testament was a Jew. Benedict Spinoza wrote a little book which convulsed the spiritual world, and will go on convulsing it for centuries, unless a Jew undoes what a Jew has done. Spinoza beat down the whole method of rabbinical interpretation—the whole theory of rabbinical inspiration; but he had nothing, as I believe, to put in their place. The true method of interpretation—the true theory of inspiration is yet sadly to seek. At least such a method and such a theory as shall coincide with history and with science. It is my belief that the Christian Jew is the man who can give us the key to both—who can interpret the New and the Old Testaments both, because he alone can place himself in the position of the men who wrote them, as far as national sympathies, sorrows, and hopes are concerned—not to mention the amount of merely antiquarian light which he can throw on dark passages for us, if he chooses to read as a Jew and not as a Rabbinist.

"I would therefore intreat you, and every other converted Jew, not to sink your nationality, because you have become a member of the Universal Church, but to believe with the old converts of Jerusalem, that you are a true Jew because you are a Christian; that as a Jew you have your special office in the perfecting of the faith and practice of the Church, which no Englishman or other Gentile can perform for you: neither to Germanize or Scotticise, but try to see all heaven and earth with the eyes of Abraham, David, and St. Paul."

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CHAPTER XI.

1853.

AGED 34.

THE RECTOR IN HIS CHURCH — "HYPATIA" LETTERS FROM CHEVALIER BUNSEN—MR. MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS—CORRESPONDENCE WITH THOMAS COOPER.

"MY heart and hope is with thee—Thou wilt be
A latter Luther, and a soldier priest,
To scare church-harpies from the Master's feet;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee:
Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws,
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily;
But spurr'd at heart with fieriest energy,
To embattail and to wall about thy cause
With iron-worded proof, hating to hark
The humming of the drowsy pulpit-drone,
Half God's good Sabbath, while the worn-out clerk
Brow-beats his desk below. Thou from a throne,
Mounted in heaven wilt shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightning. I will stand and mark."

TENNYSON (Early Sonnets).

THE books which entailed so many letters, now also attracted strangers to Eversley Church on Sunday. Officers from Sandhurst would constantly walk over, and occasionally a stray clergyman would be seen in the free sittings. "Twenty-five Village Sermons" had been published in 1849, and had been reviewed in the "Times," and "Sermons on National Subjects," perhaps the most

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remarkable of all his volumes of sermons, had just been brought out. His preaching was becoming a great power. It was the speech of a live man to living beings.

"Yes, my friends," he would say, "these are real thoughts. They are what come into people's minds every day; and I am here to talk to you about what is really going on in your soul and mine; not to repeat to you doctrines at second hand out of a book, and say, 'There, that is what you have to believe and do, and if you do not, you will go to hell;' but to speak to you as men of like passions with myself; as sinning, sorrowing, doubting, struggling human beings; to talk to you of what is in my own heart, and will be in your hearts too, some day, if it has not been already. . . . ."

After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings under the pulpit would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation; but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when, in spite of himself, his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement, of which he was quite unconscious; his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated. It was riveting to see as well as hear him, as his eagle glance penetrated every corner of the church, and whether there were few or many there, it was enough for him that those who were present were human beings standing between two worlds, and that it was his terrible responsibility as well as high privilege, to deliver a message to each and all. The great festivals of the Church seemed to inspire him, and his words would rise into melody. At Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the Holy Trinity especially,

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his sermon became a song of triumph; during Advent, a note of solemn warning. On Good Friday, and through the Passion week evening services, it would be a low and mournful chant, uttered in a deep, plaintive, and at moments almost agonised tone, which hushed his congregation into a silence that might be felt. These Passion services were given at an hour to suit the labouring men on their way home from work, when a few would drop into church, to whom he preached a fifteen minutes' sermon, which a London congregation would have gone miles to hear. His hearers, sometimes only fifteen to twenty besides his own family, will never forget the dimly-lighted church in the spring evening's twilight, with its little sprinkling of worshippers, and the silence as of death and the grave, when with a look which he never seemed to have at any other season, he followed Christ through the events of the Holy Week, from the First Communion to the foot of the Cross. And when "the worst was over," with what a gasp of relief was Easter Even, with its rest and quietness, reached, and with significant words about that Intermediate state, in which he so deeply believed, he would lead our thoughts from the peaceful sepulchre in the garden to the mysterious gate of Paradise.

His Good Friday sermons were flashes of inspiration. He thus closes one, perhaps the finest he ever preached [National Sermons, 1st Series], in 1848, when his heart was full of the People's cause:

"Oh! sad hearts and suffering! Anxious and weary ones! Look to the Cross this day! There hung your King. The King of sorrowing souls, and more the King of Sorrow. Ay, pain and grief, tyranny and desertion, death and hell. He has faced them one and all, and tried their strength, and taught them His, and conquered them right royally! And since He

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hung upon that torturing cross, sorrow is divine, godlike, as joy itself. All that man's fallen nature dreads and despises, God honoured on the cross, and took unto Himself, and blest and consecrated for ever. And now, blessed are the poor, if they are poor in heart as well as purse, and theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the hungry, if they hunger for righteousness as well as food: for Jesus hungered, and they shall be filled. Blessed are those who mourn, if they mourn not only for their afflictions, but for their sins, and the sins of those they see around them: for on this day, Jesus mourned for our sins: on this day He was made sin for us who knew no sin; and they shall be comforted. Blessed are those who are ashamed of themselves and humble themselves before God this day; for on this day Jesus humbled Himself for us, and they shall be exalted. Blessed are the forsaken and despised. Did not all men forsake Jesus this day, in His hour of need? And why not thee, too, thou poor deserted one? Shall the disciple be above his master? No, every one that is perfect, must be like his master. The deeper, the bitterer your loneliness, the more you are like Him who cried upon the cross, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' . . . . All things are blessed now, but sin; for all things, excepting sin, are redeemed by the life and death of the Son of God. Blessed are wisdom and courage, joy and health, and beauty, love and marriage, childhood and manhood, corn and wine, fruits and flowers, for Christ redeemed them by His life. And blessed, too, are tears and shame, blessed are weakness and ugliness, blessed are agony and sickness, blessed the sad remembrance of our sins, and a broken heart, and a repentant spirit. Blessed is death, and blessed the unknown realms, where souls await the resurrection day, for Christ redeemed them by His death. Blessed are all things, weak, as well as strong. Blessed are all days, dark, as well as bright, for all are His, and He is ours; and all are ours, and we are His, for ever. Therefore sigh on, ye sad ones, and rejoice in your own sadness; ache on, ye suffering ones, and rejoice in your own sorrows. Rejoice that you are made free of the holy brother-

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hood of mourners, that you may claim your place too, if you will, among the noble army of martyrs. Rejoice that you are counted worthy of a fellowship in the sufferings of the Son of God. Rejoice and trust on, for after sorrow shall come joy. Trust on; for in man's weakness God's strength shall be made perfect. Trust on, for death is the gate of life. Endure on to the end, and possess your souls in patience for a little while, and that perhaps a very little while. Death comes swiftly, and more swiftly still, perhaps, the day of the Lord. The deeper the sorrow, the nearer the salvation.

> The night is darkest before the dawn;
> When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
> And the day of the Lord at hand!"

On Easter day he would burst forth into a song of praise once more, for the Blessed Resurrection not only of Christ the Lord, but of man, and of the dear earth he loved so well—spring after winter, birth after death. Every gnat that danced in the sunshine on the blessed Easter morn; every blade of grass in the old churchyard spoke of hope and joy and a living God. And the flowers in the church, and the graves decked with bright wreaths would add to his gladness, as he paced up and down the narrow gravel path before service. Many a testimony has come to the blessing of those village sermons. "Twenty-five Village Sermons," said a clergyman working in a great city parish, "like a plank to a drowning man kept me from sinking in the 'blackness of darkness' which surrounds the unbeliever. Leaning upon these, while carried about by every wind of doctrine I drifted hither and thither, at last, thanks be to God, I found standing ground." In a Preface written for the Village Sermons in 1849, but subsequently suppressed for fear of misconception, he explained why he had adopted the peculiar method of preaching, both in matter and style, which offended some, while it arrested many:

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"At the solicitation of several friends," he says, "I put these sermons into print, with extreme diffidence as to their value—a diffidence much increased by the high standard which I have most unsuccessfully proposed to myself. These sermons refer chiefly to those subjects which are less commonly than others expounded in the pulpit, and must therefore be in no wise taken as a complete confession of faith. The great doctrines of the Gospel will be found rather implicit and diffused through them, and underlying them everywhere as their primary ground, than formally and articulately stated in them.

"(1.) To such a method of teaching I have been more or less compelled by circumstances. I have found that, in my own parish at least, the minds of working men have been inundated by a dogmatic technology which is, by their own confession, utterly beyond the comprehension of the great majority, while repeated use has made the ears of too many of the rest callous to the thread of vague meaning which they may have once attached to it. The same objections I found to hold good also against a peculiar phraseology, which, though it calls itself scriptural, is yet utterly deficient in the lively and dramatic terseness of the Bible, being for the most part a mere patch-work—I had almost said parody—of the archaisms, not of the Scriptures themselves, but of *our English translation of them.* I have therefore boldly thrown off as much as possible conventional forms and technicalities of speech, and I believe that all who do the same will be rewarded by the delight with which youths and men of the labouring classes will welcome the Gospel in the intelligible form of their own mother-tongue.

"(2.) I must also say that I cannot see without astonishment men who profess unbounded reverence for Scripture, utterly and intentionally avoiding every method of teaching which Scripture employs. In the sermons of the Prophets, of our Lord, of the Apostles, all is indicative, personal, pointed, concrete; with most sermon writers of this day, all is studiously hypothetic, impersonal, rounded, and abstract. Scripture deals in dialogue and apostrophe; in allusions to time and place and detail, and almost invariably makes passing events the ground from which

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to evolve eternal and spiritual lessons; most modern sermons, on the contrary, avoid carefully all which can connect their subject with the events of the day, with the peculiar circumstances or actual every day life and business of their hearers. The honest old 'You' and 'I,' for instance, are ousted by a certain dreamy book-compiled abstraction 'The Christian,' or else for 'My brethren,' a phrase whose antiquated form alone, if we will consider, proves the unreality of our own use of it. If we believe that our hearers are our *brothers*, let us call them so. It is a poor trick to soften down the rebuke which that word conveys to ourselves, by watering it down into a vapid '*brethren*.' These sermons have been written in the belief, that true reverence for Scripture will copy its manner, as well as its matter, and that as every teacher in Scripture expresses God's truth in the language and style peculiar to his own time, we shall best follow the leading of God's Spirit, by expressing His truth in the style and language peculiar neither to the first, nor to the sixteenth, but to the nineteenth century.

"(3). We have, I think, again much injured the usefulness of our preaching, by a squeamish regard for that miserable fiction, 'the dignity of the pulpit,' by a horror of all words and thoughts which are homely and 'colloquial,' and anything less than sesquipedalian. How much of this may have proceeded from honest bad taste, how much from a subtle temptation to excuse ourselves for our ignorance of the speech and thought of the very peasants to whom we are commissioned to minister, God alone can judge; but this pedantry must be thoroughly and at once amended, if we do not wish to be called, as I believe, to most fearful and speedy account for our remiss use of that tremendous power—the undisturbed possession of the pulpits of England.

"(4.) I must now, even at the risk of being misunderstood, say boldly that I believe our preaching has been of late years sadly chilled and tongue-tied by a certain rigid idolatry of formulæ, and a consequent scrupulous terror of mere verbal and accidental heterodoxy: while most seem quite unconscious that it is easy to preach sermons, in whose words the most

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scrupulous theologian could detect no flaw, the total outcome of which may nevertheless be utterly heretical—Manichæan, for instance, or Apollinarian—errors which are at this very day fearfully rife, among nominally orthodox preachers of every shade of opinion.

"I may have erred in the opposite direction; but I have been less solicitous about the outward and treacherous orthodoxy of the understanding, than about the far deeper orthodoxy of the spirit; not so much to prove my correctness to my hearers, as to excite correct notions in them. My hearers were ploughmen, not schoolmen—my grammar is that of the farm, not of the university. If therefore any expressions be discovered in my sermons, which, when separated from their context, and from the gist of the whole discourse (as is the manner of critics), do not exactly fit into any of the current systems of doctrine, I answer with all humility that—I do not care. I am perfectly assured of the orthodox result of the *whole*, and equally perfectly assured that any one who wishes really to touch the souls of men, must apply to oratory Augustine's glorious maxim, 'Ama—et fac quicquid vis,' and say boldly,

"'*Crede—et dic quicquid vis.*'"

His sermons owed much to the time he gave himself for preparation. The Sunday services, while they exhausted him physically, yet seemed to have the effect of winding his spirit up to higher flights. And often late on Sunday evening he would talk over with his wife the subject and text for the next week. He seldom put off his sermon till Saturday. On Monday, he would, if possible, take a rest, but on Tuesday it was sketched, and the first half carefully thought out before it was dictated or written: then put by for a day or two, that it might simmer in his brain, and be finished on Friday. But none who read them now can tell what it was to hear them, and to see him, and the look of inspiration on his face, as he preached. While to those his

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nearest and dearest, who looked forward with an ever-fresh intensity of interest to the Eversley Church services week after week, year after year, each sermon came with double emphasis from the fact that his week-day life was no contradiction, but a noble carrying out of his Sunday teaching.

"The Eversley Sunday," said his friend and curate, Mr. Harrison, "was very characteristic of Mr. Kingsley. It was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinarily accepted level. One thing was specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the churchyard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention. Yet during service his manner was always impressive; and at times, as during the celebration of the Holy Communion—until the recent judgment he always consecrated in the eastward position—it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a school. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being

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trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. 'He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.'

"Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced for ever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, was matchless."

"I never did," said the Bishop of Truro, "and I believe I never shall, see anything that spoke so loud for the Church of England as never to be put away, as did the morning service in Eversley Church, whether he read or whether he preached. . . ."

This year, begun at Eversley and ended at Torquay, was one of much anxiety and incessant labour. Unable to get a pupil, he was therefore unable to keep a curate. The Sunday services, night schools, and cottage lectures, were done single-handed; and if he seemed to withdraw from his old associates in the cause of co-operation, and of the working men in London, it was not from want of interest, but of time and strength. He went only once up to Town, to lecture for the Needlewomen's Association. Constant sickness in the parish and serious illness in his own household gave him great anxiety; while the pro-

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ceedings of the King's College Council against Mr. Maurice, on the ground of his views on eternal punishment, depressed him deeply. But the year had its lights as well as shadows; he had the comfort of seeing the first good national school built and opened in his parish; friends, new and old, came and went—Mr. Maurice frequently—Bishop McDougall of Labuan, and Mr. Alfred Tennyson. His intimacy with Bishop Wilberforce, Chevalier Bunsen, and Miss Mitford deepened; he made the personal acquaintance of Mr. Robert Browning and his wife, and of several of his hitherto unknown correspondents.

"Hypatia," perhaps his highest work of art, this year came out as a whole. It cost him more labour than any of his books, and a friend, who was with him during the summer in which part of it was written, says,

"I was struck not only with his power of work, but with the extraordinary pains he took to be accurate in detail. We spent one whole day in searching the four folio volumes of Synesius for a fact he thought was there, and which was found there at last. The hard reading he had undergone for that book alone would furnish an answer to some who thought him superficial."

"Hypatia" has been translated into German, into Dutch, and into Modern Greek. In one section of the English Church it made him bitter enemies, more bitter, perhaps, than were stirred up by either "Yeast" or the "Saint's Tragedy." It certainly lost him his D.C.L. degree at Oxford in 1863. And why? but because, as Dean Stanley remarked, of

"His moral enthusiasm, which, in the pages of 'Hypatia' has scathed with an everlasting brand the name of the Alexandrian Cyril and his followers, for their outrages on humanity and morality in the name of a hollow Christianity and a spurious

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orthodoxy. Read," the Dean adds, "if you would learn some of the most impressive lessons of Ecclesiastical history—Read and inwardly digest those pages, perhaps the most powerful he ever wrote which close that wonderful story discriminating the destinies which awaited each of its characters as they passed, one after another, 'each to his own place.'"

"I want," wrote Chevalier Bunsen, "to wish you joy for the wonderful picture of the inward and outward life of Hypatia's age, and of the creation of such characters as hers and Raphael's, and the other protogonists. . . . . You have succeeded in epicizing, poetically and philosophically, one of the most interesting and eventful epochs of the world, clothing the spirits of that age in the most attractive fable; you resuscitate the real history of the time and its leading characters so poetically that we forget that instruction is conferred upon us in every page. . . . .

"You have performed a great and lasting work, but it is a bold undertaking. You fire over the heads of the public, οἷοι νυν βροτοι εἰσι, as Nestor says, the pigmies of the circulating library. Besides you have (pardon me) wronged your own child most cruelly. Are you aware that many people object to reading or allowing it to be read, because, the author says in the Preface, it is not written for those of pure mind?* My

* The passage referred to is the opening paragraph of the Preface where the author says, "A picture of life in the fifth century must needs contain much which will be painful to any reader, and which the young and innocent will do well to leave altogether unread. It has to represent a very hideous, though a very great, age; one of those critical and cardinal eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side—even, at times, in the same person—with the most startling openness and power. One who writes of such an era labours under a troublesome disadvantage. He dare not tell how evil people were; he will not be believed if he tell how good they were. In the present case that disadvantage is doubled; for while the sins of the Church, however heinous, were still such as admit of being expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world against which she fought, were utterly undescribable; and the Christian apologist is thus compelled, for the sake of decency, to state the Church's case far more weakly than the facts deserve."—Preface to "Hypatia," vii.

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daughters exclaimed when they read that in the Preface, after having read to their mamma the whole in numbers to general edification, as they do Bible and Shakspeare every day. I should wish you to have said that, in describing and picturing an age like that, there must here and there be nudities as in nature and as in the Bible. Nudities there are because there is truth. For God's sake, let that Preface not come before Germany without some modified expression. Impure must be the minds who can be offended or hurt by your picture! What offends and hurts is the modern *Lüsternheit*, that veiling over indecency, exciting imagination to draw off the veil in order to see not God's naked nature, but corrupted man's indecency. Forgive that I take the child's part against the father. But, indeed, that expression is not the right, and unjust to yourself, and besides highly detrimental to the book. . . . .

"The times before us are brimful of destruction—therefore of regeneration. The Nemesis is coming, as Ate.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"BUNSEN."

TO MRS. GASKELL.

July 25, 1853.—"I am sure that you will excuse my writing to you thus abruptly when you read the cause of my writing. I am told, to my great astonishment, that you have heard painful speeches on account of 'Ruth;' what was told me raised all my indignation and disgust. Now I have read only a little (though, of course, I know the story) of the book; for the same reason that I cannot read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or 'Othello,' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' It is too painfully good, as I found before I had read half a volume. But this I can tell you, that among all my large acquaintance I never heard, or have heard, but one unanimous opinion of the beauty and righteousness of the book, and that, above all, from real *ladies*, and really good women. If you could have heard the things which I heard spoken of it this evening by a thorough High Church fine lady of the world, and by her daughter, too, as pure and pious a soul as one need see, you would have no more doubt than I have, that whatsoever the 'snobs' and the

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bigots may think, English people, in general, have but one opinion of 'Ruth,' and that is, one of utter satisfaction. I doubt not you have had this said to you already often. Believe me, you may have it said to you as often as you will by the purest and most refined of English women. May God bless you, and help you to write many more such books as you have already written, is the fervent wish of your very faithful servant, "C. KINGSLEY."

Mr. Maurice's volume of "Theological Essays" appeared this year containing one on Eternal Life and Death, which was the cause of his dismissal from King's College. The subject had occupied Mr. Kingsley's own mind for years; and the persecution of his friend and teacher roused all his chivalry. "The book seemed to him," he said, "to mark a new era in English Ecclesiastical History." He at once took counsel with friends at Oxford and Cambridge, before getting up a protest against the proceedings of the Council of King's College.

"'The Time and Eternity Question,'" he says, in writing to a friend, "is coming before the public just now in a way which may seriously affect our friend Maurice, unless all who love him make good fight. Maurice's essays, as you say, will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them, her doom is fixed. She will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her. If she accepts them—not as 'a code complete,' but as hints towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still. . . . ."

". . . . Well, dearest master," he writes to Mr. Maurice, "I shall not condole with you. You are above that: but only remind you of this day's Psalms, 30th, which have been to me, strangely enough, the Psalms for the day in all great crises of my life. . . . . You know what I feel for you. But your cause is mine. We swim in the same boat, and stand or fall henceforth together. I am the mouse helping the lion—with this difference, that the mouse was *out*-side the net when

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she gnawed it, while I *am inside*. For if you are condemned for these 'opinions' I shall and must *therefore* avow them. . . . I was utterly astonished at finding in page after page things which I had thought, and hardly dared to confess to myself, much less to preach. However, you have said them now; and I, gaining courage, have begun to speak more and more boldly, thanks to your blessed example, in a set of sermons on the Catechism, accompanying your angel's trump on my private penny-whistle. . . . . I was struck the other day by the pleasure which a sermon of mine gave not only to my clods, but to the best of my high church gentry, in which sermon I had just copied word for word your Essay on Eternal Life and Death—of course stating the thing more coarsely, and therefore more dangerously than your wisdom would have let you do. . . . . I am too unhappy about you to say much. I always expected it; but yet, when it comes one cannot face it a bit the better. Nevertheless, it is but a passing storm of dust."

The following are extracts given without regard to dates, from letters to Mr. Thomas Cooper, Chartist, author of the "Purgatory of Suicides." When Mr. Kingsley first knew Thomas Cooper, he was lecturing on Strauss, to working men; but after a long struggle his doubts were solved. He is now at the age of 70, a preacher of Christianity.*

February 15, 1850.—"Many thanks for your paper. On Theological points I will say nothing. We must have a good long stand-up fight some day, when we have wind and time. In the mean time, I will just say, that I believe as devoutly as you, Goethe, or Strauss, that God never does—if one dare use the word, never *can*—break the Laws of Nature, which are His

* Thomas Cooper's autobiography, published by Hodder and Stoughton in 1872, is a book well worth reading for its own sake and for the pictures of working class life and thought, which it reveals.

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Laws, manifestations of the eternal ideas of His Spirit and Word—but that Christ's Miracles seem to me the highest realizations of those very laws. How? you will ask—to which I answer. You must let me tell you by-and-bye. Your thinkings from Carlyle are well chosen. There is much in Carlyle's 'Chartism' and the 'French Revolution,' and also in a paper called 'Characteristics,' among the miscellanies, which is 'good doctrine and profitable for this age.' I cannot say what *I* personally owe to that man's writings.

"But you are right, a thousand times right, in saying that the [co-operative] movement is a more important move than any Parliamentary one. It is to get room and power for such works, and not merely for any abstract notions of political right that I fight for the suffrage. I am hard at work—harder, the doctors say, than is wise. But 'the days are evil, and we must redeem the time,'—Our one chance for all the Eternities, to do a little work in for God and the people, for whom, as I believe, He gave His well-beloved Son. That is the spring of my work, Thomas Cooper; it will be yours; consciously or unconsciously it is now, for aught I know, if you be the man I take you for. . . . ."

EVERSLEY: *November* 2, 1853.—" . . . . Your friend is a very noble fellow.* As for converting either you or him,—

* This refers to a letter in which Thomas Cooper says, "My friend, a noble young fellow, says, you are trying to convert him to orthodoxy, and expresses great admiration for you. I wish you success with him, and I had almost said I wish you could next succeed with me; but I think I am likely to stick where I have stuck for some years—never lessening, but I think increasing, in my love for the truly divine Jesus—but retaining the Strauss view of the Gospel." "Ah! that grim Strauss," he says in a later letter, "How he makes the iron agony go through my bones and marrow, when I am yearning to get hold of Christ! But you understand me? Can you help me? I wish I could be near you, so as to have a long talk with you often. I wish you could show me that Strauss's preface is illogical, and that it is grounded on a *petitio principii*. I wish you could bring me into a full and hearty reception of this doctrine of the Incarnation. I wish you could lift off the dead weight from my head and heart, that blasting, brutifying thought, that the grave must be my 'end all.'"

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what I want to do, is to make people believe in the Incarnation, as the one solution of all one's doubts and fears for all heaven and earth; wherefore I should say boldly, that, even if Strauss were right, the thing must either have happened some where else, or will happen somewhere some day, so utterly does both my reason and conscience, and, as I think, judging from history, the reason and conscience of the many in *all* ages and climes, demand an Incarnation. As for Strauss, I have read a great deal of him, and his preface carefully. Of the latter, I must say that it is utterly illogical, founded on a gross *petitio principii*; as for the mass of the book, I would undertake, by the same fallacious process, to disprove the existence of Strauss himself, or any other phenomenon in heaven or earth. But all this is a long story. As long as you do see in Jesus the perfect ideal of man, you are in the right *path*, you are going *toward* the light, whether or not you may yet be allowed to see certain consequences which, as I believe, logically follow from the fact of His being the ideal. Poor ****'s denial (for so I am told) of Jesus being the ideal of a good man, is a more serious evil far. And yet Jesus Himself said, that, if any one spoke a word against the Son of Man (*i.e.* against Him as the perfect man) it should be forgiven him; but the man who could not be forgiven either in this world or that to come, was the man who spoke against the Holy Spirit, *i.e.* who had lost his moral sense and did not know what was righteous when he saw it—a sin into which we parsons are as likely to fall as any men, much more likely than the publicans and sinners. As long as your friend, or any other man loves the good, and does it, and hates the evil and flees from it, my Catholic creeds tell me that the Spirit of Jesus, 'the Word,' is teaching that man; and gives me hope that either here or hereafter, if he be faithful over a few things, he shall be taught much. You see, this is quite a different view from either the Dissenters or Evangelicals, or even the High-Church parsons. But it *is* the view of those old 'Fathers' whom they think they honour, and whom they will find one day, in spite of many errors and superstitions, to be far

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more liberal, humane, and philosophical than our modern religionists. . . . ."

TORQUAY: 1854.—"I am now very busy at two things. Working at the sea-animals of Torbay for Mr. Gosse, the naturalist, and thundering in behalf of sanitary reform. Those who fancy me a 'sentimentalist' and a 'fanatic' little know how thoroughly my own bent is for physical science; how I have been trained in it from earliest boyhood; how I am happier now in classifying a new polype, or solving a geognostic problem of strata, or any other bit of hard Baconian induction, than in writing all the novels in the world; or how, again, my theological creed has grown slowly and naturally out of my physical one, till I have seen, and do believe more and more utterly, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity (as they are in the Bible, not as some preachers represent them from the pulpit) coincide with the loftiest and severest science. This blessed belief did not come to me at once, and therefore I complain of no man who arrives at it slowly, either from the scientific or religious side; nor have I yet spoken out all that is in me, much less all that I see coming; but I feel that I am on a right path, and please God, I will hold it to the end. I see by-the-bye that you have given out two 'Orations against taking away human life.' I should be curious to hear what a man like you says on the point, for I am sure you are free from any effeminate sentimentalism, and by your countenance, would make a terrible and good fighter, in a good cause. It is a painful and difficult subject. After much thought, I have come to the conclusion that you cannot take away *human* life. That *animal* life is all you take away; and that very often the best thing you can do for a poor creature is to put him out of this world, saying, 'You are evidently unable to get on here. We render you back into God's hands that He may judge you, and set you to work again somewhere else, giving you a fresh chance as you have spoilt this one.' But I speak really in doubt and awe. . . . . When I have read your opinions I will tell you why I think the judicial taking away *animal* life to be the strongest assertion of the dignity

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and divineness of *human* life;* and the taking away life in wars the strongest assertion of the dignity and divineness of national life."

1855.—"* * * * sent me some time ago a letter of yours, in which you express dissatisfaction with the 'soft indulgence' which I and Maurice attribute to God. . . . .

"My belief is, that God will punish (and has punished already somewhat) every wrong thing I ever did, unless I *repent*—that is, change my behaviour therein; and that His lightest blow is hard enough to break bone and marrow. But as for saying of any human being whom I ever saw on earth that there is no hope for them; that even if, under the bitter smart of just punishment, they opened their eyes to their folly, and altered their minds, even then God would not forgive them; as for saying that, I will not for all the world, and the rulers thereof. I never saw a man in whom there was not some good, and I believe that God sees that good far more clearly, and loves it far more deeply, than I can, because He Himself put it there, and, therefore, it is reasonable to believe that He will educate and strengthen that good, and chastise and scourge the holder of it till he obeys it, and loves it, and gives up himself to it; and that the said holder will find such chastisement terrible enough, if he is unruly and stubborn, I doubt not, and so much the better for him. Beyond this I cannot say; but I like your revulsion into stern puritan vengeance—it is a lunge too far the opposite way, like Carlyle's; but anything better than the belief that our Lord Jesus Christ was sent into the world to enable any man to be infinitely rewarded without doing anything worth rewarding—anything, oh! God of mercy as well as justice, than a creed which strengthens the heart of the wicked, by promising him life, and makes *** **** believe (as I doubt not he does believe) that though a man is damned here his soul is saved hereafter. Write to me. Your letters do me good."

* See Sermon on Capital Punishment, preached in 1870, by Rev. C. Kingsley. (All Saints' Day and other Sermons. C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

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1856.—"You have an awful and glorious work before you,* and you do seem to be going about it in the right spirit—namely, in a spirit of self-humiliation. Don't be downhearted if outward humiliation, failure, insult, apparent loss of influence, come out of it at first. If God be indeed our Father in any real sense, then, whom He loveth, He chasteneth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. And 'Till thou art emptied of thyself, God cannot fill thee,' though it be a saw of the old mystics, is true and practical common sense. God bless you and prosper you. . . . .

". . . . Your letter this morning delighted me, for *I* see that you see. If you are an old hand at the Socratic method, you will be saved much trouble. I can quite understand young fellows kicking at it. Plato always takes care to let us see how all but the really earnest kicked at it, and flounced off in a rage, having their own notions torn to rags, and scattered, but nothing new put in the place thereof. It seems to me (I speak really humbly here) that the danger of the Socratic method, which issued, two or three generations after in making his so-called pupils the academics mere destroying sceptics, priding themselves on picking holes in everything positive, is this—to use it without Socrates' great *Idea*, which he expressed by 'all knowledge being memory,' which the later Platonists, both Greek and Jew, *e.g.*, Philo and St. John, and after them the good among the Roman Stoics and our early Quakers, and German mystics, expressed by saying that God, or Christ, or the Word, was more or less in every man, the Light which lightened him. Letting alone formal phraseology, what I mean, and what Socrates meant, was this, to confound people's notions and theories, only to bring them to look their own reason in the face, and to tell them boldly, you know these things at heart already, if you will only look at what you know, and clear from your own spirit the mists which your

* Thomas Cooper had now re-commenced lecturing at the Hall of Science on Sunday evenings, simply teaching theism, for he had not advanced farther yet in positive conviction.

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mere brain and 'organisation,' has wrapt round them. Men may be at first more angry than ever at this; they will think you accuse them of hypocrisy when you tell them 'you know that I am right, and you wrong;' but it will do them good at last. It will bring them to the one great truth, that they too have a Teacher, a Guide, an Inspirer, a Father: that you are not asserting for yourself any new position, which they have not attained, but have at last found out the position which has been all along equally true of them and you, that you are all God's children, and that your Father's Love is going out to seek and to save them and you, by the only possible method, viz., teaching them that He is their Father.

"I am very anxious to hear your definition of a *person*. I have not been able yet to get one, or a proof of personal existence which does not spring from *à priori* subjective consciousness, and which is, in fact, Fichte's. 'I am I.' I know it. Take away my 'organisation,' cast my body to the crows or the devil, logically or physically, strip me of all which makes me palpable to you, and to the universe, still I have the unconquerable knowledge that 'I am I,' and must and shall be so for ever. How I get this idea I know not: but it is the most precious of all convictions, as it is the first; and I can only suppose it is a revelation from God, whose image it is in me, and the first proof of my being His child. My spirit is a person; and the child of the Absolute Person, the Absolute Spirit. And so is yours, and yours, and yours. In saying that, I go on 'Analogy,' which is Butler's word for fair Baconian Induction. I find that I am absolutely I, an individual and indissoluble person; therefore I am bound to believe at first sight that you, and you, and you are such also. . . . . This is all I seem to know about it as yet.

"But how utterly right you are in beginning to teach the real meaning of words, which people now (parsons as well as atheists) use in the loosest way. Take even 'organisation,' paltry word as it is, and make them analyse it, and try if they can give any definition of it (drawn from its real etymology) which does not imply a person distinct from the organs, or

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tools, and organising or arranging those tools with a mental view to a result. I should advise you to stick stoutly by old Paley. He is right at root, and I should advise you, too, to make your boast of Baconian Induction being on your side, and not on theirs; for 'many a man talks of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow,' and the 'Reasoner' party, while they prate about the triumphs of science, never, it seems to me, employ intentionally in a single sentence the very inductive method whereby that science has triumphed. . . . . Be of good cheer. WHEN the wicked man turneth from his wickedness (then, there and then), he shall save his soul *alive*—as you seem to be consciously doing, and all his sin and his iniquity shall not be mentioned unto him. What your 'measure' of guilt (if there can be a measure of the incommensurable spiritual) I know not. But this I know, that as long as you keep the sense of guilt alive in your own mind, you will remain justified in God's mind; as long as you set your sins before your face, He will set them behind his back. Do you ask how I know that? I will not quote 'texts,' though there are dozens. I will not quote my own spiritual experience, though I could honestly: I will only say, that such a moral law is implied in the very idea of 'Our Father in heaven.' . . . ."

". . . You must come and see me, and talk over many things. That is what I want. An evening's smoke and chat in my den, and a morning's walk on our heather moors, would bring our hearts miles nearer each other, and our heads too. As for the political move, I can give you no advice save, say little, and do less. I am ready for all extensions of the franchise, *if we have a government system of education therewith:* till then I am merely stupidly acquiescent. More poor and ignorant voters? Very well—more bribees; more bribers; more pettifogging attorneys in parliament; more local interests preferred to national ones; more substitution of the delegate system for the representative one. . . . ."

June 14, 1856.—"It is, I know it, a low aim (I don't mean morally) for a man who has had the aspirations which you have; but may not our Heavenly Father just be bringing you

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through this seemingly degrading work,* to give you what I should think you never had,—what it cost me bitter sorrow to learn—the power of working in harness, and so actually drawing something, and being of real use. Be sure, if you can once learn that lesson, in addition to the rest you have learnt, you will rise to something worthy of you yet. . . . . It has seemed to me, in watching you and your books, and your life, that just what you wanted was self-control. I don't mean that you could not starve, die piece-meal, for what you thought right; for you are a brave man, and if you had not been, you would not have been alive now. But it did seem to me, that what you wanted was the quiet, stern cheerfulness, which sees that things are wrong, and sets to to right them, but does it trying to make the best of them all the while, and to see the bright side; and even if, as often happens, there be no bright side to see, still 'possesses his soul in patience,' and sits whistling and working till 'the pit be digged for the ungodly.'

"Don't be angry with me and turn round and say, 'You, sir, who never knew what it was to want a meal in your life, who belong to the successful class who *have*.—What do you mean by preaching these cold platitudes to me?' For, Thomas Cooper, I have known what it was to want things more precious to you, as well as to me, than a full stomach; and I learnt—or rather I am learning a little—to wait for them till God sees good. And the man who wrote 'Alton Locke' must know a little of what a man like you *could* feel to a man like me, if the devil entered into him. And yet I tell you, Thomas Cooper, that there was a period in my life—and one not of months, but for years, in which I would have gladly exchanged your circumstantia, yea, yourself, as it is now, for my circumstantia, and myself, as they were then. And yet I had the best of parents and a home, if not luxurious, still as good as any man's need be. You are a far happier man now, I firmly believe, than I

* Thomas Cooper had been given copying work at the Board of Health; and his hearers at the Hall of Science, already made bitter by his deserting the atheist camp, made the fact of his doing government work and taking government pay, a fresh ground of opposition to his teaching.

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was for years of my life. The dark cloud has passed with me now. Be but brave and patient, and (I *will* swear now), by God, sir! it will pass with you."

June, 1856.—"You are in the right way yet. I can put you in no more right way. Your sense of sin is not fanaticism; it is, I suppose, simple consciousness of fact. As for helping you to Christ, I do not believe I can one inch. I see no hope but in prayer, in going to Him yourself, and saying: 'Lord if Thou art there, if Thou art at all, if this all be not a lie, fulfil Thy reputed promises, and give me peace and the sense of forgiveness, and the feeling that, bad as I may be, Thou lovest me still, seeing all, understanding all, and therefore making allowances for all!' I have had to do that in past days; to challenge Him through outer darkness and the silence of night, till I almost expected that He would vindicate His own honour by appearing visibly as He did to St. Paul and St. John; but He answered in the still small voice only; yet that was enough.

"Read the book by all means; but the book will not reveal Him. He is not in the book; He is in the Heaven which is as near you and me as the air we breathe, and out of that He must reveal Himself;—neither priests nor books can conjure Him up, Cooper. Your Wesleyan teachers taught you, perhaps, to look for Him in the book, as Papists would have in the bread; and when you found He was not in the book, you thought Him nowhere; but He is bringing you out of your first mistaken idolatry, ay, *through* it, and through all wild wanderings since, to know Him Himself, and speak face to face with Him as a man speaks with his friend. Have patience with Him. Has He not had patience with you? And therefore have patience with all men and things; and then you will rise again in His good time the stouter for your long battle. . .

". . . . For yourself, my dear friend, the secret of life for you and for me, is to lay our purposes and characters continually before Him who made them, and cry, 'Do *Thou* purge me, and so alone I shall be clean. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts. Thou wilt make me to understand wisdom secretly.' What more rational belief? For surely if there be

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any God, and He made us at first, He who makes can also mend His own work if it get out of gear. What more miraculous in the doctrines of regeneration and renewal, than in the mere fact of creation at all?

"I am glad to hear you are regularly at work at the Board. It will lead to something better, doubt not; and if it be dry drudgery, after all, some of the greatest men who have ever lived (perhaps almost all) have had their dull collar-work of this kind, which after all was useful in keeping mind and temper in order. I have a good deal of it, and find it most blessed and useful."

April 3, 1857.—"Go on and prosper.* Let me entreat you, in broaching Christianity, to consider carefully the one great Missionary sermon on record, viz., St. Paul's at Athens. There the Atonement, in its sense of a death to avert God's anger, is never mentioned. Christ's Kingship is his theme; the Resurrection, not the death, the great fact. Oh, begin by insisting, as I have done in the end of 'Hypatia,' on the Incarnation as morally necessary, to prove the goodness of the Supreme Being. Insist on its being the Incarnation of Him who had been in the world all along. . . . . Do bear in mind that you have to tell them of The Father—*Their* Father—of Christ, as manifesting that Father; and all will go well. On the question of future punishment, I should have a good deal to say to you. I believe that it is *the crux* to most hearts."

May 9, 1857.—"About *endless torment*. . . . . You may say,—1. Historically, that, *a*. The doctrine occurs nowhere in the Old Testament, or any hint of it. The expression, in the end of Isaiah, about the fire unquenched, and the worm not dying, is plainly of the dead corpses of men upon the physical earth, in the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, where the offal of Jerusalem was burned perpetually. Enlarge on this, as it is the passage which our Lord quotes, and by it the

* T. Cooper had written to say that he had now begun the "grand contest." "God has been so good to me that I must confess Christ, and we shall have greater rage now that I have come to Christianity."

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meaning of His words must be primarily determined.—*b.* The doctrine of endless torment was, as a historical fact, brought back from Babylon by the Rabbis. It was a very ancient primary doctrine of the Magi, an appendage of their fire-kingdom of Ahriman, and may be found in the old Zends, long prior to Christianity.—*c.* St. Paul accepts nothing of it as far as we can tell, never making the least allusion to the doctrine.—*d.* The Apocalypse simply repeats the imagery of Isaiah, and of our Lord; but asserts, distinctly, the non-endlessness of torture, declaring that in the consummation, not only death, but Hell, shall be cast into the Lake of Fire.—*e.* The Christian Church has never really held it exclusively, till now. It remained quite an open question till the age of Justinian, 530, and significantly enough, as soon as 200 years before that, endless torment for the heathen became a popular theory, purgatory sprang up synchronously by the side of it, as a relief for the conscience and reason of the Church.—*f.* Since the Reformation, it has been an open question in the English Church, and the philosophical Platonists, of the 16th and 17th centuries, always considered it as such.—*g.* The Church of England, by the deliberate expunging of the 42nd Article which affirmed endless punishment, has declared it authoritatively to be open.—*h.* It is so, in fact. Neither Mr. Maurice, I, or any others, who have denied it, can be dispossessed or proceeded against legally in any way whatsoever. Exegetically, you may say, I think That the meanings of the word *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος* have little or nothing to do with it, even if *αἰών* be derived from *ἀεί* always, which I greatly doubt. The word never is used in Scripture anywhere else, in the sense of endlessness (vulgarly called eternity). It always meant, both in Scripture and out, a period of time. Else, how could it have a plural—how could you talk of *the* æons, and æons of æons, as the Scripture does? Nay, more, how talk of *οὗτος ὁ αἰών*, which the translators, with laudable inconsistency, have translated 'this world,' *i.e.*, this present state of things, 'Age,' 'dispensation,' or epoch—*αἰώνιος*, therefore, means, and must mean, belonging to an epoch, or the epoch, *αἰώνιος κόλασις* is the

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punishment allotted to that epoch. Always bear in mind, what Maurice insists on,—and what is so plain to honest readers,—that our Lord, and the Apostles, always speak of being in the end of an age or æon, not as ushering in a new one. Come to judge and punish the old world, and to create a new one out of its ruins, or rather as the S. S. better expresses it, to burn up the chaff and keep the wheat, *i.e.*, all the elements of food as seed for the new world.

"I think you may say, that our Lord took the popular doctrine because He found it, and tried to correct and purify it, and put it on a really moral ground. You may quote the parable of Dives and Lazarus (which was the emancipation from the Tartarus theory) as the one instance in which our Lord professedly opens the secrets of the next world, that He there represents Dives as still Abraham's child, under no despair, not cut off from Abraham's sympathy, and under a direct moral training, of which you see the fruit. He is gradually weaned from the selfish desire of indulgence for himself, to love and care for his brethren, a divine step forward in his life, which of itself proves him not to be lost. The impossibility of Lazarus getting to him, or *vice versâ*, expresses plainly the great truth, that each being where he ought to be at that time, interchange of place (*i.e.*, of spiritual state, is impossible. But it says nothing against Dives rising out of his torment, when he has learnt the lesson of it, and going where he ought to go. The common interpretation is merely arguing in a circle, assuming that there are but two states of the dead, 'Heaven' and 'Hell,' and then trying at once to interpret the parable by the assumption, and to prove the assumption from the parable. Next, you may say that the English damnation, like the Greek *κατάκρισις*, is perhaps *κρίσις* simple, simply means condemnation, and is (thank God) retained in that sense in various of our formularies, where I always read it, *e.g.*, 'eateth to himself damnation,' with sincere pleasure, as protests in favour of the true and rational meaning of the word, against the modern and narrower meaning.

"You may say that Fire and Worms, whether physical or

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spiritual, must in all logical fairness be supposed to do what fire and worms do do, viz., destroy decayed and dead matter, and set free its elements to enter into new organisms; that, as they are beneficent and purifying agents in this life, they must be supposed such in the future life, and that the conception of fire as an engine of torture, is an unnatural use of that agent, and not to be attributed to God without blasphemy, unless you suppose that the suffering (like all which He inflicts) is intended to teach man something which he cannot learn elsewhere.

"You may say that the catch, 'All sin deserves infinite punishment, because it is against an Infinite Being,' is a worthless amphiboly, using the word infinite in two utterly different senses, and being a mere play on sound. That it is directly contradicted by Scripture, especially by our Lord's own words, which declare that every man (not merely the wicked) shall receive the due reward of his deeds, that he who, &c., shall be beaten with few stripes, and so forth. That the words 'He shall not go out till he has paid the uttermost farthing,' evidently imply (unless spoken in cruel mockery) that he may go out then. . . . .

"Finally, you may call on them to rejoice that there is a fire of God the Father whose name is Love, burning for ever unquenchably, to destroy out of every man's heart and out of the hearts of all nations, and off the physical and moral world, all which offends and makes a lie. That into that fire the Lord will surely cast all shams, lies, hypocrisies, tyrannies, pedantries, false doctrines, yea, and the men who love them too well to give them up, that the smoke of their Βασανισμός (*i.e.*, the torture which makes men confess the truth, for *that* is the real meaning of it; Βασανισμός means the *touch*-stone by which gold was tested) may ascend perpetually, for a warning and a beacon to all nations, as the smoke of the torment of French aristocracies, and Bourbon dynasties, is ascending up to Heaven and has been ever since 1793. Oh, Cooper—Is it not good news that *that* fire is unquenchable; that *that* worm will not die. . . . . The *parti prêtre* tried to kill the worm

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which was gnawing at their hearts, making them dimly aware that they were wrong, and liars, and that God and His universe were against them, and that they and their system were rotting and must die. They cannot kill God's worm, Thomas Cooper. You cannot look in the face of many a working continental priest without seeing that the worm is at his heart. You cannot watch their conduct without seeing that it is at the heart of their system. God grant that we here in England—we parsons (dissenting and church) may take warning by them. The fire may be kindled for us. The worm may seize our hearts. God grant that in that day we may have courage to let the fire and the worm do their work—to say to Christ, These too are Thine, and out of Thine infinite love they have come. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and I will thank Thee for any means, however bitter, which Thou usest to make me true. I want to be an honest man, and a right man! And, oh joy, *Thou* wantest me to be so also. Oh joy, that though I long cowardly to quench Thy fire, I cannot do it. Purge us, therefore, oh Lord, though it be with fire. Burn up the chaff of vanity and self-indulgence, of hasty prejudices, second-hand dogmas,—husks which do not feed my soul, with which I cannot be content, of which I feel ashamed daily—and if there be any grains of wheat in me, any word or thought or power of action which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, oh Lord, into Thy garner.

"Yes, Thomas Cooper. Because I believe in a God of Absolute and Unbounded Love, therefore I believe in a Loving Anger of His, which will and must devour and destroy all which is decayed, monstrous, abortive in His universe, till all enemies shall be put under His feet, to be pardoned surely, if they confess themselves in the wrong, and open their eyes to the truth. And God shall be All in All. Those last are wide words. It is he who limits them, not I who accept them in their fulness, who denies the verbal inspiration of Scripture.

"P.S. When you talk to them on the Trinity, don't be afraid of saying two things.

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"They will say 'Three in One' is contrary to sense and experience. Answer, that is your ignorance. Every comparative anatomist will tell you the exact contrary; that among the most common, though the most puzzling phenomena is multiplicity in unity—divided life in the same individual of every extraordinary variety of case. That distinction of persons with unity of individuality (what the old schoolmen properly called *substance*) is to be met with in some thousand species of animals, *e.g.*, all the compound polypes, and that the soundest physiologists, like Huxley, are compelled to talk of these animals in metaphysic terms just as paradoxical as, and almost identical with, those of the theologian. Ask them then, whether, granting one primordial Being who has conceived and made all other beings, it is absurd to suppose in Him, some law of multiplicity in unity, analogous to that on which He has constructed so many millions of His creatures. . . . .

"I have said my say on the Trinity in the end of 'Yeast,' and in the end of 'Hypatia'. . . . ."

. . . . . .

"But my heart demands the Trinity, as much as my reason. I want to be sure that *God* cares for us, that *God* is our Father, that *God* has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not merely want to love Christ—*a* Christ, some creation or emanation of God's—whose will and character, for aught I know may be different from God's. I want to love and honour the absolute, abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me—and in the doctrine of Christ being co-equal and co-eternal, sent by, sacrificed by, His Father, that He might do His Father's will, I find it—and no puzzling texts, like those you quote, shall rob me of that rest for my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. The texts are few, only two after all; on them I wait for light, as I do on many more: meanwhile, I say boldly, if the doctrine be not in the Bible, it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it. Have you read Maurice's essay on the Trinity in his theological essays? addressed to Unitarians? If not, you must read it. About the word

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Trinity, I feel much as you do. It seems unfortunate that the name of God should be one which expresses a mere numerical abstraction, and not a moral property. It has, I think, helped to make men forget that God is a spirit—that is, a *moral* being, and that moral spiritual, and that morality (in the absolute) is God, as St. John saith God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him—words which, were they not happily in the Bible, would be now called rank and rampant Pantheism. But, Cooper, I have that faith in Christ's right government of the human race, that I have good hope that He is keeping the word Trinity, only because it has not yet done its work; when it has, He will inspire men with some better one."

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CHAPTER XII.

1854.

AGED 35.

TORQUAY—SEASIDE STUDIES—SANITARY WORK—LECTURES IN EDINBURGH—DEUTSCHE THEOLOGIE—CRIMEAN WAR—SETTLES IN NORTH DEVON—WRITES "WESTWARD HO."

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.
* * * * * *
Oh happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware."

COLERIDGE'S "Ancient Mariner."

"Happy truly is the naturalist. He has no time for melancholy dreams. The earth becomes to him transparent; everywhere he sees significance, harmonies, laws, chains of cause and effect endlessly interlinked, which draw him out of the narrow sphere of self . . . . into a pure and wholesome region of joy and wonder." C. K.

THE winter and spring of 1854 were passed at Torquay, his Bishop having given him leave of absence on account of his wife's health. The place had its own peculiar charm for him, not only from its rich fauna and flora, but from its historical associations. Torbay gave him his first inspiration for "Westward Ho!"

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"We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water," he said, "and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by it in the bright days of July, 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined), following fast in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footprints on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death" . . . .

This was the first rest he had enjoyed for many years, and the temporary cessation from sermon writing and parish work, and the quiet peaceful Sundays with his wife and children were most welcome. For at this time, and for some years to come, the clergy of all parties in the Church stood aloof from him as a suspected person; and the attacks of the religious press perhaps happily for him, had so alarmed the clergy of Torquay; High Church and Evangelical, that all pulpit doors were closed against the author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia." Once only he was asked to preach in the parish church for a charity, and once at St. John's, in a Lenten week-day service, when he surprised the congregation, a High Church one, by his reverent and orthodox views on the Holy Eucharist. Settled at Livermead, the father and children spent bright hours together daily on the shore, of which he speaks,

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"Wanderings among rock and pool, mixed up with holiest passages of friendship and of love, and the intercommunion of equal minds and sympathetic hearts, and of the laugh of children drinking in health from every breeze and instruction in every step, running ever and anon with proud delight to add their little treasure to their father's stock; and of happy evenings spent over the microscope and the vase, in examining, arranging, preserving, and noting down in the diary the wonders and the labours of the happy busy day."

This sea-side life led to a voluminous correspondence, each letter illustrated by his own beautiful sketches, and to an article in the "North British Review," on "The Wonders of the Shore," which was afterwards developed into "Glaucus," and contained not only studies in natural history, but some of his deepest thoughts on theology as connected with the Transmutation Theory, and the lately published "Vestiges of Creation." A daily journal of natural history was kept, and hampers of sea beasts, live shells, and growing sea-weed sent off to Mr. Gosse, in London. After each low tide, some fresh treasure was discovered, and drawings and a minute description made. In a cave, near Goodrington, he found washed ashore, after a succession of south-easterly gales, a rare zoophyte, Montagu's Chirodata (*Synapta digitata*), which had not been seen for years; Cardium Tuberculatum, the red legged cockle, a shell quite new to him, lay on the sands in countless numbers. In the well-stocked vivarium at home he could study the ways of the lovely little Eolis papillosa, the bright lemon-coloured Doris, the Cucumaria Hyndmanii, with their wondrous gills and feathers—to common eyes mere sea-slugs,—and varieties of Serpulæ, with their fairy fringes only visible at happy moments to those who have the patience to watch and

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wait for the sight; while the more minute forms of the exquisite Campanularia Syringa and Volubilis, the various Sertularii, and that "pale pink flower of stone," the Carophyllia Smithii, with numberless others, were examined under the microscope. The manners and customs too of the soldier crab were not only a source of inexhaustible merriment, but led him to some of the deep strange speculations so reverently hinted at in the pages of "Glaucus;" while the habits of the spider crab suggested lessons of sanitary science (pp. 162—7.) At Torquay, he fulfilled before his children's eyes his own ideal of the—

"perfect naturalist,—one who should combine in himself the very essence of true chivalry, namely, self-devotion, whose moral character, like the true knight of old, must be gentle and courteous, brave and enterprising, and withal patient and undaunted in investigation, knowing (as Lord Bacon would have put it), that the kingdom of nature, like the kingdom of heaven, must be taken by violence, and that only to those who knock earnestly and long, does the Great Mother open the doors of her sanctuary, ... always reverent, yet never superstitious, wondering at the commonest, yet not surprised by the most strange; free from the idols of size and sensuous loveliness . . . . . holding every phenomenon worth the noting down; believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation; making it a point of conscience to pass over nothing through laziness or hastiness, lest the vision once offered and despised should be withdrawn, and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it more. . . . ."

Before leaving Torquay he made a rough list of about sixty species of Mollusks, Annelids, Crustacea, and Polypes found on the shore, nearly all new to him, and revealing a new world of wonders to his wife and children. The attitude of his mind during those rare hours of

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rest and liberty at Torquay, is well described by Dean Stanley:

"Such was the wakefulness, such the devouring curiosity, of him whose life and conversation, as he walked amongst ordinary men, was often as of a waker among drowsy sleepers, as a watchful sentinel in advance of the slumbering host. . . . . Perhaps even more than to the glories and the wonders of man, he was far beyond what falls to the lot of most, alive and awake in every pore to the beauty, the marvels of nature. That contrast in the old story of 'eyes and no eyes,' was the contrast between him and common men. That eagle eye seemed to discern every shade and form of animal and vegetable life. That listening ear, like that of the hero in the fairy tale, seemed almost to catch the growing of the grass and the opening of the shell. Nature to him was a companion speaking with a thousand voices. And Nature was to him also the voice of God, the face of the Eternal and Invisible, as it can only be to those who study and love and know it. For his was no idle dreamer's pleasure; it was a wakefulness not only to the force and beauty of the outward world, but to the causes of its mysterious operations, to the explanations given by its patient students and explorers." (Funeral Sermon, 1875.)

But these pursuits, however enchanting, did not engross him to the forgetfulness of the great social questions of the day. Early in the year we find him busy about Sanitary matters, and, in a preface to his Three Cholera Sermons, which he now republished as a tract, entitled "Who Causes Pestilence?" urging the clergy to turn their minds to the subject.

"These sermons," he says, "were preached during the last appearance of the cholera in Great Britain. Since then, both Scripture, reason, and medical experience have corroborated the views which were put forth in them; and as a clergyman, I feel bound to express my gratitude to Lord Palmerston for having refused to allow National Fast-day on the occasion of

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the present re-appearance of pestilence, and so having prevented fresh scandal to Christianity, fresh excuses for the selfishness, laziness, and ignorance which produce pestilence, fresh turning men's minds away from the real causes of this present judgment, to fanciful and superstitious ones. It was to be hoped, that after the late discoveries of sanitary science, the clergy of all denominations would have felt it a sacred duty to go forth on a crusade against filth, and so to save the lives of thousands, not merely during the presence of cholera, but every year. . . . .

"Some fancy that the business of clergymen is exclusively what they choose to call 'spiritual,' and that sanitary reform, being what they choose to call a 'secular' question, is beyond their province. This unscriptural distinction still lingers in the minds of a few, both lay and clerical, especially of those who attach a superstitious importance to the mere act of almsgiving as something which will increase their chance of future happiness, while they seem, in many cases, to make that duty an excuse for leaving their tenants and parishioners to live the life of swine; 'paying tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, and neglecting the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and truth.' . . . . But I can say, proudly and joyfully, as a clergyman of the Church of England, that this notion is dying out daily under the influence of those creeds which tell men that the Son of God has redeemed all mankind, body, soul, and spirit, and therefore teaches clergymen to look on the physical and intellectual improvement of every human being as a duty no less sacred than his spiritual welfare. . . . . Some, again, dislike the notion of its being possible to abolish pestilence by sanitary reform, because it seems to interfere with their own religious theories and doctrines. . . . . But that man is to be pitied who can shut his eyes to facts, and deny the evidence of his own senses and reason, for the sake of preserving his own dark and superstitious calumnies against the God of order, justice, and love.

"Some again—and perhaps the larger class—do in their hearts believe the truths of sanitary science; but they are

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afraid, especially if they get their subsistence on 'the voluntary principle,' of urging them too plainly and boldly, lest they should attack the vested interests, and thereby excite the displeasure of wealthy and influential members of their congregations . . . . and put aside sanitary reform, lest it should compel them to say something which might be 'personal' and 'offensive' to those of their respectable hearers whose incomes are derived from the filth, disease, and brutality of the lower classes. Let all these three classes of ministers, of whatever denomination they may be—let them but read a little, a very little, on the subject . . . . and see the actual practical results which have been obtained by sanitary reform, and the providing of fit dwellings for the lower classes, not merely in extirpating disease, but in extirpating drunkenness, ferocity, and those coarser vices of which too many preachers speak as if they were the only sins worth rebuking. Let them consider the enormous power which they can still employ—each man in his pulpit, his congregation, his parish—to deliver those from death whom the covetousness and neglect of man have appointed to die; and then let them solemnly ask themselves whether, unless they bestir themselves very differently from what they yet have done, their brother's blood will not cry against them from the ground. . . . . As surely as there is a merciful God who answers prayer, He has answered the prayers of those two first Cholera Fasts in the best way in which rational beings could wish a Heavenly Father to answer prayer, namely, by showing us how to extirpate the evil against which we prayed. And if the Bible be true, then as long as ministers are careless about doing that, the only answer they can expect to fasts or prayers is that ancient one,—'When ye come to appear before Me, who hath required this at your hands, to tread My courts? Bring no more vain offerings; your . . . . Sabbaths and your calling of assemblies I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even your solemn meeting. Your appointed feasts My soul hateth; they are a trouble to me; I am weary to bear them. And when you spread forth your hands, I will hide Mine eyes from you; yea, when you make many prayers, I will

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not hear: *your hands are full of blood.* Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before My eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.'"

In February he went to Edinburgh to deliver four lectures on the "Schools of Alexandria," at the Philosophical Institute. It was his first visit to Scotland, where he was warmly welcomed. On his return he remained alone at Eversley during a change of curates, working the parish, getting up an Anti-Cholera Fund, writing a sanitary pamphlet, and preparing statistics for a Sanitary deputation, of which he was a member, to Lord Palmerston.

In the spring he went up again to London to give evidence before the House of Commons on Sanitary matters, and on the insufficient pay of Parish Medical Officers. The experience of eleven years had convinced him that the pay of the parish doctor was insufficient; and he was glad to give evidence on the subject, and to point out the fact that under the present salaries no medical man could afford, or be expected, to give two of the most important but most expensive medicines—quinine and cod-liver oil—to their poor patients. The following are extracts from his daily letters to his wife:—

EDINBURGH: *February.*—". . . Edinburgh itself deserves all the praises which have been lavished upon it. The esplanade where I sit now is certainly the finest in Great Britain. The public buildings very splendid, and so are the spires and churches, all of grey stone. The Castle in the centre of the city, and Arthur's Seat, with its basalt crags, 800 feet high, ready to topple into the town. This afternoon I walked with F. Russell to the Corstorphine Hills, and got a noble view of the city, which there looked very like Oxford, with a huge

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Windsor Castle in the middle of it, and the Firth of Forth, with its islands and the Fifeshire Hills. Most beautiful, God knows, it was. The people very kindly. Russell put me in rather better heart about my lectures, over which I have felt more nervous than I have ever done in my life, and would give anything to run right away home" . . . .

. . . . "Lecture went off well. I was dreadfully nervous, and actually cried with fear up in my own room beforehand; but after praying I recovered myself, and got through it very well, being much cheered and clapped . . . . All the notabilities came, and were introduced to me; and I had some pleasant talk with Sir John Maxwell. Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, is a charming old man" . . . .

. . . . "My second lecture went off better than the first, in spite of the delicate points on which it touched. Nothing can exceed the cordiality of people . . . . I drove with Mrs. B. round the Queen's drive to Arthur's Seat. It is perfectly magnificent—a great wild volcano peak hanging over the city, with Holyrood at the foot. Just starting for Linlathen" . . . .

LINLATHEN: *Feb.* 20.—"This place is very pleasant, and Mr. Erskine delightful. He gave us a long exposition last night, about the indwelling Word, and I am delighted to find that his views and mine seem to agree thoroughly; but I long so painfully for you and the children too, that I have no pleasure or peace in anything, and am counting the days till I get back. Tell Rose and Maurice I have got a strange sponge for each of them, which I picked up upon the shore of the Firth of Tay."

WARRISTON: *Feb.* 22.—"Lecture last night went off well. Smith, the translator of 'Fichte,' came up to me and begged me to publish them. People seem surprised at my power of condensing. To me they seem dreadfully trashy. God knows. Erskine and others think they will do much good, but will infuriate the Free Kirk."

February 26.—"It is at last over, and I start for England to-morrow. The last lecture was more crowded than ever. . . . . Altogether it has been (if you had but been with me,

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and alas! that poisons everything) one of the most pleasant and successful episodes in my life. I have been heaped with kindness. I have got my say said without giving offence, and made friendships which I hope will last for life. I cannot be thankful enough to God for having sent me here, and carried me through. Sir John Maxwell, a perfect fine gentleman of the old school, who was twenty-five years in parliament, approves highly of 'Alton Locke' and 'Yeast'; as also does his wife, Lady Matilda, who told me I had a glorious career before me, and bade God speed me in it." . . . .

February 27.—"The Guards march to-morrow! How it makes one's blood boil! We send 10,000 picked men to Malta, *en route* for Constantinople, and the French 60,000. . . .

EVERSLEY.—"The working men in London, including many of the old Chartists of 1848, are going to present a grand address to Maurice in St. Martin's Hall, at which, I believe, I am to be a chairman. Kiss the babes for me, and tell them I long to be with them on Tor sands" . . . .

"Did I ever tell you of my delightful chat with Bunsen? I have promised him to write a couple of pages preface to Miss Winkworth's translation of the 'Deutsche Theologia.' Oh! how you will revel in that book!" . . . .

. . . . . "I have a very heavy evening's work before going to Lord Palmerston. Helps is coming out as a hero. What a thought that we may by one great and wise effort save from ten to twenty thousand *lives* in London alone! . . . . I am quite content to stay here and do my duty (till the curate comes), though I long more than ever I did in my life for you and for those dear dear children. . . . . To-day has been lovely —bright sun—crocuses in full bloom. The dear old treacherous place looking as if it were really healthy. Nothing sanitary done in the parish. . . . . I work on and on . . . . but am very sad. How can I help being sad in this place? It is like a grave, empty of you and the children. 'Deutsche Theologia' is doing me much good. Curious it is, that *that*, much as I differ from its view of man, is the only kind of religious reading which I love, or which has even any real meaning for my heart.

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. . . . God knows best whether or not I ought to be here just now. Still I can't help beating against the wires a little." . . . .

"I had an opportunity of telling Lord Palmerston a great deal which I trust may save many lives. Remember, it is now a question of blood-guiltiness—that is all. But I am not going to London any more about sanitary matters. The utter inability of the Health of Towns Act to cleanse this or any other neighbouring parish, made me consider what I have done as a parochial duty." . . . .

. . . . "The Reform Bill is shelved: excellent as it is, it does not much matter at this minute. Two days after our deputation, that bane of London, the Sewers Commission, awoke in the morning, and behold they were all dead men! Lord Palmerston having abolished them by one sentence the night before, and I have not heard that any one has gone into mourning. The Board of Health are now triumphant and omnipotent. God grant that they may use their victory well, and not spoil it by pedantry and idealism! Baines brings in three clauses, which will re-form the whole poor-law, and strike at the root of cottage destruction. God knows it is base of one to sit here fretting about little private evils, while the country is doing so well and the ministers so nobly. The 'Times' has taken up the cause of soldiers' wives and families; and a great cause it is. I feel that after all England's heart is sound: and if it be, what matter whether I am at Eversley or Torquay? And yet I long to be there. . . . . I have got Hawley's secretary dining here with a lot of blue-books, he and I being about a joint pamphlet, 'The Cholera *versus* the Present Slavery of Union Medical Officers.'"

While at Torquay he wrote at Baron Bunsen's request an invaluable preface to the translation of the "Deutsche Theologia," in which he plainly states where he does and does not agree with its theology, and says that, in order to see its clear meaning, the reader

. . . . "must forget all popular modern dogmas and systems, all

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popular philosophies, and be true to the letter of his Bible, and to the instincts which the indwelling Word of God was wont to awaken in his heart, while he was yet a little unsophisticated child: and he will find germs of wider and deeper wisdom than its good author ever dreamed of; and that those great spiritual laws which he only applies, and that often inconsistently, to an ascetic and passively contemplative life, will hold just as good in the family, in the market, in the senate, in the study, ay, in the battle-field itself, and teach him to lead in whatsoever station of life he may be placed, a truly manlike, because a truly Christlike and Godlike life." . . . .

"To those who really hunger and thirst after righteousness, and who therefore long to know what righteousness is, that they may copy it: To those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth; and who, therefore, wish to know what sin is that they may avoid it: To those who wish to be really justified by faith, by being made just persons by faith; and who cannot satisfy either their consciences or reasons by fancying that God looks on them as right when they know themselves to be wrong, or that the God of Truth will stoop to fictions (mis-called forensic) which would be considered false and unjust in any human court of law: To those who cannot help trusting that union with Christ must be something real and substantial, and not merely a metaphor and a flower of rhetoric: To those, lastly, who cannot help seeing that the doctrine of Christ in every man, as the indwelling Word of God, The Light who lights every one who comes into the world, is no peculiar tenet of the Quakers, but one which runs through the whole of the Old and New Testaments, and without which they would both be unintelligible, just as the same doctrine runs through the whole of the Early Church for the first two centuries, and is the only explanation of them: To all these this noble little book will recommend itself. . . . Not that I agree," he says, "with all its contents. It is for its noble views of righteousness and of sin that I honour it." . . . .

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In June, on his wife's account, he took a house at Bideford for a year, where he wrote "Westward Ho!" The anxieties and expenses of illness were very heavy just now, but he always met them by a brave heart, and by cheering words to her who grieved over the labour they entailed on him, and the absence from Eversley.

"I cannot help looking forward," he writes, "to our twelve months at Northdown (Bideford) as a blessed time . . . . We never have really wanted yet; all we have had to do has been —best of all trainings—to live by faith, and to exert ourselves. Oh! let us be content. We do not know what is good for us, and God does." . . . .

"And—these very money difficulties against which you rebel. Has it not been fulfilled in them, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be?' Have we ever been in any debt by our own sin? Have we ever really *wanted* anything we needed? Have we not had friends, credit, windfalls—in all things, with the temptation, a way to escape? Have they not been God's sending? God's way of preventing the cup of bliss being over-sweet (and I thank Him heartily it has *not* been); and, consider, have they not been blessed lessons? But do not think that I am content to endure them any more than the race horse, because he loves running, is content to stop in the middle of the course. To pay them, I have thought, I have written, I have won for us a name which, please God, may last among the names of English writers. Would you give up the books I have written that we might never have been in difficulties? So out of evil God brings good; or rather, out of necessity He brings strength—and, believe me, the highest spiritual training is contained in the most paltry physical accidents; and the meanest actual want may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryo of the very noblest faculties. This is a great mystery: but we are animals, in time and space; and by time and space and our animal natures are we educated. Therefore let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson,

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His own way. Let us try to learn it well, and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell, and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.

"Therefore 'rejoice in your youth, ere the days come when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' But make to yourself no ghosts. And remember he who says, 'I will be happy some day,' never will be happy at all. If we cannot be happy now with ten times the blessings which nine-tenths of God's creatures have, we shall never be happy though we lived a thousand years. Let us lay this solemnly to heart, and take no thought for the morrow."

To a lady who consulted him about Sisterhoods:

BIDEFORD: *July* 24, 1854.—"MADAM,—Though I make a rule of never answering any letter from a lady whom I have not the honour of knowing, yet I dare not refuse to answer yours. First, because you, as it were, challenge me on the ground of my books: and next, because you tell me that if I cannot satisfy you, you will do that, to prevent which, above all things, my books are written, namely, flee from the world, instead of staying in it and trying to mend it.

"Be sure that I can sympathise with you most deeply in your dissatisfaction with all things as they are. That feeling grows on me, as I trust in God (strange to say) it may grow on you, day by day. I, too, have had my dreams of New Societies, brotherhoods, and so forth, which were to regenerate the world. I, too, have had my admirations for Old Societies and brotherhoods like those of Loyola and Wesley, which intended to do the same thing. But I have discovered, Madam, that we can never really see how much evil there is around us, till we see how much good there is around us, just as it is light which makes us, by contrast, most aware of darkness. And I have discovered also, that the world is already regenerated by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that all efforts of our own to regenerate it are denials of Him and of the perfect regeneration which He accomplished when He sat down on the right hand of God having all power given to Him in heaven and in earth, that

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He might rule the earth in righteousness for ever. And I have discovered also, that all societies and brotherhoods which may form, and which ever have been formed, are denials of the One Catholic Church of faithful and righteous men (whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, matters not to me) which He has established on earth, and said that hell shall not prevail against it. And when I look back upon history, as I have done pretty carefully, I find that all such attempts have been total failures, just because, with the purest and best intentions, they were doing this, and thereby interfering with the Lord Jesus Christ's way of governing the world, and trying to introduce some new nostrum and panacea of their own, narrow and paltry, compared with His great ways in the deep.

"Therefore, though Fox (to take your own example) was a most holy man, Quakerism in general, as a means of regenerating the world, has been a disastrous failure. And so (I speak from years of intimate experience) has good John Wesley's Methodist attempt. Both were trying to lay a new foundation for human society, and forgetting that one which was already laid, which is Christ, who surely has not been managing the earth altogether wrongly, Madam, for 1800 years, or even before that?

"So, again, with that truly holy and angelic man, St. Vincent de Paul—has he succeeded? What has become of education, and of the poor, in the very land where he laboured? . . . . The moment the personal influence of his virtue was withdrawn, down tumbled all that he had done. *He* (may God bless him all the same) had no panacea for the world's ills. He was not a husband or a father—how could he teach men to be good husbands and fathers? You point to what he and his did. I know what they did in South America, and beautiful it was; but, alas! I know, too, that they could give no life to their converts; they could not regenerate society among the savages of Paraguay; and the moment the Jesuit's gentle despotism was withdrawn, down fell the reductions again into savagery, having lost even the one savage virtue of courage. The Jesuits were shut out, by their vows, from political and family life. How could

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they teach their pupils the virtues which belong to those states? But all Europe knows what the Jesuits did in a country where they had every chance; where for a century they were the real rulers, in court and camp, as well as in schools and cloisters, I mean in France. They tried their very best (and tried, I am bound to believe, earnestly and with good intent) to regenerate France. And they caused the Revolution. Madam, the horrors of 1793 were the natural fruit of the teaching of the very men who not only would have died sooner than bring about these horrors, but died too many of them, alas! by them. And how was this? By trying to set up a system of society and morals of their own, they uprooted in the French every element of faith in, and reverence for, the daily duties and relations of human life, without knowing it—without meaning it. May God keep you from the same snare, of fancying, as all 'Orders,' Societies, and Sects do, that they invent a better system of society than the old one, wherein God created man in His own image, viz., of father and son, husband and wife, brother and sister, master and servant, king and subject. Madam, these are more divine and godlike words than all the brotherhoods, 'Societies of Friends,' 'Associations of the Sacred Heart,' or whatsoever bonds good and loving men and women have from time to time invented to keep themselves in that sacred unity from which they felt they were falling. I can well believe that you feel it difficult to keep in it now. God knows that I do: but never will I (and I trust you never will) yield to that temptation which the Devil put before our Lord, 'Cast thyself down from hence, for it is written He shall give His angels charge over Thee,' &c. Madam, whenever we leave the station where God has placed us, be it for never so seemingly self-sacrificing and chivalrous and saintly an end, we are tempting the Lord our God, we are yielding most utterly to that very self-will which we are pretending to abjure. As long as you have a parent, a sister, a servant, to whom you can do good in those simple every-day relations and duties of life, which are most divine, because they are most human, so long will the entering a cloister be tempting the Lord your God. And so

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long, Madam, will it be the doing all in your power to counteract every word which I have ever written. My object has been and is, and I trust in God ever will be, to make people see that they need not, as St. Paul says, go up into heaven, or go down to the deep, to find Christ, because He, the Word whom we preach, is very near them, in their hearts and on their lips, if they would but believe it; and ready, not to set them afloat on new untried oceans of schemes and projects, but ready to inspire them to do their duty humbly and simply where He has put them—and believe me, Madam, the only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain *chose* where it should fall, God's showers would not fall, as they do now, on the evil and on the good alike. I know from the experience of my own heart—how galling this doctrine is—how, like Naaman, one goes away in a rage, because the Prophet has not bid us do some great thing, but only to go and wash in the nearest brook, and be clean. But, Madam, be sure that he who is not faithful in a little will never be fit to be ruler over much. He who cannot rule his own household will never (as St. Paul says) rule the Church of God; and he who cannot keep his temper, or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any *real* and permanent use to God's poor abroad.

"Wherefore, Madam, if, as you say, you feel what St. Francis de Sales calls 'a dryness of soul' about good works and charity, consider well within yourself, whether the simple reason, and (no shame on you!) be not only because God does not wish you just yet to labour among the poor; because He has not yet finished educating you for that good work, and therefore will not let you handle tools before you know how to use them. Begin with small things, Madam—you cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before we die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says, 'give me something huge to fight,—and I should enjoy that—but

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why make me sweep the dust?' Finally, Madam, be sure of one thing, that the Lord Jesus Christ is King of this earth, and all therein; and that if you will do faithfully what He has set you to already, and thereby using the order of a Deaconess well, gain to yourself a good foundation in your soul's training. He will give you more to do in His good time, and of His good kind.

"If you are inclined to answer this letter, let me ask you not to answer it for at least three months to come. It may be good for you to have read it over a second time.

"I am, Madam, your obedient servant,

"C. KINGSLEY."

To Rev. F. Maurice]: *Oct.* 19.—"We think of nothing but the war. . . . But all will go well, please God; and 'the ancient spirit is not dead,' as the heights of the Alma prove. As to your people's college, it is a noble plan. I wish I could help in it; but I am shut up like any Jeremiah here, living on the newspapers and my own Elizabethan books. The novel is more than half done, and a most ruthless bloodthirsty book it is (just what the times want, I think). I am afraid I have a little of the wolf-vein in me, in spite of fifteen centuries of civilization; and so, I sometimes suspect, have you, and if you had not you would not be as tender and loving as you are. Sooner one caress from a mastiff than twenty from a spaniel. I wish you were here, I want to ask you a thousand things. I am sometimes very sad; always very puzzled. . . . . This war would have made me half mad, if I had let it. It seemed so dreadful to hear of those Alma heights being taken and not be there; but God knows best, and I suppose I am not fit for such brave work; but only like Camille Desmoulins, 'une pauvre créature, née pour faire des vers.' But I can fight with my pen still (I don't mean in controversy—I am sick of that . . . . . but in writing books which will make others fight). This one is to be called 'Westward Ho!' . . . . The writing of it has done me much good. I have been living in those Elizabethan books, among such grand, beautiful, silent men, that I am learning to be sure of what I all along

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suspected, that I am a poor queasy, hysterical half-baked sort of a fellow, and so am inclined to sing small, and am by no means hopeful about my book, which seems to me only half as good as I could have written, and only one-hundredth as good as ought to be written on the matter; but at least God bless you."

Dec. 31.—"I see my way through politics, as through everything else, less and less, and believe more and more that the present ministry see as far as any one else, and are doing their best. Who ever saw far in a storm? which, by the very nature of it, clouds and narrows the whole horizon with boundless ugly possibilities."

To T. Hughes, Esq.] BIDEFORD: *December* 18, 1854.—"....As to the War, I am getting more of a Government man every day. As for a ballad—oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them.' I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle about it—or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. . . . . Every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing better. The book ('Westward Ho!') will be out the middle or end of January. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing doctrine profitable for these times.

"Tummas! Have you read the story of Abou Zennab, his horse, in Stanley's 'Sinai,' p. 67? What a myth! What a poem old Wordsworth would have writ thereon! If I didn't cry like a baby over it. What a brick of a horse he must have been, and what a brick of an old head-splitter Abou Zennab must have been, to have his commandments keeped unto this day concerning of his horse; and no one to know who he was, nor when, nor how, nor nothing. I wonder if anybody 'll keep *our* commandments after we be gone, much less say, 'Eat, eat, oh horse of Abou Kingsley!'"

To J. Simon, Esq., M.D.] *December* 28.—"I have just read, with intense pleasure, your City Cholera Report, in the columns of the 'Times.' Verily the days are coming (they have not been of late years) when, as the Prophet says, 'a man shall be

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more precious than fine gold;' when the lives and manhood of the citizens will be found more valuable to a nation, after all, than the wealth of a few, or even than the mere brute physical employment of vast numbers. And if we are to furnish many more levies of men who will equal the heroes of Inkerman, we must open our eyes, and first keep them alive when they are infants, and next, give them such an atmosphere to grow up in, that they shall become men and not rickety monkeys: and your labours are helping towards this good end. It is a sad thing that 'food for powder' requires to be of the best quality; but so it is, and unless the physical deterioration of the lower classes is stopt by bold sanatory reform, such as you have been working out, we shall soon have rifles, but no men to shoulder them; at least to use the butts of them when required."

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CHAPTER XIII.

1855.

AGED 36.

BIDEFORD — CRIMEAN WAR — DEATH OF HIS FRIEND CHARLES BLACHFORD MANSFIELD—"WESTWARD HO!"—LETTERS FROM MR. HENRY DRUMMOND AND RAJAH BROOKE—DRAWING CLASS FOR MECHANICS AT BIDEFORD—LEAVES DEVONSHIRE — LECTURE TO LADIES IN LONDON—THE "HEROES"—LETTER ON FAME.

"Then in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van; at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the out-worn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return.
Eyes re-kindling and prayers
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE Crimean winter, bitter alike to the brave men before Sebastopol and to the hearts of all Englishmen

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and women at home, weighed heavily on Charles Kingsley, to whom the War was like a dreadful nightmare, which haunted him day and night. "I can think of nothing but the war," he said; and on the receipt of a letter from a friend telling him of the numbers of tracts sent out to the soldiers which they never read, but looked upon as so much waste paper, and urging him to write something which would go home to them in their misery, he sat down, wrote off, and despatched the same day to London a tract known probably to few in England—"Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors." * Several thousand copies were sent out and distributed in the Crimea, and the stirring words touched many a noble soul. It was published anonymously to avoid the prejudice which was attached to the name of its author in all sections of the religious world and press at that period.

To T. Hughes, Esq.] BIDEFORD: 1855.—"You may have fancied me a bit of a renegade and a hanger-back of late.

'Still in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

And if I have held back from the Social Movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way, excellent as it is, and that there are heavy arrears of *destruction* to be made up, before *construction* can even begin; and I wanted to see what those arrears were. And I do see a little. At least I see that the old phœnix must *burn*, before the new one can rise out of its ashes. Next, as to our army. I quite agree with you about that—if it existed to agree about. But the remnant that comes home, like gold tried in the fire, may be the seed of such an army as the world never saw. Perhaps we may help it to ger-

* Now reprinted in "True Words," a volume for Soldiers' and Sailors' Libraries. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

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minate. But please don't compare the dear fellows to Cromwell's Ironsides. There is a great deal of 'personal' religion in the army, no doubt: and personal religion may help men to endure, and complete the bull-dog form of *courage:* but the soldier wants more. He wants a faith that he is fighting on God's side; he wants military and corporate and national religion, and that is what I fear he has yet to get, and what I tried to give in my tract. That is what Cromwell's Ironsides had, and by it they conquered. That is what the Elizabethans had up to the Armada, and by it they conquered."

On the death of Captain Hedley Vicars, who was killed in a sortie, he writes to Miss Marsh:

BIDEFORD: *May* 9, 1855.—". . . . These things are most bitter, and the only comfort which I can see in them is, that they are bringing us all face to face with the realities of human life, as it has been in all ages, and giving us sterner and yet more loving, more human, and more divine thoughts about ourselves, and our business here, and the fate of those who are gone, and awakening us out of the luxurious, frivolous, unreal dream (full nevertheless of harsh judgments, and dealings forth of damnation), in which we have been living so long—to trust in a Living Father who is really and practically governing this world and all worlds, and who willeth that none should perish —and therefore has not forgotten, or suddenly begun to hate or torment, one single poor soul which is past out of this life into some other, on that accursed Crimean soil. All are in our Father's hands; and as David says, Though they go down into hell, *He is there.* Oh! blessed thought—more blessed to me at this moment (who think more of the many than of the few) than the other thought, that though they ascend into heaven with your poor lost hero, He is there also. . . . ."

During this winter, a personal sorrow came, and God took from him, for a time, one who had been his beloved friend for seventeen years, Charles Blachford

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Mansfield*—the Will Willow-wren of "Politics for the People," and one of the Council of Promoters of Association. No record of Charles Kingsley would be complete unless it included a sketch of one who was so entwined with the memory of his Cambridge days, with the rectory life at Eversley, and with the winter of 1848—9 in Devonshire. He died, at Middlesex Hospital, a martyr to Science.

"I knew Charles Mansfield first when he was at Clare Hall in 1838-9, sometime in my freshman's winter. He was born in the year 1819, at a Hampshire parsonage, and in due time went to school at Winchester, in the old days of that iron rule among masters, and that brutal tyranny among the boys themselves, which are now fast disappearing before the example and influence of the great Arnold. Crushed at the outset, he gave little evidence of talent beyond his extraordinary fondness for mechanical science. But the *régime* of Winchester told on his mind in after life for good and for evil; first, by arousing in him a stern horror of injustice (and in that alone he was stern), and next, by arousing in him a doubt of all precedents, a chafing against all constituted authority, of which he was not cured till after long and sad experience. What first drew me to him was the combination of body and mind. He was so wonderfully graceful, active, and daring. He was more like an antelope than a man . . . . . I believe him to have been physically incapable of fear . . . . . The next thing which drew me to him was his intellect, not merely that he talked of the highest things, but he did it in such a wonderful way. He cared for nothing but truth. He would argue by the hour, but never for arguing sake. None can forget the brilliance of his conversation, the eloquence with which he could assert, the fancy with which he could illustrate, the earnestness with which he could enforce,

* Author of a "Treatise on Benzole," a "Theory of Salts," "Aërial Navigation," and "Letters from Paraguay." (Macmillan.)

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the sweetness with which he could differ, the generosity with which he could yield. Perhaps the secret of that fascination, which he quite unconsciously exercised over all who really knew him, was the virtue of earnestness. . . . . He was just waiting for the kingdom of God. . . . . When the truth was shown to him, he leapt up and embraced it. There was the most intense faith in him from the first that Right was right, and Wrong wrong; that Right must conquer; that there was a kingdom of God Eternal in the heavens, an ideal righteous polity, to which the world ought to be, and some day would be, conformed. That was his central idea. . . . . Added to this unconquerable faith in good, was an unconquerable faith in truth. He first taught me not to be afraid of truth. 'If a thing is so, you can't be the worse for knowing it is so,' was his motto, and well he carried it out. This was connected, it seems to me, with his intense conscientiousness. Of his conscientiousness I could write pages. . . . . All knight-errant honour which I ever heard of, that man might have, perhaps has, actually outdone. From the time of his leaving Cambridge he devoted himself to science. . . . . The history of his next ten years is fantastic enough, were it written, to form material for any romance. Long periods of voluntary penury, when (though a man of fair worldly fortune) he would subsist on the scantiest fare—a few dates and some brown bread, or a few lentils—at the cost of a few pence a day, bestowing his savings on the poor; bitter private sorrows, which were schooling his heart and temper into a tone more purely angelic than I have ever seen in man; magnificent projects, worked out as far as they would go, not wildly and superficially, but on the most deliberate and accurate grounds of science, then thrown away in disappointment, for some fresh noble dream; an intense interest in the social and political condition of the poor, which sprang up in him, to his great moral benefit, during the last five years of his life. . . . . He left a trail of light wherever he went. . . . .

"He would *flash* down over the glebe at Eversley, with his knapsack at his back, like a shining star appearing with peace

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on earth and good-will to men, and bringing an involuntary smile into the faces of every one who met him—the compelled reflection of his own smile. His voice was like the singing of a bird in its wonderful cheerfulness, tenderness, and gaiety.

"At last, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, his victory in the battle of life seemed complete. His enormous and increasing labour seemed rather to have quickened and steadied than tired his brain. The clouds which had beset his path had all but cleared, and left sunshine and hope for the future. . . . He was already recognised as one of the most promising young chemists in England, for whose future fame no hope could be too high-pitched; and a patent for a chemical discovery which he had obtained, seemed, after years of delay and disappointment, to promise him what he of all men coveted least, renown and wealth. One day he was at work on some experiments connected with his patent. By a mistake of the lad who assisted him, the apparatus got out of order, the naphtha boiled over, and was already on fire. To save the premises from the effect of an explosion, Mr. Mansfield caught up the still in his arms, and attempted to carry it out; the door was fast; he tried to hurl it through the window, but too late. The still dropped from his hands, half flayed with liquid fire. He scrambled out, rolled in the snow, and so extinguished the flame. Fearfully burnt and bruised, he was taken to Middlesex Hospital, where, after nine days of agony, he died like a Christian man.

"Oh, fairest of souls! Happy are those who knew thee in this life! Happier those who will know thee in the life to come!" "C. K."

They are together now! Two true and perfect knights of God, perchance on some fresh noble quest!

* * * * * * *

"Westward Ho!" came out this winter. It was dedicated to Rajah Brooke and Bishop Selwyn, two of his heroes, and, in course of time, produced the following letters from Mr. Henry Drummond, of Albury, and from the Rajah.

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ALBEMARLE STREET, *May* 13, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just seen your noble dedication of 'Westward Ho!' to Sir J. Brooke, and have taken the liberty to desire a copy of the shameful trial to which he has been subjected to be sent you, as I am sure it will gratify you. I heard from him last week: he is quite well, and all his work prospering. A remarkable thing is about to take place in Sarawak. The people finding themselves dealt with in a manner so superior to that in which they are dealt with by their own rulers, have considered that the religion of their present governor must be the true religion, and accordingly are about to apply *en masse* to become members of Brooke's religion. In my opinion the only means which should be used towards heathen is the manifestation of mercy, justice, and truth. The poor bishop's trouble will begin after he has got his converts.

"Begging pardon for this intrusion from a stranger,

"I am, Sir, with great admiration of your writings,

"Your obedient Servant,

"HENRY DRUMMOND."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have long delayed to thank you in person for a very welcome dedication to 'Westward Ho;' but business, with many cares, prevented me. I cannot, however, now that I hear of your kind interest in my cause, and the exertions you are making to advance it, forbear from assuring you of my sense of your good opinion, and the good it does me mentally. My life is pretty well at its dregs, and I shall be glad indeed to pass the few remaining months or years in quiet, and free from the anxieties which must beset the post I have occupied, but which of late years have been increased tenfold, owing to the course or rather no course pursued by the Government. It is a sad but true experience, that everything has succeeded with the natives, and everything has failed with the English in Borneo. I am anxious to retire, for Sarawak should not be ruled by a failing man, and I would not cling to power when unable to discharge its duties. In due time I

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would fain hand over my staff to my successor if permitted; but if forced to return to Sarawak, to bear its anxieties and share its trials, I shall know it is a duty though a trying one, and shall not begrudge the exertion for the short time I can make it. Let me thank you, then, for your kindness, and let me have the satisfaction of knowing you before I leave this country. . . . .

"Believe me, my dear Sir,
"Yours very sincerely,
"J. BROOKE."

For years past Mr. Kingsley had bitterly resented the attacks made upon Rajah Brooke by the press during his government of Borneo, and had expressed his own views on the subject to Mr. Ludlow.

"I have an old 'crow to pick with you' about my hero, Rajah Brooke; and my spirit is stirred within me this morning by seeing that the press are keeping up the attack on him for the Borneo business. I say at once that I think he was utterly right and righteous. If I had been in his place I would have done the same. If it is to do again, I trust he will have courage to do it again. But, thank God, just because it is done it will not have to be done again. The truest benevolence is occasional severity. It *is* expedient that one man die for the people. One tribe exterminated, if need be, to save a whole continent. 'Sacrifice of human life?' Prove that it is *human* life. It is beast-life. These Dyaks have put on the image of the beast, and they must take the consequence. 'Value of life?' Oh, Ludlow, read history; look at the world, and see whether God values mere physical existence. Look at the millions who fall in war; the mere fact that savage races, though they breed like rabbits, never increase in number; and then, beware lest you reproach your Maker. Christ died for them? Yes, and He died for the whole creation as well—the whole world, Ludlow—for the sheep you eat, the million animalcules which the whale swallows at every gape. They shall all be hereafter delivered into the glorious liberty of

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the children of God; but, as yet, just consider the mere fact of beasts of prey, the countless destruction which has been going on for ages and ages, long before Adam's fall, and then consider. Physical death is no evil. It may be a blessing to the survivors. Else, why pestilence, famine, Cromwell and Perrot in Ireland, Charlemagne hanging 4000 Saxons over the Weser Bridge; did not God bless those terrible righteous judgments? Do you believe in the Old Testament? Surely, then, say, what does that destruction of the Canaanites mean? If *it* was right, Rajah Brooke was right. If he be wrong, then Moses, Joshua, David, were wrong. No! I say. Because Christ's kingdom is a kingdom of peace; because the meek alone shall inherit the earth, therefore, you Malays and Dyaks of Sarawak, you also are enemies to peace. 'Your feet swift to shed blood, the poison of asps under your lips;' you who have been warned, reasoned with; who have seen, in the case of the surrounding nations, the strength and happiness which peace gives, and will not repent, but remain still murderers and beasts of prey—You are the enemies of Christ, the Prince of peace; you are beasts, all the more dangerous, because you have a semi-human cunning. I will, like David, 'hate you with a perfect hatred, even as though you were *my* enemies.' I will blast you out with grape and rockets, 'I will beat you as small as the dust before the wind.' You, 'the strange children that dissemble with me, shall fail,' and be exterminated, and be afraid out of your infernal river-forts, as the old Canaanites were out of their hill-castles. I say, honour to a man, who, amid all the floods of sentimental coward cant, which by some sudden revulsion may, and I fear will, become coward cruelty, dares act manfully on the broad sense of right, as Rajah Brooke is doing. Oh, Ludlow, Ludlow, recollect how before the '89 men were maundering about universal peace and philanthropy, too loving to hate God's enemies, too indulgent to punish sin. Recollect how Robespierre began by refusing, on conscientious principles, to assist at the punishment of death! Just read, read the last three chapters of the Revelations, and then say, whether these same organs of

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destructiveness and combativeness, which we now-a-days, in our Manichæism, consider as the devil's creation, may not be part of the image of God, and Christ the Son of God, to be used in His service and to His glory, just as much as our benevolence or our veneration. Consider—and the Lord give thee grace to judge what I say. I may be wrong. But He will teach us both; and show this to Maurice, and ask him if I am altogether a fiend therein. . . . .

"I have been seeing lately an intimate friend of Rajah Brooke, and hearing things which make me love the man more and more. I think the preserving that great line of coast from horrible outrage, by destroying the pirate fleet, *was* loving his neighbour as himself . . . ."

TO A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

April, 1855.—"Most truly pleasant it is to me to find that my words have gone home to the heart of any man, and much more to that of one employed in preaching Christ's Gospel. Churchman as I am, I can bid any man God-speed who really wishes to preach 'deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, and an acceptable year of the Lord.' Do you do so? and is the year of the Lord which you preach acceptable, or awful, horrible, a slander to Him who hateth nothing that He hath made, who hath made all men, and all things, save sin, and desires to deliver men from sin, and therefore will assuredly, unless evil be stronger than good, and God's creation a failure, see His desire fulfilled? I only ask you this question first that by your answer to it we may know how deep our sympathy extends. And now I thank you heartily for the manner of your letter, and God heartily for the matter of it. Write to me again. I am not a man of many compliments, and you need not be to me a man of many excuses; for who am I, and who are you, if we both are in earnest, but mortal souls too weak to dispense with any help, any love which can lighten for us the burden of life's stormy and dark road?"

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TO —— ——, ESQ.

BIDEFORD, *May*, 1855.—"I was pained enough at the receipt of your letter this morning; but I can only entreat you not to despair where there is no need to do so. And as for the 'sin against the Holy Ghost,' let neither man nor devil torment you with that old worn-out lie, and slander of God's eternal love and long-suffering. In the first place, all sins whatsoever are sins against the Holy Spirit, whether conscious or unconscious; but who is mad enough to say that therefore they are without forgiveness? But the passage which seems to torment you, and has tormented many, has (if you will read it carefully) a special meaning on the very face of it. Our Lord says, when the Pharisees said that He cast out Devils by Beelzebub, that they were committing an utterly unpardonable sin—blaspheming (*i.e.* speaking evil of) the Holy Spirit; that is, they were attributing good and god-like deeds, because merciful and beneficent deeds, to an evil principle, instead of recognizing in them the sure mark of a Divine principle. In plain English, they were *bigots*. This was their sin. And it is one which one often enough sees (shuddering) committed, or something fearfully like it, now-a-days in our religious wars and hatred; but what has that to do with these struggles between your flesh and God's spirit, while *your own* spirit (as every line of your letter shows) is arrayed on the side of God's spirit against your flesh, and will therefore most assuredly conquer in the end? Besides, see why this sin of the Pharisees is unpardonable. Because they cannot repent of it. If they could repent they would be forgiven *ipso facto*. To that primary eternal moral law God has sworn again and again in the Bible, and nothing whatsoever can countervail it. But the bigot (I mean, of course, the complete one) cannot repent, simply because he thinks himself right, even though he make out God wrong; himself true, though God be a liar; and his insane self-satisfaction forms an eternal bar to any metanoia, or change of mind. Moreover, to repent is to turn from sin, to God; and how can he, who says he has no sin, and who has forgotten where God is, and what God is, that He is mercy and love,

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and His Spirit the spirit whose mercy is over all His works? Thus the bigot's moral sense is gone and dead, or rather *inverted*, and he says to himself, more or less, 'Evil be thou my good.' And such a state of mind must breed fresh sins, misery and ruin to all time and eternity, as long as it lasts. That is the meaning of the matter; but what in heaven or earth has it to do with you, and your sins, though they be red as blood? The other passages in Hebrews about 'impossible to renew them to repentance,' should not trouble you either. Neither vi. 4, and *sqq.*, nor xii. 16-17. They are both distinct warnings addressed to the Jews of that day, that if they did fall back from the Christian development of their national covenant and life, into their old Jewish superstition and brutal worldliness, they would perish with their nation; that a great historic crisis, a one last opportunity for the Jewish nation, was at hand, and if they lost that, the destruction was hopeless. As the event proved, the city and religion being destroyed by Titus, and the Jews remaining spiritually dead to this day.

"Remark, too, that Esau, the very man who 'found no place for repentance,' was not damned; but blessed in his own way, and in the way which was best for him, as a lower-natured man, and given the 'fatness of the earth, and the dew of heaven,' and a warrior-kingdom!

"So much for the plain fact of texts which the devil and his best emissaries, bigots who make a God in their own image, dark, cruel, and capricious, use to torment poor souls, and frighten them from arising and going to their Father, and saying, 'Father, I hate myself; but Thou lovest me. I do not understand myself; but Thou dost, and wilt be merciful to the work of Thine own hands. I cannot guide and help myself, but Thou canst, and wilt, too, because Thou art my Father, and nothing can part me from Thy love, or from the love of Thy Son, my King, as often as I come and claim my share in Thee, just because I have nothing, and can bring Thee nothing, but lie at Thy gate as a beggar full of sores, desiring to be fed with the crumbs from Thy table. And if I would feed and nurse in such a case, not my own child merely, but the

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Russian who might shoot him in battle, how much more wilt Thou, whose name is Love, and whose glory is the likeness of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who said, "Come to me, ALL ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."' If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Having no parish work at Bideford, except during an outburst of cholera, when he took a district for house-to-house visitation; and occasional duty at Northam, Hartland, and Abbotsham; he lectured on the Fine Arts, and got up a drawing-class for young men, which one of the members, Mr. Plucknett, of Warwick, thus recalls:—

"I was a youth in Bideford at the time Mr. Kingsley came to reside there, when seeing the young men of the town hanging about wasting their leisure hours in worse than wasting, his heart yearned to do them good. He at first endeavoured to establish a Government School of Art—this, however, failed. He then offered to teach a class drawing—gratuitously. A few of us held a meeting, and hired a room in the house of the Poet Postman, Edward Capern, who, although a married man, much older than the rest of us, was a most hard-working pupil. I look back upon those evenings at Bideford as the pleasantest part of my life, and, with God's blessing, I attribute my success in life to the valuable instruction I received from Mr. Kingsley: his patience, perseverance, and kindness won all our hearts, and not one of his class but would have given his life for the master. He used to bring fresh flowers from his conservatory for us to copy as we became sufficiently advanced to do so; and still further on he gave us lectures on anatomy, illustrating the subject with chalk drawings on a large black board. His knowledge of geometry, perspective, and free-hand drawing, was wonderful; and the rapid and beautiful manner in which he drew excited both our admiration and our ambition. I

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have reason to believe that most of the class received lasting benefit, and have turned out well. Personally, I may say, with truth, I have cause to bless the name of Mr. Kingsley as long as I live; for I left home with little more than the knowledge of my business, and the knowledge of drawing learned in the class. After many years of hard work I am now at the head of a good business, which I am proud to say is well known for the production of Art furniture, &c. . . . .

"Though dead, he yet influences for good thousands of hearts and minds; and he is now reaping the reward of his noble efforts while on earth to add to the sum of human happiness, and thus leave the world better than he found it. . . . ."

The mention of the "black board" will remind many of his masterly sketches, in public lectures and at his own school, where he liked always to have a black board, with a piece of chalk, to illustrate his teaching by figures, which spoke sometimes as eloquently as his words. His sense of form was marvellous, and, when at home, he was never so thoroughly at ease as with a pen or pencil in his hand. In conversation with his children or guests his pencil was out in a moment to illustrate every subject, whether it was natural history, geological strata, geography, maps, or the varieties of race. And even when writing his sermons his mind seemed to find relief in sketching on the blotting paper before him, or on the blank spaces in the sermon book, characteristic heads, and types of face, among the different schools of thought from the mediæval monk to the modern fanatic. He was always "thinking in figures," to use his own words. "A single profile, even a mere mathematical figure, would in his hands become the illustration of a spiritual truth" (*Yeast*). At Bristol, when he was President of the Educational Section at the Social Science Congress,

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as he sat listening to the various speakers, pen in hand, apparently making notes, he covered the paper with sketches suggested by the audience before him or by his own fancy; and when the room was cleared, unknown to him, people would return, and beg to carry off every scrap of paper he had used, as momentos.

In the end of May he left Devonshire and went up to London, before settling at Eversley. He there gave a lecture at the Working Men's College, and one of a series to ladies interested in the cause of the labouring classes on "The work of ladies in the country parish," from which a few extracts are given—

". . . . I keep to my own key-note,—I say, Visit whom, when, and where you will; *but let your visits be those of women to women.* Consider to whom you go—to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *malaise* of body, and soul, and spirit—and do as you would be done by; instead of reproving and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. They scramble through life's rocks, bogs, and thorn brakes, clumsily enough, and have many a fall, poor things! But why, in the name of a God of love and justice, is the lady, rolling along the smooth turnpike road in her comfortable carriage, to be calling out all day long to the poor soul who drags on beside her, over hedge and ditch, moss and moor, barefooted and weary hearted, with half a dozen children at her back—'You ought not to have fallen here; and it was very cowardly to lie down there; and it was your duty as a mother to have helped that child through the puddle; while as for sleeping under that bush, it is most imprudent and inadmissible?' Why not encourage her, praise her, cheer her on her weary way by loving words, and keep your reproofs for yourself—even your advice? for she does get on *her* way after all, where *you* could not travel a step forward; and she knows what she is about perhaps better than you do, and what she has to endure, and what God thinks of her life-journey. The

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heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. But do not you be a stranger to her. Be a sister to her. I do not ask you to take her up in your carriage. You cannot; perhaps it is good for her that you cannot. . . . . All I ask is, do to the poor soul as you would have her do to you in her place. Do not interrupt and vex her (for she is busy enough already) with remedies which she does not understand, for troubles which you do not understand. But speak comfortably to her, and say, 'I cannot feel *with* you, but I do feel *for* you: I should enjoy helping you—but I do not know how—tell me. Tell me where the yoke galls; tell me why that forehead is grown old before its time: I may be able to ease the burden, and put fresh light into the eyes; and if not, still tell me, simply because I am a woman, and know the relief of pouring out my own soul into loving ears, even though in the depths of despair.' Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, I am convinced that the only way to help these poor women humanely and really, is to begin by confessing to them that you do not know how to help them; to humble yourself to them, and to ask their counsel for the good of themselves and of their neighbours, instead of coming proudly to them, with nostrums, ready compounded, as if a doctor should be so confident in his own knowledge of books and medicine as to give physic before asking the patient's symptoms.

. . . . . .

"I entreat you to bear in mind (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless) that you must regulate your conduct to them and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. . . . . Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence—all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind, which it is the object of your visit to bridge

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over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady. Woman's heart is alike in all ranks, and the deepest sorrow is the one of which she speaks the last and least. We should not like any one—no, not an angel from heaven, to come into our houses without knocking at the door, to say, 'I hear you are very ill off—I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money, I will take your accounts into my own hands.' And still less again, 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, who is not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him out of your hands and reform him myself.' . . . .

. . . . . .

"Approach, then, these poor women as sisters—learn lovingly and patiently (aye, and reverently, for there is that in every human being which deserves reverence, and must be reverenced if we wish to understand it); learn, I say, to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learnt to understand your remedies. For you *have* remedies. I do not undervalue your position. No man on earth is less inclined to undervalue the real power of wealth, rank, accomplishments, manners—even physical beauty. All are talents from God, and I give God thanks when I see them possessed by any human being; for I know that they too can be used in His service, and brought to bear on the true emancipation of woman—her emancipation not from man (as some foolish persons fancy), but from the devil, 'the slanderer and divider,' who divides her from man, and makes her life a life-long tragedy,—a *vie à part*, a *vie incomprise*—a life made up half of ill-usage, half of unnecessary self-willed martyrdom, instead of being, as God intended half of the human universe, a helpmeet for man, and the one bright spot which makes this world endurable. Towards making her that, and so realizing the primeval mission by every cottage hearth, each of you can do something; for each of you have some talent, power, knowledge, attraction between soul and soul, which the cottager's wife has not, and by which you may draw her to you, by human bonds and the cords of love; but she must be drawn by them

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alone, or your work is nothing, and though you give the treasures of Ind, they are valueless equally to her and to Christ; for they are not given in His name, which is that boundless tenderness, consideration, patience, self-sacrifice, by which even the cup of cold water is a precious offering—as God grant your labour may be!"

. . . . . .

"Again, there is one thing in school work which I wish to press on you. And that is, that you should not confine your work to the girls; but bestow it as freely on those who need it more, and who (paradoxical as it may be) will respond to it more deeply and freely—*the boys*. I am not going to enter into the reason why. I only intreat you to believe me, that by helping to educate the boys, or even by taking a class, as I have seen done with admirable effect, of grown-up lads, you may influence for ever, not only the happiness of your pupils, but of the girls whom they will hereafter marry. It will be a boon to your own sex, as well as to ours, to teach them courtesy, self-restraint, reverence for physical weakness, admiration of tenderness and gentleness, and it is one which only a lady can bestow. Only by being accustomed in youth to converse with ladies will the boy learn to treat hereafter his sweetheart or his wife like a gentleman. There is a latent chivalry, doubt it not, in the heart of every untutored clod; if it dies out in him, as it too often does, it were better for him, I often think, that he had never been born; but the only talisman which will keep it alive, much more develope it into its fulness, is friendly and revering intercourse with women of higher rank than himself, between whom and him there is a great and yet blessed gulf fixed." . . . . (Practical Lectures to Ladies.)

"Tell these lads and men," he wrote to one who consulted him about ragged-school work, "that they have a Father in heaven—show that *you* believe it, by your looks, your manner, and common geniality, and brotherly kindness, and general hopefulness of tone; and let them draw their own conclusions. God their Father will take good care that the good seed shall grow."

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To his Wife]: *July* 16.—". . . After all, the problem of life is not a difficult one, for it solves itself so very soon at best—by death. Do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to *know*. Only we priests confuse it with our formulæ, and bind heavy burdens. How many have I bound in my time, God forgive me! But for that, too, I shall receive my punishment, which is to me the most comforting of thoughts. . . . . Yes—

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death for which we pant,
> More life, and fuller, that I want.'

You are right—that longing to get rid of walls and roofs and all the chrysalis case of humanity is the earnest of a higher, richer state of existence. That instinct which the very child has to get rid of clothes, and cuddle to flesh—what is it but the longing for fuller union with those it loves? But see again (I always take the bright side),—If in spite of wars and fevers, and accidents, and the strokes of chance, this world be as rich and fair and green as we have found it, what must the coming world be like? Let us comfort ourselves as St. Paul did (in infinitely worse times), that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. It is not fair either to St. Paul or to God—to quote the one text about the creation groaning and travailing, without the other, which says, that it will not groan or travail long. Would the mother who has groaned and travailed and brought forth children—would she give up those children for the sake of not having had the pain? No. Then believe that the world and every human being in it who has really groaned and travailed, will not give up its past pangs for the sake of its then present perfection, but will look back on this life, as you do on past pain, with glory and joy. Oh! let the Bible tell its own tale, and be faithful to its plain words, honestly and carefully understood, and all will be well. I come to-morrow. . . . and I shall see my darling children."

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To Rev. F. D. Maurice.] EVERSLEY: *August* 6.—"Many, many thanks, my dear Master, for your letter. You need never fear lecturing me, as long as I want it as much as I do now. Your fears for me are most just, and if you knew half as much of me as I do of myself, you would have hundreds of fears more. . . . . A period of collapse has come to me. . . . . Only do not fear that ultimately I shall be content with being 'an artist.' I despise and loathe the notion from the bottom of my heart. I have felt its temptation; but I *will*, by God's help, fight against that. Indeed, if I write another novel, one of my principal characters is to be a man who wants to be an 'artist,' like old Goethe (of whom I think less, if not worse, the longer I live), and finds that he becomes, 'artist' or none, a very confused fellow, going rapidly to hell. No. I am going to settle quietly here again, and write my sermons, and books for my children, and leave fame to take care of itself, and thank God every day of my life for this paralytic os hyoides of mine, which has kept me low, and makes me refrain my tongue and my soul too, whenever I try to be witty or eloquent, under the penalty of stuttering dumbness. The mere fact of my stammering (if you knew behind the scenes of my character and life) would be proof enough that I have a Father in Heaven.

"No; my [temptation] lies in a somewhat different direction from what you fancy. . . . . Of course I am ready to worship Nature all day long, and in the merest anacreontic Tommy-Moore style too, to lie among the roses and sing . . . . that is more to my taste than any gnostic or Vestiges-of-Creation nature-worship, or even than the scientific bug-hunting which I recommend to idlers who can't or won't go and die like men or dogs before Sebastopol. I am losing a zest for work. Everything seems to me not worth working at, except the simple business of telling poor people, 'Don't fret, God cares for you, and Christ understands you.' . . . . I cannot escape that wretched fear of a national catastrophe. . . . . I live in dark, nameless dissatisfaction and dread, which has certainly not diminished during the last few months. . . . . My dear

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Master, terrible and sad thoughts haunt me—thoughts which I long to put away, which I do and will put away in simple silent home-work. Perhaps I may so concentrate my power as to be able to do the Lord's work thoroughly when the Day comes; and if not—why it will be done upon me, if not by me; for done it will be. But, meanwhile, comfort yourself on one point—that I am humbled; . . . . and have had a peep or two down through the sea of glass (thanks for ever for that most true interpretation), and seen the nether fire within half an inch of my feet. . . . . Tell me what is wrong in that Raleigh Article,* and I will correct it. I tried to be honest, and read up all the authorities: but my failure is a fresh proof that I am even as an ass that eateth thistles. Yet the four-legged ass digests his thistles; which is more, I am sure, than I do.

"Yours ever loving,

"C. K."

They were now at Eversley; but as winter approached, the damp obliged him to leave the rectory again; though not his people, to his and their great joy; and settle at Farley Court, Swallowfield, a high and dry spot adjoining his parish. In the intervals of parish work and lectures at many diocesan institutes, he brought out a volume of "Sermons for the Times," † and wrote "The Heroes," a Christmas book of Greek fairy tales, dedicated to his children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary, to whom he says:

"I love these old Hellenes heartily, and should be very ungrateful if I did not, considering all they have taught me.

* Life and Times of Raleigh, Miscellanies.

† Of these sermons a stranger wrote to him from Cambridge to tell him the blessing they had been to many, and how the sermon on "Salvation" had saved one man from suicide.

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They seem to me like brothers, though they have all been dead and gone many hundred years, so I wish to be the first to introduce you to them, and to say, 'Come hither, children, at this blessed Christmas time, when all God's creatures should rejoice together, and bless Him who redeemed them. Come and see old friends of mine, whom I knew long ere you were born. They are come to visit us at Christmas, out of the world where all live to God; and to tell you some of their old fairy tales which they loved when they were young, like you.' . . . . Next to the old romances which were written in the Christian middle age, there are no fairy tales like these old Greek ones for beauty, wisdom, and truth, and for making children love noble deeds, and trust in God to help them through. . . . ."

To J. M. LUDLOW, Esq.] Farley Court: *Dec.*—". . . . I feel what you say about not Greek and too Greek; but I had laid my account with all that before I wrote. If I tell the story myself as you wish, I *can't* give the children the Greek spirit—either morally or in manner, therefore I have adopted a sort of simple ballad tone, and tried to make my prose as metrical as possible. . . . . You must remember as to modernisms, that we Cambridge men are *taught* to translate Greek by its modern equivalent even to *slang*. My own belief is, that by taking the form I have, I shall best do what I want, translate the children back into a new old world, and make them, as long as they are reading, forget the present, which is the true method of *a*—musement, while the half metrical form will fix it in their minds, and give them something to think over. I don't agree with you at all, nor does F., about omitting allusions which the children can't understand. She agrees with me that that is just what they like."

To J. M. L., Esq.]—"And for this Fame, &c. I know a little of her worth. And I will tell you what I know. That, in the first place, she is a fact; and as such, it is not wise to ignore her, but at least to walk once round her, and see her back as well as her front.

"The case to me seems to be this. A man feels in himself

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the love of praise. Every man does who is not a brute. It is a universal human faculty; Carlyle nicknames it the sixth sense. Who made it? God or the devil? Is it flesh or spirit? A difficult question; because tamed animals grow to possess it in a high degree; and our metaphysic does not yet allow them spirit. But, whichever it be, it cannot be for bad: only bad when misdirected, and not controlled by reason, the faculty which judges between good and evil. Else why has God put His love of praise into the heart of every child which is born into the world, and entwined it into the holiest, filial, and family affections, as the earliest mainspring of good actions? Has God appointed that every child shall be fed first with a necessary lie, and afterwards come to the knowledge of your supposed truth, that the praise of God alone is to be sought? Or are we to believe that the child is intended to be taught as delicately and gradually as possible the painful fact, that the praise of all men is not equally worth having, and to use his critical faculty to discern the praise of good men from the praise of bad, to seek the former and despise the latter? I should say that the last was the more reasonable. And this I will say, that if you bring up any child to care nothing for the praise of its parents, its elders, its pastors, and masters, you may make a fanatic of it, or a shameless cynic: but you will neither make it a man, an Englishman, nor a Christian.

"But Our Lord's words stand, about 'not seeking the honour which comes from men, but the honour which comes from God only!' True, they do stand, and our Lord's fact stands also, the fact that He has created every child to be educated by an honour which comes from his parents and elders. Both are true. Here, as in most spiritual things, you have an antinomia, an apparent contradiction, which nothing but the Gospel solves. And it does solve it; and your one-sided view of the text resolves itself into just the same fallacy as the old ascetic one—'We must love God alone, therefore we must love no created thing.' To which St. John answers pertinently, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom

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he hath not seen?' If you love your brethren, you love Christ in them. If you love their praise, you love the praise of Christ in them. For consider this, you cannot deny that if one loves any person, one desires that person's esteem. But we are bound to love all men, and that is our highest state. Therefore, in our highest state, we shall desire all men's esteem. Paradoxical, but true. If we believe in Christmas-day, if we believe in Whitsunday, we shall believe that Christ is in all men, that God's spirit is abroad in the earth, and therefore the dispraise, misunderstanding, and calumny of men will be exquisitely painful to us, and ought to be so; and, on the other hand, the esteem of men, and renown among men for doing good deeds, will be inexpressibly precious to us. They will be signs and warrants to us that God is pleased with us, that we are sharing in that 'honour and glory' which Paul promises again and again, to those who lead heroic lives. We shall not neglect the voice of God within us; but we shall remember that there is also a voice of God without us, which we must listen to; and that in a Christian land, *vox populi*, patiently and discriminately listened to, is sure to be found not far off from the *vox Dei*. Of course, in listening to the voice of the many outside, there is a danger, as there is in the use of any faculty. You may employ it, according to Divine reason and grace, for ennobling and righteous purposes; or you may degrade it to carnal and selfish ones; so you may degrade the love of praise into vanity, into longing for the honour which comes from men, by pandering to their passions and opinions, by using your powers as they would too often like to use theirs, for mere self-aggrandisement, by saying in your heart—*quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicere hic est*—'That is the man who wrote the fine poem, who painted the fine picture,' and so forth, till, by giving way to this, a man may give way to forms of vanity as base as the red Indian who sticks a fox's tail on, and dances about boasting of his brute cunning. I know all about that, as well as any poor son of Adam ever did. But I know, too, that to desire the esteem of as many rational men as possible; in a word, to desire an honourable and true

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renown for having done good in my generation, has nothing to do with that; and the more I fear and struggle against the former, the more I see the exceeding beauty and divineness, and everlasting glory of the latter as an entrance into the communion of saints.

"Of course, all this depends on whether we do believe that Christ is in every man, and that God's spirit is abroad in the earth. Of course, again, it will be very difficult to know who speaks by God's spirit, and who sees by Christ's light in him; but surely the wiser, the humbler path, is to give men credit for as much wisdom and rightness as possible, and to believe that when one is found fault with, one is probably in the wrong. For myself, on looking back, I see clearly with shame and sorrow, that the obloquy which I have brought often on myself and on the good cause, has been almost all of it my own fault. . . . .

"There has been gradually revealed to me (what my many readings in the lives of fanatics and ascetics ought to have taught me long before), that there is a terrible gulf a-head of that not caring what men say. Of course it is a feeling on which the spirit must fall back in hours of need, and cry, 'Thou God knowest mine integrity. I have believed, and therefore I will speak; Thou art true, though all men be liars!' But I am convinced that that is a frame in which no man can live, or is meant to live; that it is only to be resorted to in fear and trembling, after deepest self-examination, and self-purification, and earnest prayer. For otherwise, a man gets to forget that voice of God without him, in his determination to listen to nothing but the voice of God within him, and so he falls into two dangers. He forgets that there *is* a voice of God without him. He loses trust in, and charity to, and reverence for his fellow-men; he learns to despise, deny, and quench the Spirit . . . . and so becomes gradually cynical, sectarian, fanatical.

"And then comes a second and worse danger. Crushed into self, and his own conscience and *schema mundi*, he loses the opportunity of correcting his impression of the voice of God

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within, by the testimony of the voice of God without; and so he begins to mistake more and more the voice of that very flesh of his, which he fancies he has conquered, for the voice of God, and to become, without knowing it, an autotheist. And out of that springs eclecticism, absence of tenderness *for* men, for want of sympathy *with* men; as he makes his own conscience his standard for God, so he makes his own character the standard for men; and so he becomes narrow, hard, and if he be a man of strong will and feelings, often very inhuman and cruel. This is the history of thousands—of Jeromes, Lauds, Puritans who scourged Quakers, Quakers who cursed Puritans; Non-jurors who, though they would die rather than offend their own conscience in owning William, would plot with James to murder William, or devastate England with Irish Rapparees and Auvergne dragoons. This, in fact, is the spiritual diagnosis of those many pious persecutors, who, though neither hypocrites nor blackguards themselves, have used both as instruments of their fanaticism.

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which is around them, and has been here for ages before them, and would be here still, though they had never been born or thought of. The antinomy between this and their own conscience may be painful enough to them some day. To what thinking man is it not a life-long battle? . . . ."

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